LIFE AND LABORS OF BISHOP MARVIN

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THE

LIFE AND LABORS

OF

ENOCH MATHER MARVIN,

Late Bishop of the
Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

BY

REV. THOS. M. FINNEY, D.D.

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PREFACE.

BIOGRAPHY has been likened by Hannah More to the monument over a distinguished grave—a memorial of affection and a tribute to departed worth. It is the privilege of love to write the epitaph. A friend may be partial; an enemy cannot be just. Bishop Marvin was widely known and alike beloved. Many hands would bring spices for the embalmment of his memory. This volume represents the heart of the Church. Appropriately, room has been given in these pages to many other pens for a testimonial of love and contribution of honor. By the Author, Bishop Marvin was well known, highly appreciated and dearly loved. When living, the writer venerated his virtues, and honored him, as he might be able; it is a privilege and a joy to reproduce his life and contribute to his posthumous renown and influence.

More especially, it has been a constant reflection and a weighty consideration presiding over these pages, that a large denomination of Christians and the whole body of the Christian Ministry had concern in his public life and have claim upon the best work of a biographer. In regard to performance, no pretension is made except that no pains have been omitted, no labor spared, to secure authenticity and completeness in the narrative of his Life and Labors; and particularly, a just and adequate exhibit of the discharge of his office as a Minister of Christ and a Bishop in the Church of God. Research has extended throughout his years from earliest childhood, and throughout the length and breadth of his continental and world-wide travels. The most distant contemporaries have furnished their recollections. Tributes have been cheerfully rendered by his Episcopal Colleagues, some of whom have been personally cognizant of his entire ministerial development and of the whole course of his great career from the first dawn of his public reputation. These pages contain his memorabilia in all the Conferences; and in representative voices, his standing and influence in all. Such aid has been not merely valuable, but indispensable; and it is hereby gratefully acknowledged. Altogether, in the production of this volume—thus aided, and in its form of detailed narrative, with such philosophy of his history and at large the history of his opinions and pastoral counsels contained in these pages—it is hoped, that the reader may recognize Bishop Marvin in the narrated as in the acted life; as he appeared in the scenes and associations of personal intercourse, and especially, as still in the midst, a real presence and an abiding power in the Church of God—the great preacher, a true and good shepherd of the flock of Christ, and at last, a Chief Pastor.

However imperfectly rendered, this Biography is sent forth with prayer and, at the same time, with faith, that the Providence of God, which was so conspicuously marked in the career of Bishop Marvin, will preside over the record of it; making the one as the other an instrument of the Divine glory in the work of the Gospel and the salvation of souls.

THOMAS M. FINNEY.

CALEDONIA, MO.,
December 31st, 1879.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

When we issued our prospectus of "The Life and Labors of Bishop Marvin," we expected to have the work ready for delivery more than a year ago. The delay was, upon our part, as unavoidable as it was unexpected, being wholly due to the fact that the manuscript was not furnished us in the time specified by the writer of the book. T. M. Finney, D. D., who was chosen by the Episcopal colleagues of the deceased and his bereaved family to write this book, has pursued his task *con amore* in the midst of the most onerous duties imposed upon him by the appointments of the Church. Performing the work of a Presiding Elder and President of a College at the same time, he has, nevertheless, thoroughly exhausted the resources of information necessary to prepare him for a faithful execution of his trust. He desired to give to the public a Biography and History of the Life and Labors of Bishop Marvin in which all who knew the Bishop would recognize a faithful portrait of the man they loved, the scenes through which he passed, and the work which he did for the Master. The trust is discharged, and we believe our readers will say it is well done.

The work, as it here appears, contains 229 pages more than was first announced. This, in connection with the delay already referred to, has greatly increased the cost of issuing the work, and has been much to our disadvantage financially. Our desire to be just to the memory of the eminent dead and to the many friends who contributed papers to the work, made us unwilling to exclude the matter which has so swelled the size of the volume. We give the advantage to our subscribers, and cheerfully consent to bear the financial burdens, hoping that thus the public may feel fully indemnified for their patient waiting for the appearance of this book.

JAMES H. CHAMBERS, *Publisher.*

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INTRODUCTION.

To REPRODUCE and study at leisure the features of a good man's life, is one of the purest pleasures of every noble mind. Besides the interest that is taken in the steps by which any great success has been achieved, there is a special desire to understand and imitate any one who is believed to have surely gained Heaven.

Immediately upon the death of Bishop Marvin it was the universal wish that a career so marked as his was for public usefulness, and a universal sympathy with everything that properly belonged to his race, should be gathered up and put in permanent form; hence the present volume.

The selection of Dr. Finney by the family of Bishop Marvin as his Biographer has been heartily approved by the Church, as the one of all others best fitted to discharge this labor of love, from his intimate association as well as from thorough personal and professional sympathy with the Bishop during his ministerial career, both before and after his election to the Episcopacy. The wisdom of the selection will be fully acknowledged by the reader of this biography.

Bishop Marvin, when nineteen years of age, stepped on the stage of life—of a great life, as it proved to be; but the Holy Spirit had already enriched and filled the highest parts of his being with many noble qualities, and, thus "led," his development went steadily forward to the very last of his career. The Methodist Itinerancy, with its training, found in him an apt scholar; it kept him in active employment, and, on the other hand, he was not to be diverted from his first allegiance to its obligations. This first proper movement of his opening life insured all the rest. He was true to this service; he sought only this; no solicitations were heeded to turn aside to business or honor, either before, or during, or after the war. He would not be entangled in the affairs of this life.

His controversy with the Romanists opened to him a new field and was fraught personally with important results. It gave him the use of the pen, showed and cultivated polemical power, and gave prominence to his ability before the Church.

At the opening of the war the divided opinion of Missouri and the fierceness of those who stood by the Northern States forced him to choose openly between the cause of the South and that of the North. He chose the former. He maintained his citizenship as St. Paul did his. This he did at all hazard. No one loved home more dearly than he; yet when he had to choose between his principles and his home, he went into exile. For three years he preached in the army and among the Churches of the South. Gen. Sterling Price was his personal friend; in his command he discharged faithfully the offices of a chaplain, and throughout the Western Division he preached to vast numbers of armed men in camp, by torchlight, as well as on the Sabbath. He made friends everywhere in Arkansas, Missouri, Texas, Mississippi and Louisiana. It was his visit to the Texas Conferences during his chaplaincy, in aid of the work in the army, which gave those Conferences the opportunity of knowing his fitness for any work within the range of a Methodist preacher.

He was elected to the Episcopacy while on his way to New Orleans, on the river. The day of his election he felt so distinct an impression of the event that when he arrived at New Orleans, and was first told of the fact, he replied: "I know it." In this new field of usefulness which his election had opened he appeared to great advantage. His powers were all of God and for God; he felt as if no labor was too much, no call upon his sympathy too wide; he belonged to the Church. He assumed nothing; there was no reserve by which men in high office frequently fence themselves, no patronizing sufficiency in his intercourse with others; but easy, unpretentious, communicative, he was accessible equally to all. In the spirit and manner of his official work he was quiet, patient, thorough; neither seeking nor avoiding responsibility; slow in coming to a decision, but clear and firm in its maintenance. Grace and nature united in giving to his person, voice and countenance an interesting and commanding expression. It was most agreeable to listen to his words and tones, and to follow the clear analysis of his theme and the apt language in which he presented it. In one respect he was troubled no little: in the temptation to come up to public expectation upon great occasions. He had no desire for himself to be accounted a great preacher, but he knew that his brethren felt a solicitude, not to say pride, in the success of their chief pastor upon the important Sabbath hour of the Conference. And to rise above all such secondary incitement in the great work of his Master was to him a matter of concern and much prayer—to preach to multitudes in the simplicity of the Gospel as if but a handful, and to a mere handful with all the strength of his soul.

His life was now practically not only that of a Chief Superintendent, but that of a chief pastor. He visited and prayed with the people. He loved to turn from presiding over Conferences to the greater work of winning souls. Revival meetings, and songs and the altar were the atmosphere in which he took the deepest inspiration, and where he gave most delight to the Church, even as her Bishop.

The production of "*The Work of Christ*" is to be set down to the period of his chaplaincy—the thoughts if not the fruits of camp life. When few books were at hand, he employed his mind upon the great problems of revealed truth. Then followed his "*Life of Caples*," a book which showed a remarkable memory for words and events, for he scarcely had a letter-sheet of materials furnished him out of which to construct it. It was a work of love. The sufferings of those who were true to the Confederate cause in Missouri are here portrayed, and the life and death of a noble spirit. Caples had said, while preaching in the town of Mexico: "Take away my life, and I will raise a shout on the other shore that will astonish the angels;" and when dying—from the fragment of a shell—he said: "I shall soon be on the other shore. * * O, what gain!—gaining—gaining—gaining!"

Next appeared his book of "*Sermons*," a faithful reproduction of what had been uttered in the pulpit to the delight and edification of the whole Church.

It was to him a very unlooked for turn in the events of life, when, passing through the Golden Gate of the Pacific, he found himself on the Missionary highway of the Church, traveling, as St. Paul, when led by the Holy Ghost, steadily westward. Like the Apostle, he too was on shipboard, but moving by steam—surpassing in method that first Missionary voyage, from Seleucia to Salamis. (Oh, if the Apostle had had steam!) For this unlooked for providence his mind had been unwittingly prepared. At the West Texas Conference in 1872, a man sent forth by the Spirit of God from the then hopeless region of Mexico, appeared in search of the M. E. Church, South; a man looking for Christ, who found the Savior and the Southern Methodist Church very nearly at the same time. At that Conference Bishop Marvin presided, and his soul was stirred to its depths by the appearance and history of Hernandez; and when, the year following, he was placed in the City of Mexico and the work there begun, the Bishop said that he could not help envying those who were permitted to share in that enterprise. Previous to this he had taken upon himself to sustain by appeal to the Churches the Indian preachers, and by his prompt and generous efforts had saved that work from serious injury. The proposition to visit China had been matter of personal conference between us in Missouri. No doubt from that time his heart revolved the matter until he desired to go. The College of Bishops most wisely determined that of their body he was the fittest man for this enterprise. He said when nominated: "I confess that though I had not expected it, I am by no means unwilling, but would rather prefer to go." It was a mission worthy of him; he caught inspiration from it; could he not serve his Lord by this labor? His frail constitution must have presented itself in the solution, but all the heroism of love for his Lord rallied to the purpose. His letters indicate the martial fire which enthused him when he caught, at the sight of the strongholds of Satan, those dark plains where only Buddha and Brahma are worshipped. To this add the pity with which he saw souls "sold for nought," which had once commanded the price of the blood of the Son of God. Then there came up to his soul the lethargy of his own Church, when he saw what other Churches were doing in the field of the world, until his cheek and brow burned with holy indignation. O, could he but have lived long enough to ring forth upon the Missionary platform all that he felt!—the rage of his love for men—we should, may be, have thought that too much religion and travel had made him mad; but if "beside himself" it was "to God."

Bishop Marvin was a true man—true to his original spiritual impulse when converted. He sifted his soul daily of all mere earthly aims and motives. By daily prayer he sought holiness of heart—to displace self and the thought of self by the life and thought of his Lord. Inheriting a constitution that indicated an early death, a sense of mortality pervaded his mind and left its trace of sadness upon the habitual expression of his face and life. His deep sympathy with all conditions and persons led him into regions of public sentiment that few public speakers venture upon. He did not hesitate to present to an audience the most sacred relations and incidents of life, which he did in language as proper as the theme was elevating and tender. Only the readiest and nicest command of speech could safely attempt that which he so easily and charmingly accomplished. Usually the delicate bloom of home joys and home life cannot be displayed in public without risk of injury; but he could preserve all the beauty and fragrance of this heavenly Eden while opening its doors to the modest gaze.

His unselfish spirit was evidenced in his admiration for good men, and for all good in all men. A friend might be sure of all he had or could command of substance or of love. He lived for others—how he loved his home, his wife and children, Heaven and his closet alone can witness. But that which stamped his face and carriage, his voice and soul, his person in public and private, with such sweet dignity and magnetic power, was his daily and hourly "fellowship with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." The friendship of God and Christ was to him as the friendship of a man. The love of God and the personal sympathy of Christ, his dying Lord, his living Redeemer, were the constant thought of his experience, the reality of his existence, and the breath of his spirit. This noblest aspiration of an immortal nature was the strength of his inner life, and gave shape to the life without. It gave him the art of being loved. It enabled him to penetrate the disguise which in the parable had perplexed equally the righteous and the wicked, and to see his Lord in the person of every one who needed meat, or drink, or sympathy. So that every household welcomed him as a relative, and every youth and maiden, every saint and sinner of his acquaintance felt him to be a personal friend. To godliness he added brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. He grew up "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

He was the full statement of the worth of the Itinerant school to make or mar a preacher. He neither copied masters nor had the manner of the school-room. He preached rather than taught. The Gospel was vital in him, and was delivered with an unction that convicted and persuaded men. His words, tones and thoughts all blended in his ministration with sentiments which properly belonged both to the man and the Minister. He spake as a man among men to men. Language was with him a gift of extraordinary power; the syllables which held so much persuasion weighed to the ear as well as portrayed to the eye the exactest shade of thought and feeling. His analysis was profound and his arrangement was suited to the most ordinary capacity; he anticipated nothing, and yet placed at once in the possession of the hearer the scheme of his discourse or the object of a sentence. It was a pleasure to rest in his periods; not too profound, not too superficial. His discourses sprang from the depth of sentiment which he had found in the text, as well as from the depth of its thought. He had reason enough and fancy enough, but the soul of his theme concerned him mainly. His perorations taxed all the wealth of his powers and laid open his very heart before the audience. The Cross, the "Eloi, Lama Sabacthani" of his Lord, were the favorite study of his soul and burden of his preaching.

He had many seals to his ministry. He carried all our hearts with him round the round world; he imagined ourselves with him by field and flood, and now—that he has moved on yet farther, we go with him into "The land that is afar off, where the King sits in his beauty." O, who will catch his inspiration and take the stamp of his Missionary exit!

JOHN C. KEENER.

NEW ORLEANS, August 4th, 1879.

CHAPTER I.

HIS ANCESTRY.

The American branch of the Marvin family—Its founders—Emigration to America—Among first settlers of Hartford and other towns in Connecticut—Social position and public services—Colonial wars and War of Independence—Characteristics of the family—Their migrations—Direct line of descent from Reinold traced through 242 years—Lieut. Reinold—"Lyme's Captain"—The Mather family—Intermarriages with the Marvins—An honorable line of ancestry.

AN antiquarian, who was occupied in the year 1842 with searching for materials to illustrate the early annals of New England, found a MS. volume, in folio, in one of the offices of the Record Commissioners, Westminster Hall, London, which the discoverer says may not have been seen by more than two or three persons for two hundred years. It contains the names of persons permitted to embark for America, at the port of London, after Christmas, 1634. Under date "15th April," 1635, is an entry of a list of persons by the name of Marvin, with the note prefixed: "To be transported to New England, imbarqued in the Increase, Robert Lea, master." This was the beginning of the American branch of the Marvin family. At its origin, it consisted of two brothers, Matthew and Reinold, with their families, and an unmarried sister, Hannah. Of her history there is only the record of her marriage to Francis Barnard, at Hartford, Conn., in 1644; her removal thence to Hadley, Mass., and her death in 1676. The first location of the family was at Hartford, of which the two brothers were among the original settlers and were land-owners. The location is known of Matthew's residence, on the corner of Village and Front Streets. At a date previous to 1654 he removed from Hartford and became one of the pioneers in the settlement of Norwalk, where he died, in 1680, in his 80th year. Reinold removed from Hartford to Farmington, and was probably one of the first settlers of that town. His place of residence is described as "a prominent home-lot, having Mr. Willis, of Hartford, on one side, and Mr. Hopkins on the other; it was on the west side of the Main Street." The town records report the sale of this property, on which he had built a new house, with other lands, in the year 1648, when he removed to Saybrook, and settled in that part of the town lying on the east bank of the Connecticut River, and which, in the division of the town in 1665, was named Lyme. There he died, in 1662.

By marriage the family became allied in the most respectable connections, and with names which are historic in the early annals of New England, and are still extant in distinguished walks of life. The Marvin name appears, also, well established in good reputation in the history of the Colonies and of the Revolutionary War. The original progenitors, it has been seen, were founders of communities. Matthew was representative of Norwalk in the General Court, in 1654. Subsequently, the same office was filled by two sons, successively, and by a grandson. Record is frequent of public service in municipal and legislative councils, and in the military, as well as the civil service, from the days of the Indian and French wars in the Colonial times, down to the war of 1812. In the first generation there is a Lieut. Marvin; in the next, the famous "Lyme's Captain;" later, a General, and one, "killed in a skirmish with the Indians on the Susquehannah." In the War of

Independence, the house of a Marvin, at Norwalk, was the headquarters of his brother officers; two others received honorable mention and recognition for important services rendered; still another, on the approach of the British to retake Crown Point and Ticonderoga, at the call of Col. Arnold for reinforcements, raised a company of young men of his acquaintance, and advanced the money for its equipment, supplies and pay. In the war of 1812, a Captain Marvin acquitted himself with "gallantry and credit."

During the present century, and in the present generation, descendants are found in useful and eminent stations—in the halls of Congress, at the Bar and on the Bench; one, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, and another, of the United States District Court for Florida. They are on the roll of the alumni of colleges, one a graduate of *Yale* as early as in the class of 1748, who became a lawyer at Litchfield, and among distinguished connections by marriage is the present President of that venerable institution. In tracing the Genealogical Sketch of this family, it is evident by every token that, from the beginning, it occupied the front rank of substantial citizenship, and was held in high honor; its daughters cultured women and goodly matrons, and its sons gifted and upright, industrious and thrifty, public-spirited, adventurous and brave, attaining to prominence, and, in many instances, to rare eminence.

It has been noted that the two brothers removed from Hartford, Matthew to Norwalk, and Reinold to Saybrook, now Lyme. These two places were for a long time ancestral seats of the family. In its prolific growth, and by alliances of marriage, it soon spread over Connecticut and became settled in most of its principal towns—Fairfield, Litchfield, Guilford, Bridgeport, New Haven, and notably at Norwich, a widowed daughter of Matthew having been married, in

1660, to Deacon Thomas Aldgate, one of the original proprietors of that town. It was taken to Massachusetts in the family of Hannah, and others followed, known to have been located, among other places, at Pittsfield and Boston, where descendants now reside. Some of the Reinold's branch are found, in 1767, as far north as New Hampshire, at Surrey and Alstead, and, of the line of Matthew, as far west, in 1769, as Michigan, where they appear, in 1828, settled at Oakland. After the Revolutionary War, about the year 1790, some of both branches began to remove to the State of New York. They have settled, at various dates, in Herkimer, Chantauque, and Ontario Counties, and, at later dates, appear resident at the political capital and the commercial centres of that State. There is, also, a New Jersey family. There was little southward movement—a single family, besides the District Judge in Florida, located, in 1827, at Georgetown, South Carolina. It will be seen, hereafter, how the wave of Western emigration, at its first flow, brought one family to the wilds of Missouri. In the intermediate country, families were dropped at Erie, Philadelphia, and Pittsburg, and in Ashtabula County, Ohio. On lateral tides some were borne up into Iowa and down to Texas, and the migration went onward till it struck the Pacific coast, in California and Oregon.

Though wide dispersion of families is not an uncommon fact in American life, it is interesting, at this distance of time, to note how, in this instance, the migration received its first and an abiding impulse from the enterprising and hardy spirit of the man who stood before the Record Commissioner, at London, for enrollment, with his six children, and his wife with a six-months' babe in her arms, "to be transported to New England." In the middle of the third century afterwards, an illustrious descendant took up the westward movement and carried it forward to the gates of the East. The same spirit survived in him, subject to higher control and pursuing nobler ends. Having his chief home wherever his fields of labor laid, and his emigrations always about his "Master's business," he made the circuit of the earth. On the way, he stood on the banks of the Thames, where the first Marvin "imbarqued" for America. He doubled on the track of that first approach to its shores, and largely in the places of the dispersion of his kindred, in a wonderful and unparalleled itinerary, has preached the Gospel of the Son of God.

This later son of a generation which has made annals for the history of the New World, and has mingled not a little, nor feebly, in the elements and energies of its progress and culture, had his descent through its not least distinguished line, in that from Reinold. That brother had two children, a daughter, and a son who bore his father's name, and is known on the town records as Lieutenant Reinold, and who was the father of Captain Reinold, as already noted, famous as "Lyme's Captain." About the centre of the old burial ground in Lyme, is the earliest gravestone record of the family. It bears the inscription:

1676.
LIEUT.
REINOLD MARVIN,
AGED 42.

In that ancient cemetery, the Machpelah of this family, there is a grave with a footstone, on which is inscribed:

R. M.,
Oct. 18,
1737.

The epitaph on the headstone tells, in quaint lines, the story of his character and rank in life, an officer of the church as well as of the army:

This Deacon, aged sixty-eight,
  Is freed on earth from serving;
May for a crown no longer wait,
  Lyme's Captain, Reinold Marvin.

Many anecdotes are related concerning him, which, however, the historian of the family, after careful investigation, attributes to his son, who had the same Christian name, and was also a deacon in the Congregational Church at Lyme. Some of the anecdotes are related in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*, which says truly, that Deacon Marvin appears to have been remarkable for his eccentricity. There is an amusing incident of his courtship told, in which it will be seen his future wife was a kindred soul, congenial, at least, in style of piety. Having one day mounted his horse, with a sheepskin for his saddle, he rode in front of the house where lived Sarah, or Betty Lee, (Lay was the true name, and she was a widow) and, without dismounting, requested Sarah to come to him, and told her the Lord had sent him there to marry her. Without much hesitation, she replied, the will of the Lord be done. From Captain Reinold Marvin descended *Elisha*, and from him *Enoch*, whose youngest child, in a family of nine children, was *Wells Ely*, the father of the subject of this biography, ENOCH MATHER MARVIN.

On the maternal side of this line of ancestry, beyond his mother, who is more particularly to be mentioned hereafter, we find the name of Ruth Ely, of a very noted family of the town of Lyme, who was the wife of Enoch. Bearing the name of this grandfather, his second Chistian name, Mather, connects him with that historic New England name. There were four intermarriages of the Marvins and the Mathers—that belonging to this history being of Elisha with Catherine Mather, about the year 1738. She was a descendant in the fifth generation, through his son Timothy, from Richard Mather, the original progenitor of the American branch of that family. His fame is well known as one of the early and most distinguished Fathers of New England. The name has been made illustrious by the piety, learning, and public services of himself and his descendants, notably of Increase and Cotton Mather. The epitaph of the founder of the family contains a scale of their comparative reputation:

> "Under this stone lies Richard Mather,
> Who had a son greater than his father,
> And eke a grandson greater than either."

The father was remarkable, more than for talents, for weight of character, solid judgment and practical ability. He possessed large knowledge of ecclesiastical affairs and controversial skill, and, after the death of John Cotton, was considered the most influential man of the Massachusetts Colony. His greater son was pastor of the chief church of the colony and twice elected President of Harvard College, accepting the second election on condition of retaining his pastoral charge. He was distinguished for great energy and practical sense, and a clear and strong, but not adventurous, intellect. In his career there were tests of conscience which showed, it is written of him, a heart that was equal to all duties and dangers. In his great and useful life, he earned the testimony, pronounced in his funeral oration, that there was no man of his time who was more honored when living or more lamented when dead.

The biography of Cotton Mather, manifestly, was written by an unfriendly pen. But his history vindicates itself and compels the wonder and admiration of posterity, as it did of his own generation. His foibles were as spots on the sun, and never more signally were mistakes made in public life atoned for by the spirit and benefactions of a great philanthropist. His talents were of a high order, characterized by original genius, and certainly by rare culture. Among mental traits was an extraordinary faculty of memory, and power of fixed attention, and patience and force of investigation. Of his erudition it is said, that there was scarcely any book in existence with which he was not acquainted. Few, if any, have been more industrious and prolific in authorship, his own publications, great and small, numbering three hundred and eighty-two. His literary fame reached across the ocean, and secured him honorary membership in the Societies of the literati of the Old World. His social qualities were admirable. His powers of conversation were brilliant and, though not distinguished as an orator, he was ready and effective with extemporaneous speech in pulpit address. At the early age of eighteen years he was graduated at Harvard College, and became associated with his father in the pulpit of Old North Church, Boston, and after his death became his successor. His religious character had its roots in youthful piety. He began to pray as soon as he began to talk, and made a Christian profession at the age of sixteen. Of his moral traits, benevolence was predominant. What was prominent in his religious affections was fervor of spirit, tending to enthusiasm, and earnest aspirations after inward holiness, subjected to the scrutiny of rigid self-introspection and the tests of a high standard of spiritual purity. His mother was the widow of John Cotton. That renowned name joined to that of his noted patronymic, made, what was then called, in a good sense, "an ominous name." Upon his matriculation at Harvard, the President exclaimed, "What a name." Its history in the world has justified the prophecy, which a poet of the day put in a terse couplet:

"Where two great names their sanctuary take,
And in a third combined a greater make."

Other sons of Richard Mather were ministers of the gospel, and settled in prominent stations on both sides of the great Waters. On the maternal side of his ancestry exclusively is there connection with holy orders. The Mathers were a family of divines. The Marvins, so far as the records disclose their occupation, did not produce one. Of the thousand names, Bishop Marvin was the first and only representative of the pulpit. They were devoted to the pursuits of secular life. In frequent instances, however, the daughters became the wives of ministers, and in two instances of missionaries to foreign lands; one, Mrs. Seeley, of the mission in India, in 1846, and another, in 1822, in the Sandwich Islands. From biographical sketches of the family, still preserved, and some of date in the last century, it appears that the family were noted for moral integrity and sterling virtues, among which there is an unvarying testimony given to a philanthropic heart and the generous hand of benevolence. Some were office-bearers in the church, and there are numerous records of elevated Christian character, eminent consecration, holy living and happy dying.

These two families emigrated to America the same year, and, though in different vessels, they crossed the Ocean at the same time. Both held highly respectable position among the yeomanry of England. The elder American Mather was a Nonconformist divine, and abandoned home for the wilderness rather than wear the surplice. The same sturdy conscience survived in his sons. Increase, on a visit to England, was solicited to remain with tempting offers of preferment, which, however, required the renunciation of his principles. This he would not do, and returned to encounter various trials of jealousy of rivals, and hard work, and insufficient support, choosing, as he expressed it, rather to trust God's providence than to violate the tranquility of his mind.

The Mathers were settled, also, in Scotland and Wales. They appear still to be of good repute and good estate. An English branch of the family has been granted a coat-of-arms and crest. A description of this heraldic symbol may be of curious interest to some readers. The Arms are four scythes counterchanged. The Crest represents a husbandman, holding in the right hand a horn placed to the mouth and the left hand grasping a scythe in upright position. The motto, in old English—*mowe warilie*—is taken from the Saxon derivation of the family name *Math*, to mow. Such mottoes become watchwords, and often make, as well as indicate, character. That of the Scotch family, associated with the symbol of an eagle, is *fortiter et celeriter*—strongly and swiftly; and of the Welch, *Deus providebit*—God will provide.

The name and descent of Enoch Mather Marvin had the historical connections recorded in the pages of this introductory chapter. The significance and use of such record in biography will be appreciated according to the varying opinions and tastes of the readers. Too much may be made of it; the tendency of American sentiment is to make too little of it. It has valuable uses, both practical and sentimental. When vanity parades it, the spectacle is ridiculous; and it is absurd and contemptible when, like a gnarled and unshapely branch of a goodly tree, the boast of renowned lineage is the sole title to distinction; or—in the use of a simile, certainly forcible and not too homely to appear in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of forty years ago—when, like the potato plant, the best part is under ground.

Homage to a noble ancestry is, in itself, a laudable sentiment, kindred to the filial virtue of a son honoring his father; and when ancestral names are worthy of honor, they are a rich legacy of potent influences, which are wasted on natural imbecility and perverted by false pride or ostentatious vanity, but which the noble son of a noble sire will incorporate in the impulses of a high ambition and put to usury for augmented honor to the family name. In the history of the chosen generation and a peculiar people, the "fathers" was part of a heritage of privilege and blessing. The survey by ancestral witnesses was a distinct and animating motive which their kinsmen employed in protest against degeneracy. Of the value of such a heritage, it is written by him who was heir of that transmitted with the honored names of Mather-Marvin—the name and memory of a noble father are a better inheritance for children than money, inspiring in them a high purpose and an honorable sentiment, which lead to the achievement of better fortunes than wealth can secure.

What account, in his view, is to be taken of the various accidents of fortune appears in what is said of one whose life he wrote—whether his father was farmer, merchant, mechanic or professional man I know not, nor do I care to know; and of himself he wrote in a printed sermon, a thousand times have I felt a profound sense of gratitude to God that my father was a poor man. I think it not unlikely that, if in my youth I had had money to spend freely, I should have gone to destruction. He took much account of the accident of birth, in relation to moral as well as physical traits, characterizing the quality of deep and unassailable principle as apt to be hereditary; and recording it as his observation, as a rule, that, whether it be in the blood or in a species of traditional family honor, where there is a very high moral tone it may be traced to an honorable line of ancestry. It is true of dignities and distinctions of all kinds:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp—
The man's the gowd for a' that.
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

—but there is something, nevertheless, in the blood and in the prestige of an unsullied family name.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIVE CEDARS.

Location of the homestead—Origin of its name—The houses of the period—An eccentric character—Dwellers at the "Old Place"—The garret-room—The schoolroom—Parents his teachers—His advantages of education—Spelling match—The times in his boyhood—Incidents of first steamboat—Navigation on the Mississippi and Missouri—Mather's *Alma Mater*—Church-houses—Primitive customs—The boy at work—At house-raisings—Taught school—The Debating Society—His first speech—Uncle Billy Pratt, the first Darwinian—The boy-preacher—The contention over a deer—Characteristics of his youth—Health and personal appearance—The story of his sister, Marcia—Death of his brother, Nathaniel—Touching letter of the Bishop—The home of the dead at the Five Cedars—Last look at the Old Place.

THE frontispiece of this chapter represents the Marvin home in Warren County, Missouri, at the head of Peruque Creek, and about three miles southwest from the present Wright City. When the farm was first settled, on the arrival of the family in Missouri, in 1817, it was situated in St. Charles County. Subsequently, in the formation of new counties, it was embraced successively in the limits of Montgomery, organized in December of the following year, and of Warren, created January 5, 1833. The first home was a log cabin built on another part of the farm, a quarter of a mile distant, where Enoch Mather was born, June 12, 1823. The old cabin has long since disappeared. The present house he spoke of as the "Old Place." There he lived when a cradle was his couch, or when he was used to be cradled on his mother's lap. The Five Cedars is the name given to the home by his sister Marcia, in memorial of his planting those evergreens in the front yard, when a small boy, and where they still survive, now grown to large trees.

"THE OLD PLACE"—BISHOP MARVIN'S CHILDHOOD HOME.

Both houses were built of logs, according to the custom of the people, and the first built, it is said, was covered with clapboards weighted down with poles, which were fastened to the roof with wooden pins. It was not until 1818 that the first frame house was erected in Montgomery County.

The dwellers there, in its entire history, were among the best educated, most cultivated and refined of the community; and were held in great respect and universal honor. Among them, of the original family, was a grandsire, as he was called by children and grandchildren, and was held in utmost reverence. He was seated and served first at table, and his quiet and comfort promoted by all manner of kindly attention, which might help him through the long days, remove fears from the way, and interest failing desire. He was a native of Lyme, and died in 1841, in his ninety-fifth year. Tall and large, he had a remarkable presence, and his appearance in earlier years must have been very imposing. After his marriage with Ruth Ely, of Lyme, he removed to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where his family was brought up, of which Wells Ely was the youngest child. Other children were living in the East at the time, but his heart, as is common, was with his last born, whom he followed in his several Western emigrations. With the responsive filial reverence and devotion, it makes one of the lovely memory-pictures which hang around the walls of this house. The beautiful face of the grandmother, who was of small and graceful person, appears in it, who lived long enough to find the pleasant pastime of a matriarch in the pranks and prattle of three of her grandchildren. She died in her seventy-sixth year, in the summer of 1826. The loneliness of the following years of her consort was a dark line in the touch of sadness which had shadowed their later life. Reduced from considerable affluence by suretyship for friends in Massachusetts, he was removed from the most favored and cherished associations, and spent the remnant of days in the quiet and deep retirement of the wilderness. They were passed in dignified composure and patience, and, perhaps, the melancholy twilight of vanished fortune was not an unwelcome, as it was a profitable prelude to an end of days and entrance on a better life, of which they had the solace in incipient experience, and the hope in death.

The chief interest of the Five Cedars to the reader, lies in its connections with the great life which had there its bud and nurture. In the light of subsequent fame, we look for its presage in boyish days, and even the familiar and common things in childhood scenes and youthful years appear invested with a charm.

In the gable, not in view in the engraving, is the entrance, approached from the yard, to the upper room, where the ploughboy took rest after the toil of the day, and the short social evening at the fireside, or under the Cedars. When he was the pastor of a great city church, on leave of absence to visit his family and for rest during the week days of August, after the first long, sound sleep he was busied in the same apartments and under the same shade in the study of books, more in number and of weightier contents than those on the little shelf of his garret-room, but not of fresher interest, nor read with more eager zest than when he first read books on rainy days, and at nooning, and even at the plough handle.

In one of those apartments he was first taught letters, and had his schooling till he was eleven or twelve years old, and the most of it. His mother was teacher in summer and his father in winter. They had both been teachers before coming to the West, and now it was a necessity for the education of their own children, in the absence of all convenient school privileges. It hence became a neighborhood school, and indeed, a boarding-school, by special favor, for some of the children of the neighborhood. Mr. Sandy Pratt, of Wright City, whose father settled in the neighborhood in

1831, at a farm two miles away, and who was a faithful and cherished friend of the family, among full notes, kindly furnished for these pages, says his brother was one of the pupils and his sister, now Mrs. Pendleton, was a boarding scholar. Similar data, in great fullness and interest, have been contributed by Dr. Moses Hubbard, of Texas, and by Rev. D. T. Sherman and Rev. Carr W. Pritchett, all of whom were contemporaries of Enoch Mather, and write from personal knowledge, or most authentic tradition. Mr. Pritchett states that there are men now living who owe their earliest education to the Marvin School—perhaps all of it. In this school, Mather, as he was invariably called by his playmates and in the family circle, acquired the rudiments of an English education.

When he was about twelve years old his mother became disqualified from further teaching or other care of her children, and even from attending to household affairs, caused by delicate health and a severe illness. Its effects were aggravated by distress occasioned by great pecuniary losses and trouble through the misplaced confidence in two young men for whom her husband had endorsed. Mr. Pratt says they were sharpers, and that the losses put the family to great straits and in deep sorrows for many years. These family misfortunes made an end almost entirely of his advantages of early education. We know of only two further terms of schooling, each of three months.

After Mrs. Marvin's disability occurred, it was undertaken to keep up the school at home. It was taught by his cousin, Mr. P. Perkins, now of Colesburg, Iowa, from whom some of the history narrated in this and the preceding chapter has been derived. He bears testimony to the actual and comparative proficiency of his pupil, under his own and the mother's tuition. Of the temper of the young student and its ambition and omens he writes: E. M. seemed thoughtful and anxious, and it was even then that he heard whisperings of the sublime future. He adds a pleasant description of a spelling-match, of which Mather was the hero. The mother of Mr. Perkins was a sister of Wells Ely, one of twins, named Ruth and Rhoda. Her family came West two years after the coming of her brother, and settled in a neighborhood five miles distant. She was also a teacher. Aunt Polly, writes Mr. Perkins, as we used to call the bishop's mother, had taught a very successful school at home, and was much elated with the advancement of her scholars. She challenged Aunt Ruth's (Mrs. Perkins) school for a spelling-match. Mrs. Perkins transported her school the five miles, and the contest came off in good earnest. The natives were out in force, and a splendid, good time was had. The embryo bishop acquitted himself nobly, and, though then quite young, gave evident sign and promise of the coming man. If it were so, we add and are sure, that the chief joy of his triumph was that his mother's school had beat in the contest. The other term of schooling was some years later, at a neighborhood school, where precisely, and by whom taught, is not stated.

To understand and appreciate correctly and duly what has been much noticed concerning matters so important as the advantages of education and social culture, and so trivial as his clothes and carriage of person, the reader should know the conditions of the times at that early period, which were in violent contrast with the conveniences and refinements of the present civilization. References have been made to them in part. Other quite extended accounts have been communicated, particularly by Rev. Mr. Sherman and Dr. Hubbard, who lived amidst the scenes, and were eye-witnesses of what they describe.

Within the limits of Warren County lived and died the celebrated hunter and Indian fighter, Daniel Boone. His providential mission, as he regarded it, was the opening up to settlement of the Western wilderness, and he had no use for a country when too populous for game and the freedom of frontier life. He and his family were the first Americans settled within the limits of Missouri; and in the wild country of his last home—where many years after his death, in 1818, as Dr. Hubbard states, deer were more plentiful than sheep, and perhaps as numerous as cattle, and hunting was almost the exclusive occupation of many—the old pioneer in all the remaining days of active life found no check upon the instinct and habit which started him out from the Yadkin River, in North Carolina, to escape populous and refined society and find the wild, free life of the frontiersman. He would not be crowded in a country where, not long before infirm years were upon him, and some years after the beginning of this century, men came thirty miles to help raise the first double-hewed log house, and which was considered a very fine structure.

While on a hunting expedition he discovered the salt springs in Howard County, occasioning the opening and naming of the Booneslick road, which passed through the centre of Warren County, and was for many years the great thoroughfare of Western emigration. This road connected that section of country with its only market, till a late date in this history, at St. Louis, then a small village, distant about fifty miles to the southeast. There its produce was hauled and exchanged for dry goods and groceries, which were brought by expensive transportation from New Orleans, and nails and glass, and other such wares, from Pittsburg.

The year of the emigration of the Marvin family to Missouri, 1817, was the date of the first steamboat navigation of the Father of Waters—only six years before Enoch Mather was born. In his childhood he may have heard repeated the story of the arrival of the first steamboat at St. Louis, which was witnessed by a resident of his native county. The father of the writer of this stood with that spectator on the bank. From his lips he received an account of it, with an amusing incident which he has never seen recorded, and which a few lines may preserve to history. At that time, Indian visitors were common in the village. They joined the company on the bank witnessing the approach of the boat. This pioneer steamboat, the General Pike, was a rude structure, a large barge with some upper works of simple construction. Accustomed to the propulsion of water-craft only by paddle or cordelle, the first thought of the Indians was that the boat was a living thing—"See, it moves itself," they exclaimed excitedly, and with terror depicted on their faces at the next thought, that it was the Devil, as they saw the flames of the furnace and the volume of smoke issuing from the chimneys. There is a like incident told by the historian of *Pioneer Families*, of excitement among the white aborigines of Montgomery County, on the first steamboat navigation of the Missouri River. One Enoch Spry was in the river bottom, and, without seeing the boat, heard the noise of the machinery and ran home in great fright. The neighborhood was roused, and a company was organized to go in pursuit of a panther, which, Mr. Spry said, had caught a man down on the river, and he had never heard a man halloa like he did. Before the date of steamboat navigation, the emigrant wagon was the mode of travel westward, and goods were transported in barges floated down the Ohio or cordelled from New Orleans up the Mississippi and its tributaries by the hardy and jolly Canadian boatmen. Not till some years after that era of improved communication with distant markets and older communities were its advantages much realized in the interior counties of Missouri. It was late in the decade of 1820–30 that the tide of western emigration was in large flow. At the organization of Warren County, as late as 1833, its population was 4,000 souls, and the conditions of social and domestic life were correspondingly primitive.

Under such conditions of the country and of social life, as described by Mr. S. and others, the early childhood and youth of Bishop Marvin were passed. Convenience and luxury in modes of life were then unknown among that people. Some, like the Marvin family, were well educated and had been accustomed to better comforts where they came from; but with great good sense they adapted themselves to prevailing habits and conditions of life in their backwoods home—especially they were not of the sort of people to think, for themselves or their children, that manual labor was not honorable or that clothes made the man.

The boy Mather, we know, was like the boy of that period in a new country, in dress, occupation and social surroundings. The slave population was sparse and few families had servants—there were none at his father's house. We will find him driving the plow and swinging the scythe, feeding the stock and on the way from the field in the evening driving home the cows and milking them too. In the intervals of field and farm-yard work, he is doing chores about the house, cutting and bringing in the wood, and, as his mother was feeble and sickly, he helped among the skillets and pots around the large open fireplace in vogue before the days of the modern cooking stove. Once, as reported by Mr. Perkins, he took the job of making soap off her hands to relieve her perplexity when a company of visitors called to spend the day. One of those visitors, still living, says he did it well. She was struck with his kind, frank and manly bearing in the offer of service. Later in the day she observed him carefully manipulating the job; and the intelligent lady saw in it the beauty of a kindly disposition and especially of love for his mother. Indoors he has often stood before her with hanks of yarn upon his arms patiently akimbo; and his hands have been busy with bobbins of cotton and flax thread and plying the loom. As he told his good and loved friend, Rev. Wm. Doty, of Louisiana, he was his mother's weaver till he was seventeen years old.

Those things are spoken of in the reminiscences furnished by Rev. C. W. Pritchett, the contemporary and companion of his youth. In the paragraph he alludes to current stories concerning the manner of his appearance and dress on certain occasions in his first preaching, which he says must be set down as extravagant, and writes:

> He simply wore the best suit he had, and that, I think, was of home manufacture. Our clothes at that day were all made at home. Our mothers and sisters knew how to card wool, cotton and flax, and to spin and weave them into cloth, and to cut and make the garments. They also knew how to patch and mend, and no boy was ashamed to wear patched clothes at the rough home and farm work. But our mothers and sisters never suffered us to wear such clothes abroad or to meeting. The mother of Bishop Marvin, till overtaken by her deep affliction, looked well to the wants of her children. Sumptuous living and fine clothing she could not afford them; but she wrought with her own hands at the wheel, the loom and the needle, to clothe them with decency and comfort. Many a man whose hairs are now gray can recall days in his childhood when he helped his mother to spin and weave and perform various domestic duties. So it was with Marvin; and even in his later life he has been known to speak very freely and tenderly of the help he gave his mother at the *wheel* and the *shuttle*.

Besides in farm work, this clever and industrious boy is found in other occupations, and away from home in the mutual help of good neighbourhood. Long years afterwards, when he met Dr. Hubbard in a distant State, in a talk over their young days, he said the hardest day's work he ever did was helping at three house-raisings in one day, one of which was the house of the father of Dr. H. At one time, when the press of farm work was over in the fall and winter, he taught school. It was taught, says Mr. Pritchett, when he was 17 or 18 years old, at an old house belonging to Mr. Lyle, two miles northwest of his father's.

residence. In this house in winter evenings a debating society held its meetings, where young Marvin made his first speech. Some of his pupils still live in the old neighborhood and speak of him in terms of tenderest affection. They describe him as kind and social, as taking great interest in his pupils, as mingling in their plays and as visiting their homes. One lady, then six years old, tells how he used to tie the long prairie grass across the narrow school path for the sport of the children, and they, in turn, to trip him. The scholars, Mr. Sandy Pratt says, all loved him, and he had no trouble to control them without the rod. The patrons were equally pleased with the advancement of their children and, as reported by Dr. H., it was a general sentiment among them that a mistake was made when he quit teaching to go to preaching.

At one time he made an unsuccessful hunt for a school away from home twenty-five miles distant, where his cousin Mr. Perry Perkins lived, and who accompanied him in the search. It ended with his first discovery, perhaps, of the controlling rule for engagement of teachers, which still obtains, with less reason for it—not the qualification, but cost for the service. They had not found the officers of the school board at home. On the way back they called at the house of one of the natives, and in answer to their inquiry the well-kept lady replied that they wanted a teacher and wanted to hire at the lowest figures, but the old man was not at home and she could not say about it. By this time the coming Bishop began to think he was out of luck, and proposed to cousin Perry that they go back home.

The boys of the neighborhood had their sportive pastimes as well as sober tasks. None were more genial and frolicsome than Mather. His humor and cleverness made him universally popular among his companions, and he was a great favorite on every account among the grown people. The Debating Society referred to was a noted institution in the community. Its audiences were thronged and the debates were the talk and wonder of the neighborhood. The old surviving citizens will remember Mr. Rumans, now dead, who was a special admirer of young Marvin and used to show around the manuscript debates in admiration of the splendid polemic talents they evinced. Among names of rivals with Mather for the honors on this arena of fame were Levi McConnell and Royal J. Kennedy. It was in a contest with the latter that the young orator won his first laurels, in a speech with wit in it enough to make it traditional in that country to this day. The constitution of the society, no doubt, specified the objects of it soberly enough, as for "mutual improvement;" but on occasions the exercises were diversified with a spice of literary fun. On this one, the speaking was put in the shape of a canvass for constable on the hustings. Mr. Kennedy, now a grave judge but then the defeated candidate, tells the story thus: The debate occurred in Jan. or Feb., 1840, at a school-house where the town of Wright City stands. To diversify the entertainment, it was agreed that on a certain night there would be political speeches. There was a large audience. Mather Marvin, as we called him, and myself were the candidates for constable. Being his senior by some six years I was to open the canvass, which I did by presenting my claims to their suffrages—among them that I had been solicited to be a candidate and felt flattered by the compliment, and pledged myself, if elected, that I would serve promptly all processes directed to me and endeavor to collect all debts entrusted to my hands and pay over the money faithfully. I sat down satisfied with my speech. Mather rose, made his bow and said he was before them for their votes and was sure of getting them. He promised all that the opposing candidate had done, which was very well as far as it went; but, in addition to that, he pledged himself that, if he failed to collect, he would put his hand in his own pocket and pay it himself. He said it emphatically, with wit in action as well as word, thrusting his hand into his pocket, which was notoriously moneyless. It was conceded that Mather was entitled to the office.

The genial spirit and humorous vein which accompanied him through life were in the blood, inwrought and ineradicable—both the faculty of creating humor and zest of it. Both are illustrated in an anecdote told by himself of a trip he made to the grist mill. How he enjoyed the drollery of an African, and tells it at the expense of a Modern scientist. It was told in his report of the exercises of the Phi-Alpha Society during a Commencement week at Central College:

> The society had its public exhibition on Tuesday evening. The audience was immense, the music animating, the addresses above the average of such occasions, and the debate—what shall I say of it? The subject was "The Unity of the Human Race." Well, this I must say in all candor and seriousness—the boys were in water altogether too deep for them.
>
> During this debate I thought of a wise remark of my old friend Uncle Billy Pratt. Now Uncle Billy was jet black. Withal he was a very respectable and sensible negro. I met him at mill one day when I was a boy. He had lately been to a menagerie, one of the remarkable features of which was the monkey show. "Uncle Billy," said I, "what did you think of the monkeys?" He was just in the act of lifting a half-bushel of wheat to pour it into the hopper, but the question arrested the movement. He set the measure down, erected himself slowly and with dignity, placed one arm akimbo and laid the other upon the edge of the hopper. This subject was in the line of his profoundest and most recent cogitations. His conclusions had been reached, and with the most impressive gravity he proceeded to give the sum of the whole matter. I believe I have the very words: "I'll tell you jess what I think about dat. De monkeys is de ole time niggers. *Dat's jess what dey is.*"
>
> Was Uncle Billy a Darwinian before the time?

The question must be answered, as Uncle Billy now goes into history—the first Darwinian.

In the collection of incidents of his childhood, there is one of the boy preacher, not uncommon in godly families; but this, it will be admitted, is the best specimen of the genus. His friend and admirer, Mr. Sandy Pratt, relates it—that

> Bishop Marvin preached a sermon when he was quite a small boy. He went to Uncle Billy McConnell's to meeting, and on his return home his mother requested him to relate to her all that he remembered of the sermon. It being customary in those days for a preacher to stand behind a chair to preach, he took the same position and announced the text; then proceeded to repeat the sermon from memory, much to the astonishment of the whole family. When through the sermon, he said "Let us pray," when his mother interposed by saying, "That will do, Mather."

He was the third child in the family of three sons and one daughter, Marcia. The parents were both of small stature—the father, neat in person, with regular features, well-formed head, and black hair; the mother had brown hair and dark complexion, and was sprightly and active in her movements. Except Nathaniel, the second son, who resembled his father, there was not much likeness of the children to their parents or to each other. Elisha, the first-born, is described as robust and stocky. Mather was from childhood of slender frame and delicate constitution. Mrs. Marvin reports him as saying that he used often to feel ashamed that his physical strength did not enable him to keep up with the other boys in the work of the field. On the Wednesday before his death, when disease began its fatal strokes, he exclaimed in a violent paroxysm of suffering: "I have never had such pain but once, when I was a boy." Every summer he had attacks of bilious fever; often pleurisy, and the rheumatism, which plagued him through life, began in early childhood. In boyhood his hair was light. All descriptions agree that his frame was very angular and his gait ungainly. His features were large; and Mr. Pratt notes it as what is most striking in his recollections of the boy, that he was awful ugly. He writes it now, as in the freedom of their intimate relations, it had often been the theme of amusing pleasantry between them in their later years. Babies on their first Sunday in life are not often handsome, and the Bishop reported to

Mr. Pratt, for his amusement, the looks of one such born to him, in the language of the old dames, who said with a knowing wink, "Just like its papa." The preachers will remember the jokes and banter between him and one for whom he had a special fondness, who could easily be voted the ugliest man in the St. Louis Conference. Mr. Pratt's portrait of the boy will not be recognized in the engraved likenesses of the man in this book, which bear good resemblance to the original—not especially by the multitude, who looked at him through the eyes of love, which is a beautifier, nor by the greater number who have seen him only in the pulpit and viewed him from the pew, when a holy fire kindled in his eye, and his face glowed as with celestial light, and his bodily presence at times seemed to be lifted into sympathy with the majesty of intellectual and spiritual power.

There are no details of the manner of intercourse among these children; but we know it was such as to nurture the natural sentiment of their kindredship, and which in later years expressed itself in uncommon measures of brotherly affection and sisterly devotion. As was natural, he had the most tender attachment to Marcia, an only sister. His devotedness to her had no conditions and no bounds within the possibility of his resources. She must be cared for. She had in earlier years taught school for means to attend school. She must have better advantages of education. Practically she had been motherless since she was about five years old; the mother of his own children will be a mother to her. She becomes, hence, an inmate of his family, at Hannibal Station, for eighteen months, till the circumstances of the family at her father's house required her return. His noble wife, in sympathy with all his loves and cares, follows to take her place, and enabled her to attend the seminary at Danville. The loss of the money sent for her expenses, in its transmission through the mail, interrupted this arrangement. It had been hoarded out of his meager salary, and time was required to retrieve this misfortune. During that time the wife of Elisha, who had married Miss Margaret Falkner, living near Troy, died of consumption. Soon after, her brother contracted a cold which developed into the same fatal disease. Their only child, a little girl of four or five summers, fell on the hands of Marcia for motherly care. It too faded away under the withering blight of consumption. These ministries, constantly during two years, consumed her strength, and nine months after, in her twenty-second year, in the path of the same malady she followed them to the grave. The only favor in his ministerial appointments he ever asked was to St. Charles Circuit and District—an opportunity to himself and wife to share the burden of these sorrows and cares. All of the accounts of the family history contributed to these pages mention Marcia. Her spirit so sweet in sisterly love and womanly virtues, she had a bright intellect. One speaks of her as the jewel of the family and the pride of the flock. Another speaks of her mind as one of nature's brightest gems, and is sure that, had she lived, she would have shone in the world of letters. Her preceptor, Mr. Pritchett, has written ·

> Marcia died in the fall of 1852. There was the most tender and beautiful attachment between this brother and sister. It was hallowed and distinguished by the circumstances of domestic sorrow under which it was nurtured and developed. Her name and memory were ever most tender and precious to him. Indeed the bare mention of her name, even in his later years, would cause him to relapse into one of those *pensive, silent* moods which those who knew him best remember so well. I had special opportunity to know of this mutual attachment, for at his own expense, while at Palmyra, he maintained this sister at the school then taught by my wife and myself in Danville, Mo.; and the last time I ever saw his father was during a brief visit to Warren County, when he came from the couch of this sick daughter and brought to my wife some little mementoes of Marcia's love—mementoes we cherished many a year.

There is service of friendship to be performed in writing this biography. It is part of it to link the name of Marcia with Mather's and make her memory as odorous and lasting as his own. Many will remember his allusions to her in pulpit discourse. The utterances cannot be reproduced in their beauty and pathos—his words born in the heart of love and arrayed in the most charming imagery ever born in his fancy, the story of Marcia was a beautiful idyl. In their life together, the bright sweet child that stood at his side and looked on with curious eyes when he planted the Five Cedars, afterwards the beautiful woman—beautiful in person and clothed in brighter charms of intellectual and spiritual adornments—she was his sister, his only sister. He sought for images of their pure love in the society of the skies—the purest of earth, that of true brother and sister, most akin, he said, to the loves of angels. When the spring flowers bloomed he saw the hectic flush come to her cheek from the seeds of a sure decay. During the long summer months she was withering away before his eyes. As he looked out at the window and saw the fading leaf of autumn quivering on its stem and now and then falling into the dust, he marked the date of those three last days he passed at her bedside. Her thin, transparent hand was in his own. Her lustrous eyes were upon him. On his ear fell a low, sweet voice, which had a perpetual echo: "Kiss me, brother. Good bye."

In Nathaniel he had a true brother. When he sought religion this brother led him to the altar. He had learned the shoe and leather business, in which he did not prosper; and all through life, in responsive affection, Mather's generous hand was extended in help, and erected the tombstone at his grave in the first month of burial. He died in the triumph of faith, at Louisiana, September 17, 1877, in the 57th year of his age and the 40th of his membership in the Methodist Church. In his illness with consumption, which was protracted, he was ministered unto with patient and tender care by his wife, a sister of Rev. Mr. Sherman, and who is the survivor of a childless family. During the summer, which it was strange that he should survive, the burden of his prayer was a longing to live till his brother should get back from his travel around the world. After his arrival, with only a few days even for his wife and children till his first Conference should be held, he spent most of them at his brother's bedside.

Further words of another, in description of the loves of these brothers, would be an impertinence in connection with the plaint of the following letter. While he was holding the Missouri Conference at Fulton, a telegraph reached him in the chair announcing the expected death of his brother before the day would close. For more than twenty years these brothers had been the sole survivors of the old family. All its memories were upon his heart as this last companion of the hearthstone was going away. There was only one other passion which could overmaster the impulse of that moment to go to his dying brother—it was church devotion. He asked only that he might leave the chair to be alone in his room while the spirit of his brother was passing away. With her who loved him most he must talk of him, for no last word could now reach his brother's eye or ear. As though he was himself at the bedside, the shortening breath he sees compels in every paragraph a fresh cry of grief.

FULTON, Sept. 17, 1877.

My Dear Sister:

I have just received Bro. Gunn's dispatch, saying: "Your brother cannot last over an hour." It is a great grief to me not to be able to go at once to be with you in this time of bereavement, that we might mingle our tears and I might be present to have a last look at that face which has been so dear to me from the moment of my earliest recollection, and to see him laid away to his last repose. Only he who made the heart knows how mine suffers now.

My great grief is that I could not be with my poor brother in his last days. How I did hope that he would live till my Conferences were over, so that I might have gone to him to be by his side in the closing days of his stay on earth. But God has ordered it otherwise. All is well with your dear husband. If there are any good men, he was one. O, how true he acted—how noble in all his sentiments and purposes. He is with God now. I can almost imagine I see him on Mount Zion, in the City of the Great King, in the midst of the innumerable company of angels and of the Church of the First-born.

It is more than an hour since the dispatch came. I can not bear to think that he is even now already dead! Gone! gone! I shall never see him again. Oh, God! help me to bear it!

What a day this is to him—his first day in heaven!

I have dispatched to Bro. Gunn and Bro. Guiley, to see him provided with a suitable funeral. So soon as I get home from the Southwest Missouri Conference, week after next, I will pay all the bills; and whatever personal expenses may be necessary for yourself at such a time I will gladly meet.

Dear Ada (the Bishop's daughter), I shall always have a more tender feeling for her, if possible, because she was with her uncle in his last hours.

Oh! Nat, Nat! are you gone away from me forever? Lizzie, my heart feels like it was breaking!

Perhaps you would like to linger a week or two in the house from which you dismissed my poor brother to his home in heaven. If so, I will come and see you as soon as I get home, and we will go and weep together at the grave. But if you prefer to break up at once, do as may seem best.

God bless you and support you, my dear sister. You have been a true wife. I can never forget how tenderly and faithfully you nursed my brother. God will reward you!

I am, with much affection, Your Brother,

E. M. Marvin.

If the narrative has lingered long at the Old Home, it is because there Bishop Marvin's thoughts lovingly dwelt and traveled back there in all his journeys, from the most distant points, even from the other side of the globe when he was at Calcutta. Of all places of earth, that was his "hallowed ground." A friend says of him, he was a child of sorrow. There was never a marriage festivity under its roof. Festive days were funereal, as when the grandsire at Christmas and on New Year's Day his mother lay dead in the house. Before death, except that of the old people, had invaded this home, for nearly twenty-five years the daily presence of a great grief shadowed all hearts and all scenes. Within a little more than a decade all, except himself and

Nathaniel, had been laid away in the home of the dead within the little inclosure lying on the other side of the house. There three of his own babes sleep, Enoch, whose days did not complete the circle of a month, and Wells Ely, Jr., whose life just reached half the round of a year, and a nameless child which died in the day of its birth. Another such was born and died at Weston. Amidst these shadows there were cheerful lights. It was the home of his own family for many years before the war. It sheltered them when he was an exile in the South, under the faithful guardianship and service of old family servants, Reuben and Suky. It was the birthplace of five of his children, of Cornelia and Mary still living.

In a last look at the Old Home, the reader will prefer to look through the eyes with which Bishop Marvin looked at it and pictured its dearest views in his writings. The landscape of the print does not embrace the thicket at the north end of the farm, which he made do service as an illustration in one of his sermons—in his boyhood it was impenetrable as he had known by many trials, but it was an open grove when he came back after the war. Across the meadow over there is a piece of woods where, after he had been anxiously missed for many hours, his brother Elisha found him, wandering about and saying with sobs, "I can't find Jesus." The childish conceit was the heart echo to one of his Mother's songs, "Oh, when shall I see Jesus."

Down in the barn-yard is the old-fashioned log corn-crib of which he spoke in his sermon on "The Corn of Wheat." There had been a killing frost in the fall. In the spring succeeding came the question of seed. It happened when he was a mere child. The rest his own words shall relate: My father entered the old-fashioned log crib to select the soundest ears. * * Child-like I followed him into the crib. Half the corn had been fed away and the pile of unhusked ears lay in a bank with a face that was almost perpendicular. Father began at a spot where the best of the corn had been placed. I remember now how he stripped the husk from the ear and removed a few grains, breaking them and examining the "heart"—the germ point. If the fresh aspect of vitality was wanting it was thrown aside. So, many ears were examined, condemned, and thrown aside, and the sound ones shelled for seed. In imitative effort, I, too, tugged at the husk and stripped an ear and broke the grain and examined the "heart," not knowing what it was. I remember how the pile of loose-lying husks grew and a cavernous opening appeared in the perpendicular face of the bank as the work went on. I remember, too, another thing, as if it were yesterday, the anxious face of my Mother appeared at the little crib-door. As I gaze upon it now, through the recollections of forty-five years, it looks like the face of an angel, only the glow and the glory seemed touched with a shade of sadness. "Wells," she said, calling him by his Christian name, "can you get seed?" Little did I comprehend it then; but it was a question of bread for her children, the question of questions for a mother's heart—"can you get seed?"

It remained for his own hand to introduce into the picture the form of his father and the face of his mother, and to add his own comment upon the mystery of life and of sorrows which shadowed this home. Except in the two first statements they are words of reference to family history, and they contain the solace, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Then, he writes, all the perplexing problems of an inexplicable providence shall be made plain; I shall know why the tongue of the slanderer was permitted to make havoc of goodly names and rend the very Church of God; I shall understand the secret of baffled hopes and ruined fortunes; I shall know why my mother suffered so, and my father was a son of grief; why my sister died at the threshold of early womanhood and my eldest brother fell under the blight of fruitless efforts and defeated expectation ; I shall understand the mystery of that stroke under which my baby boys died upon the breast of their mother—the bud perishing with all the glory of its possibilities infolded in its own bosom. My own fiery trials will be seen in their most gracious effect on character and destiny, and the glory of God will appear in the white light of its own spotless and infinite perfection of wisdom and love.

The " Old Place " in Warren County, Mo.—its sad and sweet memories locate it, also, on the " Magical Isle of the River of Time," of which B. F. Taylor sung, in well-known, touching lines :

And the name of the Isle is the Long Ago,
  And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow,
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
  There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
  And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
  And the garments that SHE used to wear.

There are hands that waved when the fairy shore,
  By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
  When the wind down the river is fair.

CHAPTER III.

"THIS MAN WAS BORN THERE."—*Psalms.*

God's first Church—When does education begin?—Mother's influence—Jobson and his mother's prayers—Bishop Andrew and his mother—Enoch Mather on his mother's knee—The holy song and baptism of tears—His father a Deist—The mother his Christian teacher—The Sabbath School in her house—The first in Warren County—The family government—Happy domestic relations—Father's training—Education of circumstances—Unseen influences—Incident of the wounded finger—Saintly women—Old neighbors—Godly men—Contact with Methodist influences—Chief factors in religious training, his Mother and Methodism.

"I REVISITED the 'Old Place,' and sat down in the room where I used to sit on my mother's knee"—there, at that first altar of childhood prayer and holy place of maternal benediction, was the birthplace of the earliest religious impressions of this Man of God. The fecundity of maternal piety was a form of words frequently used by Bishop Marvin—in that was engendered the first quickenings of his own faith. It has been said, beautifully and truly, the family was God's first church, in godly discipline its instruction and ministries antedating the ordinances of Temple worship and service directly referred to in the caption of this chapter.

Learned authors have asked and answered the question, when does education begin. They locate the first schoolhouse on a mother's lap, and for the time, "while the father is yet marking the moment of birth." The first pulse of the babe, it is written, has already dated its training for eternity. Solitary and unrelated as it may seem, cascades of influence stream in upon it from all sides; every object soon becomes a book, every place a school-house, and every event ploughs in some winged seeds which will be bearing their appropriate fruit a thousand ages hence. In strong terms, it has been said by another, the first six years of life is man's "creation week"—those years in which a child may be used to play on the floor around a mother's chair and not too old to sit on her knee.

The only recorded memory connected with that visit of a Bishop to the "Old Place" finds a parallel in the first utterance of Jobson, on taking the chair of the President of the British Wesleyan Conference—it is in answer to prayer that I am here, the prayer of my mother. Another such fact is stated in Bishop Keener's discourse at the burial of Bishop Andrew, who used to tell of the face and words of his mother—"James, I had rather see you a faithful preacher of the Gospel than emperor of the world;" and in telling it exclaimed, "And, O, how she looked when she said it." She taught him, says Bishop K., many passages of poetry, which he could repeat to the close of life, though he had never seen them in any book. She was a woman of fine natural taste, strong intellect, fond of flowers and poetry, and deeply pious. Much like her was the mother of Bishop Marvin—mothers who give bishops to the church.

Of the prerogative of a mother's influence and its functions, which no hired substitute can perform, he himself wrote: No hands can caress a child or swathe it like a mother's; no eye can beam upon it like hers; no voice can baptize its heart with such a wealth of tenderness; no other ear can be so quick to the faintest cry. None like her can bear with all its weaknesses; none on earth can so train its tongue to truth and form its soul to honor. In writing of his dear friend and co-laborer, Caples, in whom, he imagined, a casual observer would see only a very irrepressible boy, running over with vitality and fun, he wrote—but his *mother* would discover something much deeper. *She* would see the young spirit opening itself to everything divine in nature and in the Bible. Under the watch-care of such a teacher, he was sure, as years advanced, there was an ever-deepening sense of God.

Words like those would appropriately clothe his reflections while he sat in that room alone, except in company with the most hallowed memory of his childhood. Many readers will note in them the lineaments of his own mother's portrait, as he often pictured it in spoken sermons. The author of "Our Children" had fineness of vision of a sensitive soul to reproduce it in print. It was a companion picture to some which hung on the walls of his own heart, and under the inspiration of kindred memories he has made a good copy of the original.

We have heard, he writes, one of our bishops tell of his child-experience in religion. Even he, with all his gift of expression cannot tell it all in words. The gesture, the tones, the look on his face, told more than his tongue could tell. How distinctly he recalled the time when his mother held him in her lap and looked down into his face as she sang her favorite hymn:

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

And as the good mother sang the last stanza:

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

tears dropped from her eyes as she looked down upon the child in her lap and fell upon his face. As the good Bishop told us these things his voice trembled and his eyes filled, as if he still felt his mother's arms about him. How deeply the impression was then made on his tender mind—how intensely it has been retained—that a good and sinless One had died for him. One scene he recalled with pathetic simplicity. When a little child—his mother's songs in his ear and his mother's prayer in his heart—he was playing near the house in a skirt of woods where the autumn shadows and sunshine were mingling on the ground and the autumn gold and purple were upon the leaves. He began to think over the song,

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?"

The thought went down into his heart, "Jesus died for me—for me;" and he wondered, "Shall I ever see Jesus? Will he ever come to me?"

If, as the same author propounds in substance the inquiry, an infant soul is prepared for heaven when it is called hence, may not the same gracious Power shed its light upon the young mind at an early dawn of intelligence, and move silently and mysteriously, but efficaciously, upon the moral nature in its transition into form, shaping it in a divine mold? If so, the Holy Spirit descended on that scene—at that baptism of a mother's tears. They flowed at the spectacle of Calvary. At first flow and ever afterwards they were to him an evangel of Christ. To his upturned eye, he has said, the saintly face often appeared, still looking upon him from out the shadowy past, like a celestial vision through rifted clouds He spoke of her voice as not without culture and as naturally musical; and the cadence of that song she sang was a constant melody in his ear, and seemed like a note, estray on earth, of the Song of the Lamb.

The value of the incident just related is enhanced in view of the theological opinions which, it is generally understood, were held by his father. So far as paternal example and influence might be prevalent, it was a question whether his son should not become a Deist. It is not in evidence that the father sought or desired to indoctrinate his children in that system of belief. On the contrary, he committed them to the religion of the mother. That secured them early and irrevocably to "the faith in Christ." In counteraction to the authority of a father's opinions and the unintended but inevitable influence of example, that song she sang embodied the divinity and grace of the Gospel of the Son of God. Her tears were a solvent of infidelity. In that vision he met in the path of childhood the son, who afterwards preached Jesus, became Christian, and on his heart, copied from a bright image of its love-compelling power, there was stamped the ineffaceable *credo*—"And I believe in Jesus Christ, his only Son, the Lord of Glory crucified."

It is proper to say, that different understanding concerning Mr. Marvin's religious belief is had by Rev. Mr. Pritchett, whose discernment and opportunity of observation entitle his judgment to respect. His remarks, it will be noticed, are in confirmation of what has been written concerning the salutary home influences exerted in that family.

In seeking for the origin of early religious impressions produced in the mind and heart of Enoch Marvin, says Mr. P., there is one factor likely to be omitted, and yet it is one of great importance. His father and mother had been reared in the faith and usages of Calvinism. His mother for years was a member of the old Regular Baptist Church. His father was not in the communion of the Church. He was a man of *silent*, *uncommunicative* manner, yet one of the most *patient*, *enduring* and *even-tempered* of men. He bore the great burdens of his life with a spirit born of Religion. It was mainly, I think, his traditional faith which kept him out of the formal communion of the Church. He waited for a development of grace, and an overpowering Divine Impulse, which should compel him into the Kingdom of God. His *meek*, *pure* and *devoted* life was no doubt the offspring of a conscientious faith and of a moral habitude, the resultant of religion. He moved in his family in that unpretentious, quiet way which not only won their veneration, but which commanded their warmest love. Mrs. Marvin, previous to her great affliction, was an energetic, conscientious woman. She read much, for that day, and had rules and system in her family. One of these was to read the Scriptures with her children on the Sabbath ; and I am told, by those now living, she sometimes invited the children of her neighbors to join in these Scripture readings. No doubt the life and instructions of such parents had their full moral effect on the habits, early life and mature character of Enoch Marvin. The father died a Christian. The family government flowed from good parenthood, and was aided by the spirit of peace which sat at the hearthstone.

The few details in the history of their marriage are interesting and suggestive. They had been children together at Pittsfield, Mass., their birthplace—he born May 8th, 1791, and she October 3rd, 1787. It is to be inferred that the families of their parents lived on terms of intimacy. A sister of Mr. Marvin was married to a Mr. Benjamin Davis, who was a kinsman of his wife, whose maiden name was Mary Davis. The two families removed together to Chenango County, N. Y. There they were married in the year 1817, just before their emigration to the West. He was in his 27th year, and she was his senior three years and five months. Not in the impulses of romance and passion, but with the sober views of the latter days of youth their marriage was formed. They set out together to share the fortunes of life in a wilderness home. There is uniform testimony to the conjugal virtues which made it the abode of peace and love. It was the advantage of Bishop Marvin's childhood that it was passed amidst scenes of domestic order and tranquility. It is rare to find a flower growing among thorns.

By a sad and strange providence, in the infirmity which befel his wife, the care and culture of the children devolved exclusively upon him. The tuition of the mother, which her son has made so widely known, is well appreciated. The value of that of his father should not be overlooked. It cannot be too highly estimated. Hers was teaching, and especially heart culture. His was training, the necessary complement of hers—hers the nurture, and his the admonition, of the Lord.

The misfortune alluded to did not happen, fortunately, till Mather was in his twelfth year. In the years before that age the best work of the mother is accomplished. The sowing delayed till after that age is a late spring-planting. The period which elapses before the child is put to formal mental training seems to be indicated by the ordination of nature as the season of special opportunity for the nurture of the moral sentiments. Then, when the child may sit on its mother's lap, the mold is softest and the vernal showers are most fruitful. Impressions made then are sure and lasting. In culture then, inevitably there is "touch and tincture." In one of his Odes, Horace has likened it to a vessel which long retains the scent of the liquor first put into it. Robert South, adopting the same idea, speaks of "the tang" of the vessel. In the father's training sound principles became embodied in right conduct. It was a felicity of his life that it had never been marred by outbreaking wickedness. There was exemption in after life from fierce contest against proclivity to vices which had become naturalized by habit. In character there was not the deformity and weakness, as of a broken limb that had been mended. This advantage is strongly expressed by Rev. A. G. Haygood in his terse saying, "Paul had been a greater saint had he not been so great a sinner." It is the starting point in the path of a better career and to a higher goal.

It is said of the forerunner of Christ, that he was filled with the Holy Ghost from his mother's womb, and of the Bishop whom Paul ordained and selected for that high office and for difficult and perilous service, because from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures.

In the department of education known as that of circumstances, the reader of the foregoing details of boyhood history may conjecture what may have been its forms and effects. One writer names it insensible education, and says of it, that, like insensible perspiration, it is often of more powerful effect than that which is direct and apparent. Not to allow too much latitude to conjecture and remark, it may be supposed justly that some of the prominent characteristics of his mature life had origin or nurture in such influences

Reared amidst rustic scenes and familiarized with a simple manner of life comports with his sincerity and simplicity of spirit, and entire absence in him of pretentiousness. With this corresponds the disgust he had at the artificial life of fashionable society. During his whole childhood and far into the years of manhood, one friend says, he was peculiarly a son of grief—this fellowship of sorrow begat the sensibility to sympathy which was so tender and acute in him. An old neighbor said of his father that he had more afflictions than most men, and was "the greatest man for patience" he ever knew. Its exercise strengthens it, and fortitude is trained to endurance in conflict with trial. Brought up on a small farm yielding only maintenance from year to year, labor was a necessity and the spirit and habit of industry became the law of his life. In this school he learned to respect the honest toiler in field and shop—a sentiment which in a memorable incident of after life directed his steps from the society of a college and the home of its President, who was no other than the peerless General Lee, without air or sense of condescension to the dwelling of the

Village Blacksmith. In a general view of his circumstances in life, cut off from any expectation of influential patronage, and from all props of adventitious aid, there was born in him the spirit of self-reliance, and he looked out upon public life, its paths of distinction and its fields of usefulness, with the conviction, which was victory begun, that whatever name he made in the world would be the purchase of personal worth and the achievement of his own right arm.

There is an incident of his boyhood illustrative of the moral agencies just alluded to, and belonging to what has been called unseen influences—spiritual forces, not palpable or not noticed by cursory observation, but real and fruitful, like the silent dews of the night. They are the product of good example, and of those little acts of piety, unstudied and often almost unconsciously performed, which, nevertheless, make up much of the course of a godly life and constitute its general tone. Such spiritual influence is spoken of by a modern writer, as springing forth from hitherto hidden springs deep in humble, but saintly souls, even as the clouds of Heaven have often drawn their precious stores from perennial springs in far off, secluded spots, which the foot of man has never trod.

A remarkably saintly woman among the intimate friends of his mother, was Mrs. McConnell—Aunt Rachel, he called her. She died in the year 1870, during one of his Episcopal visitations in Texas. In a published letter from there, he makes a loving tribute to her memory. It is a remarkable testimony in many respects, and exhibits, not by a single incident, but in a constant and copious stream of influence, the outgoings of genuine Christian character and holy living. From this source what streams of hallowed influence flowed in upon his childhood and fertilized his own character, both in manhood and youth. It was in this relation to her, that he would have her memory linked with his own, and he has embalmed it in the following loving and grateful words:

There is an incident in the experiences of this trip which I can not forbear to introduce, though it belongs more to Missouri, and is chiefly of interest to me as an individual. A letter from home bears the intelligence, "Sister McConnell is dead." To me these words conveyed a message of personal bereavement. William McConnell lived within one mile of my father from my earliest recollection. In fact, for several years before my birth both families had been living there. Amongst the earliest facts which I remember are visits between my mother and Mrs. McConnell. We always called her *Aunt Rachel*. From the time I was born until this moment I have never seen nor thought of her without a feeling of respect and affection. * * * I have said that Bro. McConnell had his faults. (We called him Uncle Billy.) But *Aunt Rachel*—what faults had she? Had she any? Had she *one?* What was it? What wrong act did any one ever know her to commit? What wrong word did ever any one hear her utter? What evil temper was she ever known to indulge? I dare not say that she was absolutely perfect, for she, too, was a daughter of Eve. But I do declare that after an intimate acquaintance, running through my whole life, *I did not know a blemish in her character*. I never knew her to be wanting in any duty. I never knew her to discharge a duty reluctantly or in an undutiful temper. Through what years of domestic labor she passed with perfect sweetness of temper! The ten thousand vexations of every day life in a large family of boys never jostled her. For her own ease and pleasure she took no thought, but what would she *not* do for others? Wife, mother, neighbor, friend, Christian—what obligation do these words imply that she failed to meet. All this sounds extravagant. But ask her old neighbors about Wright City, if the life she lived does not justify every word which I have written.

But she was a poor, hard-working woman, not cultivated nor gifted, except with great good sense. She had no personal beauty—that is, of the outside sort. But her native goodness gave her an air of good breeding and sweetness of manners that to me was charming. The purity and benevolence that always rested upon her face made it lovely. Of gratitude she possessed an excess. After all the good deeds she had done to others it seemed only just that her wants, in old age and straightened circumstances, should be looked after by old friends. But every attention shown her, every little present made to her, every little piece of work done for her, seemed to oppress her.

She spent the day at my house just before I left home on this trip. She was bowed with years. The dear old saint! how my heart melted toward her. I did not once think that it was probably the last time I should see her. But I now think that *she* must have felt it. She was overcome by tears in taking leave. I had never seen her melt so fully. My eyes are dim with tears as I write. She is with God to-night. Oh! that I may have grace to meet her in the mansions of the just. She was always self-depreciating. She even thought meanly of her own spiritual attainments. To every one else it was evident that they were of the highest order. The Church has never any trouble with such members. Oh! that there might be many thousands like them everywhere.

I am reluctant to take leave of them. But death has come in between us, and I must submit. Few friends of my childhood remain, and to these I must say—farewell!

For all the old neighbors and their descendants, Bishop Marvin cherished through life the warmest affection. Some of them have already been mentioned. Among other good and tried friends of the family were Edwin Pleasants, and Royal, a batchelor brother; V. K. Pringle, now of Salem, Oregon, and Dr. Wright, the family physician, who is now in extreme old age and resident at St. Louis. I can never forget, he said, how much I owe to the few godly men and women I knew in the time of my own spiritual infancy. In Church ministrations Methodism was predominant, as it was effectual, in the formation of the religious creed and spiritual character of Bishop Marvin. He has often spoken publicly of himself, as a product of Methodism. In a letter addressed to the writer of these pages, he said:

To the Methodist people, under God, I owe all my hopes for eternity. Through them the gospel became effectual in my awakening and conversion in early youth. Through them I have enjoyed the means of grace and the sacraments of the Church, so helpful and necessary to my growth in the life of religion. All this I owe to the Methodist people of Missouri, the State of my nativity.

His mother was a Baptist, but never attached herself to that Church in the neighborhood, because, it is said, of the Antinomian doctrines so prevalent at that time in the Baptist Church of the State. She was not favorably disposed toward the Methodist Church, objecting to some of its usages. In that community generally, Methodism, Mr. Pratt says, was unpopular, and the few who attended upon the ministry at Uncle Billy McConnell's went as much for fun as for anything else. There, however, Bishop Marvin was brought into contact with Methodist influences. Methdist preachers seldom visited at his father's house. As he states it, the first who was ever under the roof was a local preacher, Rev. Joseph Allen. His visit, he said, was like the advent of an angel. Rev. D. T. Sherman, then a local preacher, also visited the family. Among the first Methodist preachers he ever saw, was Robert H. Jordan, still a member of the Missouri Conference, and, excepting Rev. Jerome C. Berryman, the oldest survivor of the pioneer preachers of the State.

The earliest Methodist preaching place in the neighborhood was at Lyle's. Besides that at Mr. McConnell's, there was circuit preaching at the house of Mr. Pritchett, who has given two sons to the ministry. The elder, Rev. C. W. Pritchett, has written of the indebtedness of Bishop Marvin to the ministrations of the church, as complementary to those of his home. "Still *at home*," he writes, "he was not in *direct* communication with that permeating spiritual influence, which led his young heart to Christ. It is of interest to inquire how this element of spiritual power was supplied. By what agency was he put into communication with the spiritual forces of the Gospel? It is of the more importance to ask this question, since our Heavenly Father employs human agencies in his work of grace in individual experience, as well as in the aggregate results of His kingdom; and there are many such agencies, very humble it may be, and very much over-looked in their day, which future years and the day of Eternity will reveal as God's chosen and efficacious instrumentalities. The house of old father William McConnell, was about a mile and a half from the residence of Mr. Marvin, and lower down the Creek. This house was for many years, not only the home of a large family, but it was the home of the Methodist Church for all that region of country. Here the regular circuit appointments were filled, and here were held the Class and Prayer meetings. Here was a centre of divine and spiritual power, whose influence permeated at that region. It was here that Marvin was brought into contact with the spiritual forces of Methodism. How much the church of the present and of the future will owe to the self-sacrifice and devotion of William and Rachel McConnell, it can never know. The waves of Christian influence have widened out from their humble home, and their undulations are still felt in several circuits of the Missouri Conference."

These reflections bring the narrative back to the incident noted in the opening sentence of this chapter—the visit to his mother's room. He had gone there from the Monroe

Camp-ground, near Wright City. It was the second annual encampment, in August, 1871. His words as quoted are the concluding sentence of his letter reporting the occasion. The entire letter is a sketch in outline of the human agencies, which had been operative in the hand of God upon his character and history.

The chief factors in the result were his mother and Methodism—*there*, as locality of influence and other than the divine, it must be written, this man was born. The Camp-ground was in the neighborhood of the place of his nativity, where he retired at the close of the meeting, on Wednesday. There had been constant greetings, on the right hand and the left, of old neighbors and friends. On Sunday the concourse of people had been immense. The sacramental service on Monday was a great solemnity. The presence of God in the encampment was felt by all. Quite a number were converted. The members of the Church were strengthened and built up on their most holy faith. Among the preachers present there were old veterans—Andrew Monroe, one of them, the patriarch of Missouri Methodist itinerancy, who had come to the State when Mather was only about fifteen months old, and had pioneered the settlement of the Church. Of him and George Smith and Horace Brown, who were also present, the Bishop wrote: I met these three aged ministers with a feeling of reverence and affection that grows upon me. I have had sweet counsel with them all for many years, and have the feeling toward them of a son in the Gospel. We all feel that God has been gracious to the Church in sparing them to us so long. The incidents of the occasion, in his own descriptive words, disclose the Christian influences which had been at work, in the formative period, upon his character—its birthplaces, on his Mother's knee and at the altar of Methodism.

McCONNELL'S HOUSE—WHERE BISHOP MARVIN WAS CONVERTED.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS CONVERSION.

The Scriptural idea of conversion—New Birth, the great fact—An epoch of life—Methodist views—The ministration of the Church—His own account of his conversion—Time and place—Rev. D. T. Sherman's account—Raised a Baptist—Change of views—An episode in history of his opinions on Baptism—Joined the Church as a seeker—Human instruments in his conversion—His vow as a seeker severely tested—His faith—Closure with Christ—Conscious acceptance—Born from above—Testifies to the glorious change.

IN a diary kept by Bishop Marvin during his first visitation of the churches on the Pacific Coast, the record of the conversion of souls was in the significant phrase, "Entered into life." That is a Scriptural idea of conversion. It is to be created anew; to be born again. In other similar terms he was accustomed to write of this radical change: "Every birth is the beginning of a new life. The restoration of the soul to God is nothing short of this. There is a new *life*. It is the *divine* life—the life of God in the soul." It is a great mystery in doctrine, but to him it was a great reality in consciousness. The mystery is admitted; the fact is claimed, mysterious as the wind, but as real. "The New Birth," he wrote, "is not a dream nor a sentiment, but a life communicated by the Holy Ghost. 'We are made partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.' This is the life of holiness." The same idea appears in the typical teaching of the Old Testament. The chronology of Jewish history was altered when the feast of the Pass-over was instituted—"This shall be to you the beginning of months." It gave a new date to time, as if to teach men that then only they begin really to live, when they live through Christ, in Christ, and for Christ.

He spoke of the New Birth as the great fact in the divine working: with a deeper emphasis he has written, the supreme fact is purity of heart—the greatest fact, the Incarnation, and second only to that is the New Birth. As he conceived and knew it, that is the divinest work of the Holy Spirit, greater than inspiration, greater than miracles, greater than the original creation. The Spirit brooded over the chaos of primeval nature, and gave birth to forms which were pronounced good and very good; the superior glory is the new creation. Correspondingly, to be pure in heart is the true glory of intelligent life.

In a record of the conversion of a friend, he wrote of it, as the great epoch of his life. It begins a higher life and a better history. As a life, it is capable of history. It has a parenthood, distinct and divine, of which Bishop Pierce wrote: "Spiritual regeneration is the noblest genealogy, the oldest, the largest, the best." There is birth and growth and the perfect man in Christ Jesus. As a life, it has self-consciousness; there are vital organs, ordained functions, and formal expressions of life-force. The Methodist views are sustained by the analogy of natural life. The life which is from above may have clearly marked time and place of nativity, is self-witnessing, and may be realized and enjoyed.

In the conversion of Bishop Marvin there is a marked and interesting history of the agency of providential occurrences and of the ministration of the Church. In the change, it is true, from a carnal to a spiritual state, he wrote, the agency of the Spirit is *immediate*. All means are made efficient by the Spirit, in His direct agency; and the actual transformation of character is the immediate work of God, to be prayed for and not just sought through certain prescribed *media*. "The Church," he taught, "has no official custody of the sanctifying grace of God. Beyond all question, a man's relations with his Maker must be determined by himself. He can confer no power of attorney upon the Church to attend to the business of salvation for him." It is true, nevertheless, that motives to repentance are appealed to; the ordinary and the strange events of life are sanctified, and especially is the soul awakened by the mediate enlightenment of the written or spoken Word and helped in prayer and faith by the ordinances of worship. There is, also, the ministry of Annanias to Saul—servants of Christ, other than preachers, who are often strangely directed and are divinely qualified to show the way of salvation and ready for the service, when it comes to their ears, "Behold, he prayeth."

Some historical incidents of his conversion have been recorded by his own pen. He could date it, in December, 1840. He could locate it. It was in a private house—in the same kind of place and in the same month of the year as that of Bishop Morris, who sat down in his home at Salumbria, Ohio, on Christmas night of 1869, and wrote of the fifty-sixth anniversary of his adoption, which took place at the house of Thomas Buffington's father. So, also, of the conversion of Merle D'Aubigne, the historian of the Reformation, at a private house in Geneva; and of John Wesley, God's chosen instrument in the great revival of the Eighteenth Century, at a house in Aldersgate Street, London; and of Saul, in a certain street called Straight, in the house of Judas. It was at the house of Brother William McConnell, the Annanias of this history; after a sermon and invitation to seekers of religion by Rev. D. T. Sherman; in a certain room, kneeling at a chair, where he found peace with God and was born again. In the same letter already quoted from in allusion to Aunt Rachel

McConnell, he writes, also, of her husband and his house as his spiritual birthplace:

> Mr. and Mrs. McConnell were Methodists. At first, and for some years, they were the only Methodists in the immediate neighborhood—say within three miles of our home. Their house was open for meetings. The first circuit preaching in our neighborhood was under their roof. It was the only preaching place for many years. This involved a great deal of labor, for many loungers would always stay for dinner. More than once, when a thoughtless boy, I did so myself.
>
> A small class was organized here after a time, and Brother McConnell literally had a church in his house. All the means of grace and ordinances of religion were actively maintained. After sermon the preacher would meet the class. Quarterly meetings, with their incidents, the love-feast and the Holy Supper, were held there within my recollection.
>
> In that house I experienced the first joys of the new life, in December, 1840. In it I received the ordinance of Baptism and was formally received into full connection in the Church. In it I received license to exhort. In the same house I have several times preached the Gospel to my friends and neighbors.
>
> I have never known a man of more intense Christian character than Brother McConnell. He conversed more on the subject of religion than any one I ever knew. I believe I have never known one who spent so much time in reading the Bible. I am certain that I never knew any one who sang so much or devoted more time to prayer. Moreover, it was only the *religion* of singing that he enjoyed—not the *music*. In music he had neither talent nor taste. It was the hymns, not the tunes, that he took pleasure in. He sang them instead of reading them, because the Word of God commanded singing of songs. Yet, much as he sang, he *read* the Hymn Book a great deal besides. He was the only man I ever knew who could sing at all that had no idea of *time* in music.
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> He had a word of admonition for every one, especially for the young. He was "instant in season and out of season." I can not doubt that he was a sanctified man. Yet there were traits that his friends regretted. There was a certain austerity that repelled the young. He wanted a perception of propriety. There was no adjustment to time, and place, and circumstances. In the government of his children there was a severity that defeated itself. But his errors were of the head and of natural temperament. They were not of the heart. He purposed to do right with the utmost intensity.
>
> During the war he died. He was never much of a politician; but he felt instinctively that the invasion of the Southern States to subjugate them was an outrage upon American liberty. He felt it, and revolted against it in the very depths of his being. This cloud was upon the last days of his life. But upon his soul there was no cloud. He died full of

years and full of peace. He rests from his labors and his works follow him. The class that was organized in his house, and that never flourished greatly while he lived, but which he nurtured and watered with prayers, entreaties and tears throughout his life, has grown at last to be the Church at Wright City.

He was my first and only class-leader. My early Christian life was greatly helped and strengthened by him. I love and honor his name.

Rev. D. T. Sherman, who had such an interesting relation to the conversion of Bishop Marvin, is well known in the West. He has been in the ministry forty-two years, during the greater portion of them in the traveling connection and serving important circuits and stations. Of his conversion on that memorable night in December, 1840, Mr. Sherman, in a modest narrative, says:

In the fall of 1840, the Warrenton Circuit was organized from territory taken from the St. Charles Circuit. Rev. George B. Bowman was appointed to the charge and Rev. William Patton was presiding elder. The preaching-place nearest to the home of young Marvin was two miles distant, at a private house, Mr. William McConnell's. There Mr. Bowman preached at a week-day appointment, and I preached there on Sunday. In December, 1840, at night, after the sermon an invitation was extended to those seeking salvation to come forward. Young Marvin came and knelt at the chair occupied as the preacher's stand. There he found peace with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. Then he entered upon a new life, the life of Faith.

Of joining the Church, Mr. Sherman says:

He wished the approval of his mother, and waited for it. At length it occurred under circumstances which he related to the writer of this a few years since. On returning from worship one Sabbath afternoon, his cousin, Mr. Perry Perkins, and the writer, who were both members of the Methodist Church, called at Mrs. Marvin's house and spent some time there in singing the songs of Zion. After they left his mother remarked in his hearing: Perhaps the Methodists are as good as any other people. The remark contained what he had longed for—a token that his uniting with them might not displease his mother. It lifted a load from his heart and determined him to join the Methodist Church. It was done in August,

1839, at the Bethlehem Camp-ground, near Wentzville, Mo., on the St. Charles Circuit, Rev. Silas Comfort preacher in charge.

In the above statement it appears how through his mother's influence he might have been a Baptist, as it has been seen heretofore how through the bias of his father's theological views he might have been a Deist; but upon intelligent conviction and independent choice he became a Christian and a Methodist. There is a very interesting episode in the history of his opinions on the subject of the mode of Baptism and the Communion of the Lord's Table. Rev. Mr. Bowman, the preacher in charge of Warrenton Circuit, came West from North Carolina, and through him, it is likely, a controversial pamphlet on those subjects by Rev. Peter Doub of that State fell into the hands of Marvin. It consisted of a series of discourses originally delivered in the Methodist pulpit at Raleigh, N. C. After long years the young disciple of Warrenton Circuit appeared in the same pulpit as one of the Bishops of the Methodist Church, and subsequently, on the platform at the Centennial celebration of North Carolina Methodism. In one of the addresses on that occasion the rest of the story is told, thus: Possibly it was a pamphlet containing part or all of these sermons of Dr. Doub that accomplished what I will now state. Out in Missouri, a number of years ago, a young man, the son of a pious Baptist lady, attended a Methodist meeting and was convicted and converted. He very soon became sensible that it was his duty to be a herald of the Cross. He loved those who had been instrumental in his conversion, and was inclined to the Methodists; but he had serious doubts about baptism. The Methodist Circuit-rider placed in his hands a pamphlet by Peter Doub, on Baptism and Communion. The young man has grown much older. He was in North Carolina last year and made this statement (he is on the platform to-night, and hears the statement repeated): "I did not know who Peter Doub was. I had never heard of him before.

But that pamphlet forever settled my doubts on that question, and I have never had any since." That young man is *now our beloved Bishop, E. M. Marvin.*

Bishop Marvin joined the Church as a seeker of religion. He was led to the altar, it is said, by his brother, Nathaniel, who performed for him the service of Andrew to Peter. He was a stranger at that Camp-ground, and, then, a boy only about fourteen years old. The event, no doubt, was little noticed at the time, though it was the beginning of a Christian life and of an apostolical ministry. The history is in confirmation of the wisdom and value of that peculiarity of Methodism, which extends the pastoral care of the Church over the desire of salvation when first born, and in its first and feeblest motions affords helps, then, when they are most needed. In this respect, and in others which the reader will observe, there is a parallel illustrative history in the religious life of Bishop Morris, in the following narrative written by his own hand:

> I had fully and firmly intended that day to stay in class-meeting and there join. Sermon ended, Mr. Brown said: "Having to preach elsewhere to-day, there is not time for class-meeting; but, as this is my last day here, before we close I feel it my duty to open the door of the society for any who may wish to join," and began to sing:
>
> "Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone!"
>
> It was a cold, dull time then; no one had joined for a year and a half. I was not familiar with their usages, but seeing Robert Casebault, the class-leader, I asked him could I join now? "Certainly; all you have to do is to go forward and give your hand to the preacher;" which I did, to the astonishment of all present. Now, suppose a man lost in the forest three days, without food or shelter, and never expected to see home or friends again, but suddenly finds himself at home and among his friends, and you can form a just idea of my feelings that day. And I have felt at home with the Methodists ever since. Still I was not saved, was only a penitent seeker of salvation, and as such resolved to leave no means untried.

Introducing Miller's Infant Baptism, Bishop Marvin wrote:

> There are two extreme views with respect to the Church, each of which is false and mischievous. In one view, the Church has official custody of the grace of God, which it dispenses by authority, through sacramental channels of communication. In the other, the Church is made no-

thing of, or next to nothing. Connection with it is held to be of little or no value. Its ordinances and means of grace are slighted as nothing worth.

It is true, beyond all question, that a man's relations with his Maker are to be determined by himself. He must come to God in his own person. In the vital process of repentance and faith, and in the mystery of the New Birth, no proxy can be employed. Yet it is also true that God has ordained in the Church many efficient aids, many means of grace, through which the earnest penitent, and the more advanced believer, are alike strengthened and helped forward in the Christian race. The fellowship of saints and the ordinances of religion quicken the spiritual perception and sensibilities, and encourage and strengthen faith.

The mere fact of membership in the Church exerts a most wholesome effect on the mind and heart. Of course, like all other aids and means of grace, it loses its effect upon the conscious and deliberate hypocrite, for all the means are, to us, what we make them by our manner of using them. Perversely and hypocritically used, they harden. When used in the candor and simplicity of genuine faith they are an invaluable agency in the development of the Christian life. Not that the Church confers salvation officially through them; but their use, in keeping with the laws of our being, quickens faith and commits us openly and formally to a Christian course. God makes them a blessing through a process altogether rational. In the same way the very fact of membership in the Church gives strength to our purposes. It separates us openly and formally from the world. It classifies us with the people of God. It brings home to us our high privileges, and puts us into a category altogether favorable to the service of God. It enforces upon our attention all the motives of piety.

During his probation, the successive pastors differed in age, temperament and ministerial gifts. He derived decided and varying advantage from their ministry, and under that of each, no doubt, there was some signal benefit, resulting in definite progress and marked advancement. It may thus be explained that different ministers have been mentioned by himself and others, as chief instruments among the human agents of his conversion. Mr. Perkins names as such Rev. Mr. Bowman, whose preaching Mr. Pritchett speaks of as a quickening ministry, under which the young disciple was prompted to a more vigorous spiritual movement in prayer and faith. Bishop Marvin has often made public allusion to the tender and painstaking pastoral care of Rev. Silas Comfort, who received him into the Church on probation. He was his pastor during the succeeding conference year with Rev. J. L. Forsythe, now of the Mississippi Conference, as assistant preacher. For the first time after an interval of about twenty years, Mr. F. met the young parishioner of St. Charles Circuit in the city of St. Louis, then the pastor of one of its chief churches. There is touching allusion to the days of which we are writing, and particular reference to the point under immediate consideration in the following narrative of that interview, which he published after the death of the Bishop:

The year before I went to the circuit Brother Marvin became a member of the little society at McConnell's. The first time I preached there he was in the congregation. After preaching (as the custom was in those days) we had a class meeting, to which he remained. After speaking to several members of the class I approached Enoch Marvin, who seemed only a few years younger than myself, and asked if he was a member of the church, to which he promptly replied, "I am." For some reason, for which I could not then account, I was strangely and strongly attracted toward him, and felt an intense desire for his conversion. I therefore, by various arguments, urged him to seek God's regenerating grace at once, and requested him, if he was willing to seek pardon then, to kneel at the chair where we then stood, and promised that we would all pray for him. He instantly complied; and while we prayed the Spirit of the Holy One descended upon us, and we wept and rejoiced together. As I arose from my knees I thought surely the young man is converted. But no, the burden was still on his heart. When I returned there, a month from that time, I again met him in the congregation and in the class, an earnest penitent. Whenever an invitation was given to mourners to come to the altar for prayer he was ever among the first, and several times the only one to accept it, and would remain as long as any one would stay by him. I wondered at his perseverance, and was often discouraged by his case. I could not understand why he should thus seek so long and not find. I even doubted his sincerity. But an incident occurred on Christmas Day of that year which banished my doubts. I held a meeting on that day, if I remember rightly, at the house of Mr. Pritchett, which was so numerously attended that when Brother Marvin got there, with his company of two young ladies and a young man, they could only find seats for the ladies; so the two gentlemen had to stand, which they did patiently until the close of the sermon; after which I proposed to those who desired the prayers of the church to kneel where they were. Young Marvin alone accepted the invitation. After this he continued publicly and privately to seek salvation up to the close of the year, when I parted from him. When I next heard of him his name was offered, in 1840, to the Missouri Conference for admission. If I remember rightly, he was not present at that Conference, so that I did not see him again until we met at Jefferson City, the seat of the Conference that year, when he appeared among his young companions to stand his examination, which he did creditably. I was transferred to the Mississippi Conference, and therefore did not meet him again until 1860, when I visited St. Louis, where the St. Louis Conference met that year. During that visit I heard many good things said of my friend—that he had outpreached, and taken the congregation from that grand pulpit orator, C. B. Parsons, and that he was the triumphant champion of Protestantism against the Papacy. I heard his presiding elder say, in open Conference, that E. M. Marvin had made a deeper and broader impression on that community than any other minister who had ever labored there. Several days after Conference had adjourned I was sitting in his office, when, after conversation on various subjects, there was a pause. Looking at me most earnestly, and with such emotion as I shall never forget, he said: "Do you know that you are my spiritual father?" or words to that effect. I replied that I did not. "Well," said he, "you are the man who started me in the way to heaven." He then spoke of the first class-meeting, of his awakening at that time, and of a solemn vow made to God, when he knelt at the chair in that class-room, that, come what would, he would continue to seek the Lord until he found him. He spoke also of the Christmas meeting, and said that there he came near breaking his vow. On the way to that meeting the company had indulged excessively in levity, so that when the call came for penitents he did not know what to do. If he knelt in the presence of his young friends he would appear inconsistent, and perhaps be the subject of jest among them; if he refused, his vow would be broken, and he would perhaps be lost. He trembled under the emotions produced by these thoughts, and bowed before the Lord. Thus his integrity was maintained, and he left feeling that he might yet be saved. It was long after this when he found the pearl of great price. You can well imagine my feelings during this recital. I was humbled, but thankful to God that I had been the humble instrument, in His hands, of doing good. When he was an exile from his State and family he came to my circuit and spent several weeks with me in protracted meetings. Those were to me among the most delightful of my life. During the time many souls were converted, some of whom preceded him to rest.

He was a seeker thirty-one months. According to the custom of the former times, a Discipline was placed in the hands of young Marvin, as a probationer. From it he was to become acquainted with the polity of the church, and to learn, also, what manner of conversation and experience was expected and required of a Methodist. From the first, as an element of his probation, the General Rules must be observed. They became the directory of his conduct. In answer to specific inquiry among those who know of his practical life after joining the church, the testimony is universal that it was eminently consistent and salutary in its influence upon his youthful companions. He has referred to his uniting with the church in terms which show his sense of its import as a pledge to a holy life, and how keen were his sensibilities to both the authority and honor of the Divine Master. The reference is contained in the following passage in his volume of sermons: Soon after I had united with the Church I had an experience I am sure I can never forget. I was in the saddle on the Lord's Day on my way to a social meeting in the country. The aspects of the autumnal scenery are as distinct in my memory as if it had been only yesterday; the warm sun lay on the mottled foliage, and there seemed the hush of a hallowed peace upon the face of nature. All at once the thought came to me, "I am in the Church, and it is in my power now, by my unholy living, to bring a blot on the Church, and to dishonor the Saviour." For a time the reflection seemed insupportable; it was almost more than I could bear. "The name of God," said the prophet, "is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you."

In an unpublished manuscript which contains an analysis of experimental religion, Bishop Marvin refers frequently to his personal religious experience. In the following passage descriptive of the general character and final act of faith, he alludes, it may be, to his own closure with Christ:

> Faith in the word of God is simple and heartfelt as the faith of a little child. Sinai is no mere allegory. The thunderfolds investing the cragged summit of the mountain are the frowns of an angry God. The forked lightnings that inscribed the name of God upon the blackness are a revelation of the Almighty in an attitude of threatening and condemnation upon all violation of His law: and the thunder-voices that rent the mountain are the hoarse utterance of the divine wrath upon sin. The word hell is no mere empty word in the ear of faith. The wrath to come blackens

all eternity with horror to the eye of faith. The Bible-statements are not exaggerations of some truth. The denunciations against sin, the doctrine of eternal torment, are seen and realized in their full force. Every word of God is literally true. Hell is everything the Bible has described it to be. A lost soul, in its eternity, realizes in his personal condition all the horrors that are revealed in that Book, for God has not trifled with the fears of men. This clear, distinct, definite view of the demands and the terrors of the law brings conviction of sin intensely into the consciences of men. The account of the origin of the Wesleyan Societies in our Book of Discipline has in it a tone of earnestness that is most impressive. It solemnizes me every time I recur to it. A few men and women came together for a purpose, a most serious purpose. They came burdened and bowed down with sin. The wrath of God "they saw continually hanging over their heads." They came to be instructed how to escape the wrath to come. To their faith it was an awful reality; it was imminent; it was impending, "hanging over their heads." It was near them; the clouds were angry, laden with the curse of the law and just ready to burst on their heads. But faith in Christ is as simple and distinct and child-like as faith in the Law. *Here am I*, a sinner, unquestionably condemned by the law to eternal death, the wrath of God hangs over me; *but there is Christ*, on the Cross, dying for my sins; *there is Christ*, on the throne of mediation interceding with His own blood for my salvation. He died for me, for my sins. For my sins He suffered in His own body on the Cross. THAT IS IT. In child-like simplicity faith accepts Christ as the great atoning sacrifice provided by God for the salvation of the soul. Thereupon there is the incoming of the Holy Ghost into the soul, as Christ has promised.

In illustration of the above views of the method of pardon, in the same manuscript he refers to the conversion of John Wesley. "Our Lord," he wrote, "defined Mr. Wesley's character when he said, 'Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' His faith was as simple as that of a little child. There is the secret of his Christian life, it was faith in the Word of God."

In this experience a broad and deep foundation was laid for it in a genuine repentance. There was thorough awakening. Conviction of the turpitude of sin shook his soul. The wrath of God he saw hanging over his head. There was godly sorrow, forsaking sin. He saw the dreadful ruin and the deep degradation of sin. Of Original Sin he exclaims, "what a fall is this!" and adds, "the solemn and awful fact is that man is *totally depraved.*" At length, faith broadens to embrace the whole truth as it is in Jesus. He believes and is justified freely. He submits himself unto God and is born from above.

The foregoing statement of the exercises of soul in his coming to God is justified by his descriptions of Christian experience and references to his own, which were common in his pulpit discourses and are scattered through his writings. He spoke of these things as of things "seen and heard." Of the New Birth he testified. He declared the fact. He announced it with exultation and rapture. He connects it with the final glory—"what a wonder is this that a nature so gross and polluted should be at last brought to the heights of His holiness, and introduced, without shame, into heaven itself!" The change is from glory as well as to glory. The soul, he writes, is brought into the brotherhood of the holy. A pure heart is the crowning gift of the Spirit. It is this which likens men to God—which makes them sons of God. What an amazing and glorious fact is this, he exclaimed, that God is present with men in a real and sensible communion, raising us to assured connection and kinship with the Infinite! The greatest fact, he declares, that ever took place on the earth was God coming to man in the incarnation of the Son. Second only to that is man coming to God, through the work of the Holy Spirit, in the new birth. The new birth of a soul in God! Man emerging out of the littlenesses and filth of a carnal condition into the dignity, the liberty, the holiness of the sons of God. Bursting open the prison-doors of the world and the flesh, the spirit finds itself invested with the freedom of the universe and finds the sweep of its liberties commensurate with omnipresence!

CHAPTER V.

THE CHOSEN VESSEL.

His father's plans for him—Called to the ministry—Chosen agents—Basis of selection—Gifts and grace—Conviction of duty to preach thoroughly examined—Severely tested—Incident—Sense of the Divine call positive and profound—Perplexities and struggle—His "farewell to the world"—Preparation for the ministry—His divinity school—His studies—Goes to hear Maffit—His call tested by the Church—Licensed to exhort—The function of the Church in ministerial investiture—Careless exercise and abuse of it—The intuition of the Church true—Licensed to preach.

THE father of Bishop Marvin intended him for secular life. His joining the ministry was, perhaps, a vexatious disappointment. Mr. Perkins relates a conversation he had with the father, in which he said that he had often been importuned to become a candidate on the ticket of the dominant party for County Clerk, and he had made up his mind to accept and to take Mather into the office as Deputy. But, just at that time Mather took it into his head to become a preacher, and his plan was frustrated. A higher power had asserted a superior claim of right and control—"He is a chosen vessel unto Me." God's purpose towards him was to make him "a minister and a witness" in a world-wide testimony to the Crucified Christ and the Risen Jesus.

Here, at the opening of his public life, two ways are marked out for him. He went in the path of the Divine appointment, and what he became is known. If he had gone in the other way, what? The father's deputy would not have been the father's successor; nor long remained a clerk. Very soon he would have read all the law-books about the Court-house. He would have been an eager and vigilant observer of all the proceedings during Court-week. He would have entered with zest into the trial of the principal cases, and in his own mind have had fixed up an address to judge or jury. He would soon be a student under some lawyer, and have studied and mastered Blackstone and Chitty like he did Watson's Institutes and Fletcher's Checks. Before his father's term of office expired he would have been practicing law. There are good grounds for the conjecture that he would ultimately have gone into political life. In his mature years he always took great interest in public affairs—not in partisan politics, but rather in the leading questions of administration in government in his own and foreign countries. We mean to say, as a rational conjecture, that the great preacher and the distinguished ecclesiastic would have been, in secular life, a noted lawyer and an eminent statesman. In the stress put upon the aids of the Methodist economy as auxilliary to his distinction, the sentiment is in excess if it is supposed that he would not have been distinguished without such aids or in another sphere than in the sacred vocation he pursued. Greatness was in him. With such natural endowments and personal force as he possessed, he would never have remained hidden in the obscurity of Warren County, nor had other than a history of high aims and lofty achievement. The vessel which God chose and fashioned was not common clay.

It was on the highway to distinction, that Saul was arrested as the prisoner of the Lord for the apostleship. "The very qualities," says Richard Watson, "which made him chiefest of the Apostles would have made him first of the Pharisees." Bishop Marvin has made a similar remark concerning God's choice of men to be great leaders in the

Church, the chief instruments to direct its movements in a crisis or his chosen agents in founding an epoch in its history—such as Wesley in the Methodist movement, and Luther in the Rise and Progress of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century, and Paul in the planting of Christianity and defense of the Gospel in the apostolic age. Without intending to assert a parallel in renown of name or labors with those great Confessors and Reformers, in comparison with whom to be less is not to be little, yet the eminent character and wonderful career of Bishop Marvin will justify the application of the same principle to his ministerial history which he applied in exposition of theirs. "There is always" he wrote in writing of them, "adaptation in God's instruments. He does not select feeble men to do a great work." The selection proceeds upon the basis of natural traits as well as endowments of grace. There is God, the Creator, who makes men, as well as the sovereign Master who puts them in their lot and appoints their labors. Thus Paul was interpreted by Bishop Marvin: "God made him for the work he had for him to do—that is, to turn the world upside down." So of Wesley, of whom he wrote as no common-place man, no second or third-rate great man, as alike with Paul "one of those instruments which God always takes care to have ready when the need is greatest."

In ministerial endowments, it is the question of questions—"has he grace." The gifted man has neither credentials nor capacity for the ministry of the Gospel, till he has come out from under the hand of God, like Moses after his life in Midian or Paul stricken to the ground on the highway and receiving his sight at Damascus. In the orders of the ministry there are differing gifts and correspondingly varying proportions of faith. If by eminence there is a chosen vessel, there will be, also, eminent Christian experience. There will be an extraordinary revelation of Christ. There will be a measure of faith in which the Divine person and offices of the Son of God will be discovered in clearness of vision under a light from heaven, clear and distinct, above the brightness of the sun. There is an over-powering assertion of the lordship of Christ. Submission is profound and permanent, inclusive of all self-surrender and excluding all cavil, all questioning, all making of terms either for temporary furlough or partial exemption. Under the dominancy of God and the arrest of the love of Christ, service is the first, the supreme, the passionate, sentiment and purpose—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The answering voice is obeyed. What is demanded is done. There is no disobedience to the heavenly vision—all done, though there be great things to be suffered in the doing, whether straightway to preach Christ in the synagogue, or to be an exile in Arabia, or to return to the place where murderous enemies are to be encountered, or go where the distrust of the Church shall be met, nor cease going though the line of travel should stretch from Jerusalem to Rome and the circuit of labors should circumscribe the world.

This enthusiasm of zeal does not belong to an ordinary Christian experience. In the ministry every vessel has not a capacity of grace for such measure of devotedness. We may not say of Bishop Marvin that he was separated from his mother's womb, but it is evident in the foregoing history how from the earliest years he was under the touches of the Divine Spirit. God had him in hand, as again and again he kneeled at the chair in the house of William McConnell. All that passed between him and God at that altar-place or in the closet has never been revealed. We are morally certain that it was no loose work being done then and there. He did not rise from the chair till Christ had appeared to his faith, disclosed unmistakably and fully; not till God was regnant in will and affections; not, certainly, till there was a profound submission, to be anything and to do anything for God, upon which was founded the call of God to the ministry, to which he was not disobedient, and an appointment to service projected on an elevated plane of labor and reaching beyond the line of ordinary service and sacrifice. In the growth in grace with the progress of his ministry—the other things in which Christ appeared to him—how manifestly did he become a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. How ascendant and permeating was the Godward consciousness in him! How Christ dominated him! How he gave himself to the Ministry of the Word! There is significance in the Word of God concerning Abraham, the custodian of the earlier revelation for transmission to posterity: "I know Abram." This man, too, was known of God: God committed to Him, as a chosen vessel, a dispensation of the Gospel for an extraordinary ministry.

"In all cases," Bishop Marvin has said, "where God has chosen a man for this work, He will, in one way or another, bring the duty home to his conscience." The conviction of duty to preach the Gospel followed at once upon his conversion. It was early announced by him to his friend and Christian counselor, Rev. Mr. Sherman. It does not appear, and it is not probable, that the suggestion of a designation to the work of the ministry came first from any human source. The original suggestion was divine: it came first and directly from above. The question was considered and determined in secret interview and solemn audience with God—simply the voice of God and the responsive submission, "Here am I; speak, Lord." Before the profession of a call to preach was whispered to human ears or announced to the Church, it had been considered and tested and authenticated at the tribunal of conscience. The sense of his vocation was originally and purely a personal conviction. It was distinct and profound.

There are several incidents to be related hereafter which indicate distrust of the genuineness of his call to the ministry by older ministers and leading members of the Conference. It was frankly communicated to him. They went so far as to advise him to go back home. What a barrier was then raised in his way! What temptation to doubt his call—to discredit the impression and distrust the impulse he had obeyed! What young man, humble as he was, might not have faltered and stopped! But in his consciousness the voice of God sounded above human voices. To go back, in his convictions, was to face God and encounter the divine rebuke and a threatened woe. The momentum of Godhead had been delivered upon his soul and pushed him on over the barrier. There was nothing in that scene and hour left to him but the stay of a personal conviction, so distinct and inwrought in conscience as to make it unmistakable and immovable. That saved him. They went on their way and he went on to his Circuit. His steady purpose was anchored in the solid "For" of Paul—in the fact and sense of the divine vocation personally realized and operating with the constraint of a moral necessity, under the voice of the Infinite Authority and with sanctions of an infinite woe: "For necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel!" In some directions he has given to test the character of the impression of duty to preach, it was probably from his own experience he sends the inquirer at once and first of all to God: "Let him live near to God. Let him by prayer—earnest, constant prayer—put himself in God's hand to be guided whithersoever He will. Let pride and self-will be thus cast out. When he is, in fact, ready for God's will to be done, he will be led by a way he knows not. If he is really a chosen vessel, and gives himself up to be anything or nothing, as it may please Him that called him, God will 'set his feet in the way of his steps.'"

The final decision in this momentous question, there is reason to believe, was concluded with the utmost deliberation. It was preceded by anxious questioning. There had been careful scrutiny. It is invariable with elevated and sincere minds; it is inevitable in case of enlightened views concerning the divine vocation of the New Testament ministry, its sacred functions and awful responsibilities. He was under the profound impression of the high relations and solemn sanctities of a messenger of God and an overseer of the flock of Christ. "Every man," he has said, "must realize the solemnity of the work. I cannot conceive of a man being set between the living and the dead, and made responsible for souls for whom Christ died, without feeling himself oppressed. What an awe of God must be upon him! A man so flippant as not to tremble at the thought of occupying such a place, is not fit to represent the Son of God in the world." In this God-ward view of the ministry, not to be sent and yet to run, to speak in God's name with no burden of the Word of the Lord, to act for God without a commission—all, in his apprehension, stood for folly and madness, a daring effrontery and abhorrent sacrilege. He must have an understanding with God—a disclosure of His will and purpose, authenticated by unmistakable marks; a vision, if it shall be obeyed, so palpable that the supernatural light shall shine distinctly and be discernable in its separate brightness, even in the glare of noontide light.

Again, it is to be observed, in order to receive the authority of the church to preach, there is required a formal and public profession of being inwardly moved thereto by the Holy Ghost. With a spirit like his, so candid and ingenuous, that declaration could never have passed his lips except it had first been written by the divine finger in blazing characters on the walls of his soul. A similar profession is required in the ritual of the ordination of a Bishop. For a time he held in abeyance at that point the acceptance of the high office to which he had been elected. He did not see his way clear to make that declaration. His apprehensions were confused. Till they should be enlightened and shaped into a clear and complete discernment of the divine will and appointment, not the vote of the General Conference, not the whole body of the church present in its assembled delegates, could have prevailed with him to make a profession which, in his view, and in fact, would have been sheer hypocrisy and a profanation—to enact a solemn lie at the altar of the church and in the sight of heaven. The impression of his call to preach, it is certain, underwent rigid analysis. He took it to pieces and scrutinized every part with severe discrimination against pride and vanity, self-will and self-seeking and self-sufficiency, and knew it to be of God by the witness of His hand and the imprint of His seal. His credentials were clearly certified when he entered the ministry, and were never afterwards in question with him. This clear definition of duty in the judgment of his conscience was not reached without much perplexity; nor without painful self-surrender was there the ready submission to God's will, which he rendered. There were conflicting claims which appealed strongly to his filial sentiments. It cost him a struggle to cross his father's wishes, or, rather, to occasion derangement of plans which offered more congenial employment to his father and relief to his hard struggle to get along. Other circumstances in the condition of the family joined with that, all interposed claims of exemption or, at least, delay, as sacred and tender as the appeal—let me bury my dead. He had, also, to overcome local attachments, and to deny, like Elisha, the social impulses which were strong in him, and which had surrounded him in his home-life with the most cherished and endearing associations. Especially to exchange these for the privations and hardships of the Methodist Itinerant Ministry in the far West of forty years ago, was trying to "flesh and blood."

Bishop Marvin has referred to the mental anguish, as shown in the history of pioneer preachers of that early day, with which, naturally hardy and brave as they were, they looked out upon the things awaiting them in a call to the Itinerant Ministry. There were things to be suffered. To enter the ministry then was a covenant with poverty. In much it was to encounter derision and contempt of men. It was a farewell to the world. That was, indeed, the title of an article which he wrote just before leaving home for his first circuit. This incident has been communicated by a companion of his youth, Rev. C. W. Pritchett. It will be read with interest in his own words:

> In the youthful life of Marvin, I next recall his first appearance as a writer. It was in the autumn of 1841, about the time he began to preach. The publication was made in the old *Western Christian Advocate*, then under the control of Dr. Charles Elliott. That little production, about one-fourth of a column, should be sought out and given to the Church: first, to show the zeal for Christ, and the fervent love of souls, which then stirred his heart; and second, to show the similarities and contrasts between the earlier and the later productions of his mind.* It was simply an appeal to the young to become religious. I have not read it for thirty-seven years; but I remember its spirit and style as of yesterday, and the sensation it created in that region of country. It was his Farewell to the world, and his note of preparation for the impending conflict of life. Those who only knew Marvin as the distinguished and honored ambassador of Jesus Christ, perhaps know little of the social surroundings of his early life, his strong social impulses, and the strength of local associations, which he overcame in becoming a Methodist and youthful missionary. That little article will shed some light on the exercises of his mind and his spiritual conflicts in those days.

An appointment at that day to a frontier circuit was, indeed, almost literally to leave the world, save that the man was still in the body and stood on the earth. In later years he wrote of the isolation in a pleasant vein and of what was not a cheerful perspective when he started first to

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*The AUTHOR has sought to recover the article, through the kind offices of his kinsman, Rev. William Lee, the pastor of the Seaman's Bethel, at Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Lee made diligent, but unsuccessful, search for it in the files of the *Advocate* for that year. In such a difficult search it might be overlooked, or a mistake in recollection of the exact date might easily occur.

such an appointment—describing the young evangelist as disappearing from the gaze of friends and neighbors "in impossible distances, with no railroad, nor telegraph wire, nor scarcely an old-fashioned stage line to disenchant the scene. He was out swimming rivers on horseback, wandering of tempestuous nights in morasses, with the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther making chorus in the song of the wind and thunder, attacked by robbers, or, 'mayhap' (as Hugh Miller would say), by savage Indians." In a measure, no doubt, he experienced what he has said of others, that in those days the call required to be uttered in a most authoritative tone; and that, in the sharp struggle at the threshold of such a ministry, many a refractory spirit was lashed forward with a whip of scorpions. Days of bitterness and nights of groaning preceded the final decision. Whatever the agonism, however, greater or less, Christ was Conqueror: the plough and oxen were left in the field; the dead left to bury their dead—he arose and followed at the Master's call. In eight months afterwards he was out at work on a mission field.

Preparation for the ministry arrested and occupied his attention from the first. During the winter following his conversion he taught a school, with a view, perhaps, to his own literary culture, as well as its needed pecuniary emolument. In the spring he is at work on Mr. Sherman's farm, at stipulated wages. What took him there was the library in the house, consisting of standard theological works, such as the works of Watson, Benson, Clarke and Fletcher.

It is common to quote the example of Bishop Marvin in proof of a polished and powerful ministry without the advantages of literary culture and theological training. This is largely a mistake and an exaggeration. It is wholly a mistake that he was not a student in letters, and that, notwithstanding his limited opportunities, he had not acquired considerable intellectual culture, more than many possess having superior advantages of education. With his sober application, he mastered the knowledge in books within his reach, and the eager inquisitiveness of his mind sought out knowledge in books ordinary minds never read. In the small library to which he had access, there was before him, in Watson's sermons, a superior model of elegant English, in grace and grandeur of style; and his Institutes cannot be studied without an exercise and development of the logical faculty. Clarke's Commentaries would set him on the study of philology. Fletcher's Checks would inspire the prowess and instruct him in the skill of a Defender as well as an Expositor of truth. There was in them all a large fund of information and of varied learning. "Above all," says Mr. Sherman, "he was a student of the Bible." So he was in his earlier youth. Even then he studied it thoughtfully, as appears from a reference in one of his own sermons to its text, as having perplexed his mind when a boy. He studied it critically with the aid of Clarke. Versed in his Commentaries a learner would be wise in the Scriptures; and who that has mastered Watson's Institutes is not a sound theologian!

Larger remark on his preparation for the ministry belongs to a future page. It belongs to this place to note simply that, at the outset, he recognized the propriety and formed the purpose of it. Mr. Sherman's house was his Divinity School. It was not inadequate at the time. The text books were enough for a summer course of study and the best for thorough grounding in theology. The study time was between the hours of farm work. Some hours, no doubt, were often taken from sleep, and there was good digestion of study done between the plow-handles and along the furrows in the field. He was very diligent in his studies, says Mr. Sherman. A day's ploughing, to be sure, was too costly a tuition fee not to learn something every day before bed-time. Charity students often become distinguished, but often the charity is wasted on indolent or incompetent minds, passing through the academy and not educated, and through the divinity school and not apt to teach. He was not a beneficiary. He paid his way; and he studied and profited.

Mr. Sherman relates an incident, occurring at this time, which illustrates his absorbing interest in equipment for his vocation, and the eagerness with which he embraced all aids to it. Maffit was holding a meeting at St. Charles. He must hear the great pulpit orator and renowned evangelist. The kind hands of Mr. Sherman's sister are busy with his wardrobe. On his return she was concerned to know about the comparative appearance of his attire in the city congregation. He did not once think of that, he said; and talked only of the spiritual feast and other profit of the meeting he had gone on a horseback ride of thirty or forty miles to attend.

During this time he was exercising the office of an Exhorter, which he called "apprentice work in the Gospel." He considered this office as of great utility, and lamented that it had gone into disuse so largely in the present day. It would seem to be indispensible in the circuit work, for more frequent religious services during the interval of three or four weeks' appointments. The local ministry may supply the lack in part; but its function is formal preaching, and there is great lack in the circuit work of social meetings. They are the organs in the church for the digestion of the preached Word, the cement of its fellowship, instruments of its testimony and springs of comfort. The office of Exhorter, with that of Class-leader, stands in much for social meetings. It was known to his own observation and which he has recorded that, "as leaders of prayer meetings their services were invaluable. I have known some in this office to be instrumental in the conversion of many sinners to God. They used to carry on protracted meetings in which there would be no formal preaching, but in which many souls were converted. Would to God there were more of such labor in the Church in our day.''

This office, likewise, has a relation to the ministry; and in former times commonly looked to it. It serves good uses in the way of advancement to the regular ministry. Its functions afford the young candidate excellent practice for the improvement of his gifts, both natural and of grace; and they furnish to the Church good tests of his powers and his fitness for the pulpit—better than trial sermons, of which Bishop Marvin wrote, "The discipline comtemplates a period of apprenticeship. There can be nothing more repugnant to modesty and good sense, not to say Christian feeling, than the custom of making young men preach *trial sermons*. The effect must be bad—bad on the candidate and on the Church. Rather let him hold prayer meetings and exhort, as occasion may serve—not under circumstances where he will expect criticism, but with a view of doing good. In this apprentice work, often awkward and embarrassed enough, the heart of the church will respond to the voice of the true worker. The questions of the discipline can then be answered, 'Has he gifts? Has he grace? Has he fruit?'"

It was, no doubt, generally known that he contemplated entering the ministry, and was preparing for it under the direction and tuition of Mr. Sherman. The license to exhort given to him, it was understood, was to be followed by application for license to preach. The profession of a call to preach was passing under the judgment of the Church. This solemn function is delegated to the Church—not to call men to the sacred office; that is exclusive to God by His Spirit—not to endow men with authority to preach the Word of God; that is the prerogative of the Head of the Church; but to discern and recognize the persons thus called and qualified. The call of God constitutes the ministry:

without that, the candidate is purely and wholly not eligible; and no amount nor solemn forms of Church sanction can confer authority or furnish credentials, which God will confirm or men should respect.

These definitions are forcibly stated and argued by Charles Elliot in his learned treatise on "Ordination to the Ministry," in which this function of the Church is thus qualified, but, also, strongly asserted. It needs to be reasserted in this day, in view of a pernicious tendency, which is common and is tolerated, to loose views on this subject, and which has filled the land, under the name of evangelists, with a pseudo class of teachers, not only without the license of the Church, but many of them affecting a boast of independence of it, and even avowing an undisguised contempt for the established forms of ministerial investiture. God calls; the Church recognizes it—both are true, and combined they constitute the divine method. The call of God is vital—the prime and indispensable condition of the ministerial function. This the Church should ascertain and, attested by scriptural marks, must recognize. In apostolic precedent, the lot of Mathias was an appeal to God, in recognition of His prerogative to choose and of the duty of the Church to conform—not confirm, as though a right of nomination existed in God and a right of confirmation in the Church, so that God's appointment may be resisted and set aside. On the other hand, the concurrent selection of the Church is of divine ordination and scriptural precedent. The College of the Apostles was assembled to fill the place made vacant by the apostasy of Judas. Paul, in his two weeks' abode with Peter and James, submitted his credentials to inspection in deference to the order and authority of the Church. In the language of Mr. Elliot, both the call and qualification come from God; but still He chooses that there should be the sanction of the Church, to which the persons belong. It is important for the reason which he states, not merely to sanction those whom God has sent and qualified, but, what is of more importance, it is to prevent those whom God has never called from entering into the ministry—not to call those whom God has called, but to prevent those whom He has not called.

How important and solemn this function of the Church, it is needless to say; yet it is amazing to observe how, oftentimes, there is low apprehension of its momentous responsibility and the careless exercise of it—sometimes the criminal abuse of it in church meetings and quarterly conferences, when nepotism decides an affirmative vote and a negative vote is silenced by a weak sentiment of reluctance to hurt feelings. In its best exercise, there may be mistake. Not every zealous man is called of God to preach. The test, "Has he gifts," would exclude him. There is use for Exhorters and Class-leaders as well as Preachers. Once on the admission of a man of great zeal and usefulness in his sphere into the conference, a sagacious presiding Elder remarked, "a good Class-leader was spoiled when he was made a Preacher." On the reverse side, in the idolatry of talent, gifts fascinate and absorb the exclusive attention. Because a young man has fluent speech and talks elegantly and eloquently (sometimes only sophomorically), he is destined for the ministry in the common talk of the members. At a meeting once, a young man who had been an infidel came to the altar and in a very short time professed conversion. He was asked to give his testimony, which he did in diction of surpassing beauty and with real eloquence of thought and feeling. He had scarcely concluded when, surprising as it was and surprisingly injudicious, a member with gray hairs upon him said, "Young man, God has called you to preach." The glamour of gifts dazed him. God has need of sanctified gifts in the learned professions and in the senate chamber, and in the marts of commerce and in the pew, as well as in the pulpit.

But in the usual fact, the Church will discern the call of God justly. To guide it, the Scriptures contain numerous marks of discrimination, as specified by Paul in his Epistles to Timothy and Titus—thirteen qualifications in the office of a Deacon and twenty-nine in that of an Elder. Bishop Marvin has spoken of the fallibility of the Church in a characteristic style: "The ideal church is perfect; * * but the human material in which it takes its organization is very stubborn and impracticable—often cranky." At the same time in large terms he has expressed his conviction and confidence in "God in the Church," for preservation and guidance—a divine Headship and a real Presence, "walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks." The abiding Spirit expressing itself through the organ of a holy people, the intuition of the Church is rarely at fault. Divine guarantees secure the integrity of the Insitution of the Christian Ministry and its succession from age to age.

The signs of a true ministry were conjoined in his—the call of God and the sanction of the Church. The one was distinct and commanding; the other was well considered, unhesitating and unanimous. Mingling in the sober deliberations of the Church there was, no doubt, much of the affectionate and romantic interest which has been pictured by his own pen in such natural lights and charming colors, that the reader will wish to have the picture, as he portrays it, of the generous interest, so near akin to family pride, which the simple-hearted members take in a young man in their midst marked out in their predictions for a preacher; and which, he said, constituted one of the most beautiful traits of old-time Methodist piety. "And I am thankful," he continues, "to believe that this trait is not obsolete now. Every truly pious heart must feel a devout interest in a young man who is 'called of God to preach the Gospel.' In the eye of faith there is in him somewhat there is not in other young men of the Church. He seems nearer to Christ, and in one sense is actually so. He is a chosen vessel, to whom God has committed a dispensation of the Gospel. The freshness and ardor of his young manhood have the air of consecration upon them. If he is more deeply pious than is common with those of his age, there is a recognized spirituality and self-abnegation in him, the odor of which is a 'sweet-smelling sacrifice.' No genuine Christian can fail to be touched by all this. Accordingly, there has ever been in the Church a rich sentiment of prayerful regard toward the youth who are looked upon as being destined, by the call of God, to the ministry. In the local Church where he resides, and where he was converted—the Church that was in travail when he was born—the Church that was in sympathy with his penitential anguish, and heard his first shout of praise, and thrilled under the sunburst of immortal joy when it blazed out of the thick darkness, changing, it may be, in one moment, his midnight into day—there is a sort of proprietary interest in him. Much note is taken of every hopeful fact, and many a sage prediction of the coming greatness of the young worker for God is delivered."

The class recommended him for license to preach. The Fourth Quarterly Conference, Rev. Wm. Patton, the presiding elder, present and presiding, convened at Ebenezer Church, near Marthaville, as Mr. Sherman states—at Pinkney according to Mr. Sandy Pratt's recollection. There was a trial sermon on Sunday night. On Monday the Quarterly Conference licensed him to preach. Mr. Pratt, who was a member of the class and the conference, gives the simple record of a memorable transaction enacted that day: "Rev. Daniel T. Sherman asked the class to recommend him to the Quarterly Conference for license to preach, which was done. I was a member of the conference, which was held by Rev. Wm. Patton at a place named Pinkney, Warren County. The Quarterly Conference appointed Sunday night for him to preach a trial sermon. Elder Patton was not very much prepossessed in his favor, for he did not come out to hear him; but asked in the Conference next day if the young man had any ‘originality.’”

If in the Class there was any hesitating Annanias, or any distrust of the Chosen vessel in the Conference, there was none on the return to his Mother church in the following years and at last, laden with the highest honors of the ministry and wearing “the signs of an apostle.”

CHAPTER VI.

GRUNDY MISSION.

His first sermon at Old Bethlehem—The Dinner—Manner of preaching.—Varying opinions—Other sermons—Recommended for the traveling Connection—Called to the Itinerancy—Received on trial in Annual Conference—Appointment to Grundy Mission—His outfit—Leave taking—On his travel to first Circuit—Incident of a Sunday at Fayette—His field of labor—Preaching places—His acceptability—Life in cabins—Frontier travels—Anecdote of his morning ablutions—Privations and hardships—Fruits of his labor—Mrs. Peery's conversion—The first convert of his ministry.

THE first sermon by Bishop Marvin was preached at Old Bethlehem, near the camp ground where he joined the church. Mr. Sherman gives the incidents of the occasion in the following narrative:

A short time before he obtained license to preach, at the request of the writer, he went to fill an appointment at the Bethlehem Church on the old camp ground midway between Wentzville and Flint Hill, St. Charles County. It was distant from my house, where he then resided, about ten miles. It was a large Society, numbering about seventy or eighty members. He started in good time. What may have been his thoughts and feelings in that solitary horseback ride, on the way to preach his first sermon, the reader may imagine. Before he reached the place he fell in company with good Brother W., and they went on together to the church. The brethren were grouped around the door, and some remarks were made respecting the cause of my failure to come, to which he made no reply, but entered the house immediately and went into the pulpit. He opened with the usual services and announced the text: "Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children."—*Eph.* v. 1, 2. His personal appearance was not prepossessing; about eighteen years old, thin-visaged, very little beard, of slender frame and tall, in his attitude a little inclined forward, and rather ungainly than graceful in gait. He wore his hair long, and was clad in a suit of blue jeans, much faded. Of the sermon, some thought it was quite creditable; but others, perhaps, were of a contrary opinion. Some expressed themselves pleased with the thoughts of the young preacher, but objected to his gestures and the high key on which his voice was pitched. Brother A. remarked that he might some day make a Bishop, which proved to be prophetic.

After preaching comes dinner; not a romantic, but a very practical matter, and not uninteresting to the preacher after a long ride and pulpit labor—in very deed, then, "a tocsin to the soul, the dinner-bell." There is about this matter an episode of the occasion, which has importance only as it involves the reputation for hospitality of the people of the congregation, some of whom are still living, and are, it may be, sensitive to the apparent reproach of neglect of the preacher, in being chary of a dinner when a ride of ten miles and the good-will, if not the value, of the sermon, was worth his feeding. If the matter is to be treated seriously, the writer of these pages, as an impartial judge with all the testimony before him, will charge the jury of the public to find "not guilty" on the indictment. The facts are that, when he left the meeting-house he had not been invited to dinner, and that it was an excusable inadvertence. He had come to the church in company with Brother Walker, and all the rest reasonably supposed he was his guest. He rode off in company with the same brother, and when they came to the forks of the road, if there was about to be a separation without an invitation to dinner, as it is reported, that veteran Methodist and good friend of the preachers must have been ruminating and just for a moment neglected what was the habit of his life and the joy of his heart—to have the preachers at his house. The allusion to the inadvertent omission, Mrs. Marvin knows, was made by the Bishop in after years, under the bent of his humor in a vein of pleasantry. In that attitude it would have stood, if hasty sketches had not made it serious, on the theory that his subsequent fame must be set off on a back-ground of obscurity, the shadows deepened sometimes by touches of fancy.

One of these myths is that he dined that day with a colored woman who took pity on the young preacher; and dined with her again on his return to the church, then a popular preacher, refusing the clamorous invitations of the best people in the community and going home with "Aunty." The truth is that he took dinner at Brother Walker's, where he was cordially welcomed at the time, as he was ever afterwards a most honored and cherished guest. That is a history of the preacher's first dinner with the brethren, after the preacher's first sermon. It is not the least curious and amazing part of the dinner that it has made a page of sober history.

Mr. Pritchett gives the following account of the preaching:

> A word about his first sermon at Old Bethlehem, in the summer of 1841. He had scarcely been licensed *to preach*; I think he had then only the license of an Exhorter, for that is the way most of us began in those days; and I well remember that his effort to *sermonize* on that occasion was adversely criticised by old church members as premature, and as transcending authority. This fact I well remember. On Sunday morning, clothed in his best suit of loose-fitting home-spun, and mounted on horseback, he rode from home, two miles west of the present town of Wright City, down to the old log church. The road was long and solitary—ten miles or more. The greater part of it was along the immediate line of the present St. L., K. C. and N. R. R.—long before any railroad was thought of. That old church was famous in those days, not only for the annual camp-meeting, but for the large congregations which always attended there. Indeed, people had no other church to attend, for it was the only house of worship for miles around. I am sure the young preacher had a large congregation. I am sorry not to know his text and subject. His appearance was enough to fix attention on him. His tall, spare figure, pale and thin visage, awkward and vehement gesticulation, loud and rapid and impetuous enunciation, joined with his intense earnestness and zeal, created an unusual sensation. The greater part of the congregation had never heard of him before, and very few had ever seen him. It was as if an apparition had appeared. The general feeling of the older people was one of distrust and disappointment. In

their judgment there was not much of promise in the young man; so they shook their heads doubtfully, and wisely wondered at his zeal, considered to border on indiscretion and presumption. The young people, more in sympathy with his fervor, had rather a feeling of pity than of admiration for what they regarded as wasted zeal and boundless enthusiasm.

The text of the sermon, on the alleged authority of Bishop Marvin, is said to have been other than that named by Mr. Sherman, as from Isaiah iii. 10, 11: "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him; for they shall eat the fruit of their doings. Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him." The violent gesticulation and impassioned manner of which Mr. Pritchett speaks, appear remarkably in another of his first sermons, of which he writes: "He preached his second or third sermon in my father's house, in 1841. His text was in Hebrews: "The rest remaining for the people of God." The peculiarities of his manner, voice and gestures on that occasion I can never forget. Often as I heard him in after years, I invariably recurred to that sermon. His gesticulation at times was so violent as to be almost frightful. Several times he caught up the chair that stood before him, and lifting it up one or two feet, would hurl it with violence against the floor." Joseph H. Pritchett, then a small boy about five years old, yet remembers well, and it is all that he remembers, as he states it, "the uncouth appearance of the young man, his wild gestures, his boisterous, stormy delivery—especially his upsetting chairs and table, impressed me profoundly." He adds the following note concerning the general opinion of the young preacher's ability, and an account of another sermon: "My recollection is that his first efforts were not very highly appreciated. Yet, from the first, there was an originality, an earnestness and a devotion to his work that could not fail to impress the candid, thoughtful observer. I have heard my father relate an incident in point: The Bishop had preached one of his first sermons in Warrenton, the County-seat, about six miles from his old home. He preached in the Court-house, and the lawyers in attendance at court week heard him. During a discussion of the merits of the sermon, (the general impression seeming to be that the young man had mistaken his calling, and had better return to his father's farm) Joseph Wells, a man of great shrewdness and of fine legal ability, though not religious, gave it as his deliberate opinion that, if E. M. Marvin lived to mature manhood he would make no mean mark in the world. This opinion Mr. Wells, who moved to California, lived to see verified."

There is another of his first essays to preach, which relieves somewhat the reputation of the young preacher. It is narrated by Rev. S. W. Cope, of the Missouri Conference:

> The first time I remember to have seen Bishop Marvin was on the event of his coming to my father's house, in Montgomery County, soon after he was licensed to preach. He came as a supply for the regular circuit preacher, who had an appointment in the neighborhood for the next day. Our Lyceum or Debating Society met that night, and Brother Marvin attended. I remember distinctly he asked me, on reaching the school-house, if I had my speech ready. I answered negatively. He replied, "Well, sir, I think it time you were making some preparation. The opportunity is already well-nigh gone." I did not speak, but Bro. Marvin did, much to the gratification of all present. Both the matter and manner of his speech surprised the audience. I was thrilled and enrapt. There was a vigor and freshness in what he said, as well as a depth of thought and meaning unusual, as it seemed to me, for one of his age and experience. I have no distinct recollection of the sermon the next day, only that it was received with favor both by the church and people. At a camp-meeting in the same neighborhood, soon after this, he preached again. He argued at length, from various stand-points, that the world was still in its infancy—a subject that Rev. R. Abbey and others have enlarged upon since. This sermon was much talked of by the people.

Of Bishop Andrew it is said: On his way to his horse, after the sermon, a principal official of the society accosted him, and said: "Well, James, if I had heard that sermon before Quarterly Conference I would not have voted for your license." Young Andrew replied that he thought he was about right, and then mentally resolved to preach no more. But shortly after an old negro—the servant of the official brother—told him that he had been very much blessed under his preaching, and this determined him to continue. The incident illustrates both views—on the one hand, humbled; but on the other, some voice of encouragement, coming from a source which the humbled soul will not despise. What is certainly known is, that the young preacher, who also became a bishop, went straight forward—in singleness of eye and integrity of conscience regarding, rather than human criticism, favorable or adverse, the command of God that was upon him and over him, leaving it to the Master, who called him, to set before him an "open door" and to give "mouth and wisdom."

At the same time, Bishop Marvin was licensed to preach and recommended to the Annual Conference for admission on trial into the traveling connection. His call, as he conceived it, was to the exclusive work of the ministry in the Itinerancy. In its original contemplation, his consecration to the sacred office was out-and-out and life-long. Never was there a preacher more purely and severely non-secular. He has said that a banker or an enterprising merchant does more business in one week than he had ever done in the course of his whole life. He took exception, kindly but positively, to an editorial notice by the writer of this, announcing his return from the Pacific Coast after an absence of fifteen months and a career of extraordinary labors, and pleading in his behalf for needed rest and attention to his "private affairs," as it was written. He felt impelled to a public disclaimer at the conclusion of a communication, which appeared in a following number of the paper, reporting his visitation of the Church on the Coast: "In your mention of my arrival," he said, "you intimate that I will spend the winter chiefly at home, and mention 'private affairs' as one of the reasons. That phrase sounds like *business*, of which I have none that consumes any appreciable amount of time. The fact is, I feel that a little relaxation is imperative. I must take it to recover tone. I feel half ashamed of having said thus much of myself, nor would I have referred to the matter at all but that I could not feel easy to have it understood that any *business* was keeping me from the work of God. Twenty-eight years ago I gave myself to the service of God in the ministry, and have ever felt that the demands of this calling are exclusive of all secular engrossments. What I desire, first of all, for myself and for my family, is that we may be holy and have treasure laid up in heaven. For this I pray and labor. In the Church at large, I desire to see the great work of personal holiness go forward. For this I labored especially in the West. To show how *full*, as well as free, is the salvation purchased by our blessed Lord, is my chief desire."

On several occasions presenting a lure to ambition, or an appeal to tender and sacred sensibilities, or the stress and violence of perplexed circumstances, the integrity of his purpose was urgently assailed, but it never failed or faltered. Literally and sublimely, as by the Apostle who first uttered it, he adopted and maintained the sentiment: "I determined to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Before the vows of ordination were upon him, he was under that covenant with God—with this two-fold cord the sacrifice was bound to the horns of the altar.

He has said he could not be a local preacher—his call was to the Itinerancy, wholly and solely. He did not disparage that order in the ministry. On the contrary, he entertained for it sincere and profound respect, and held it in high estimation. He recognized it as of providential ordination in the history of Methodism. He has magnified its usefulness. From the day when God forced on Mr. Wesley the employment of lay preachers, till now, they have helped forward the Methodist movement. In this country, especially, they have largely pioneered Methodism and opened the way in the wilderness for the Itinerant preacher. Notably, in numerous instances, the ascendancy of Methodism in cities and states is due to the timely, unselfish, and faithful labors of local preachers. But he could not be a local preacher—all his time, all his cares, all his powers God demanded. His conscience would not allow less devotedness —not in measure nor duration. He had great respect for the local ministry. He had none for local and secular itinerancy. He could not be such; not of choice, not happily, not innocently.

He was admitted on trial into the Missouri Conference at its session held in the fall of 1841 at Palmyra, Bishop Morris presiding. He was not present—fortunately, it is a warrantable saying: some preachers would have voted on the cut of his clothes and the un-cut of his hair. The Presiding Elder, who presented the application, was not prepossessed and, withal, was a phlegmatic man. The history of the application was, *pro forma.* He had no friend at court. The claims of his ministry stood just where he would choose they should stand—on God's call and its own merits, to be tested by trial. On both grounds it was vindicated by the subsequent history.

There is an element among the marks by which a call to the ministry is authenticated, which has not been named. "Where there is a call to the work of the ministry," Bishop Marvin has said, "there will be a corresponding providence opening the way. There will be an open door." In the foregoing history we do not find strikingly apparent the external conditions, to which he refers, as affording prompting and encouragement to an impulse towards the ministry. In a wider view and in another direction we must look for the open door. It was in the pressing need at that date, and in the urgent cry which filled the Church, for re-inforcement of the ministry. With this he was familiar. As a contemporary, the writer of this knows how it burdened the heart and the prayers of the Church. It is rarely heard at this day in the devotions of the Church, but then, in the prayer meeting and invariably in the pulpit-prayers, the cry to God was incessant and fervent "to send more laborers into the Vineyard." The planting was under full press of industry for the spread of Scriptural holiness over that part of the land covering the vast area of the basin of the Mississippi Valley. In Missouri, there was a full flow of tide of emigration to its Western and Northern borders, pouring into the Platte purchase and along the waters of Grand River up to the Iowa line. There was at the time outcry to God and man—"the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." His eyes were opened and lifted up to look upon these fields, "white to the harvest." To follow the emigrants at the head-waters of Grand River, was his appointment by the Conference—it was Grundy Mission.

The outfit of a circuit rider is to be provided from slender means. The horse—it was a good one; a large brown and black. The saddle, bridle, and saddle-bags were bought with him, from Rev. Mr. Bowman, the preacher on Warrenton Circuit that Conference year, and who transferred at its close to the Iowa Conference. But there was not money to pay for the equipment. It was bought on credit. Alas, that was a burden and a grief for many a year. Fifteen dollars, the entire pay of the preacher for that year on Grundy Mission, would just pay the interest on the cost at ten per cent. There was a fatality attending it. Fifty dollars, which by some miracle of economy he had saved during a following year and was intended to reduce the principal, was lost in transmission through the mails. It was his first lesson in the horrors of debt—one of the texts, from which, when pastor of the preachers, he uttered his frequent charge, "Don't go in debt."

There is a leave-taking at the Five Cedars. The father is not pleased, but he does not oppose. He was too good a father not to bless his son, in his heart, if not with lips. He was more interested in his fortunes than it seemed. Often afterwards, he was in congregations, which waited on his ministry with the spell of a fixed attention and profound emotion, and not less moved than any. The mother—it remained rather for the son to bless her and leave her in prayer under the over-shadowing wing; but still she often spoke, in his visits home from time to time, how Mather had improved in preaching and was drawing the whole neighborhood to his congregations.

He is on the way—traveling northward on the Booneslick road. The Sabbath overtook him at Fayette, Howard County. Here he did, according to the custom of the Fathers, what he scrupulously observed throughout life, not willingly to travel on Sunday. It happened there, also, what was the beginning of a settled habit—to preach on proper call without hesitation and without reluctance. The writer of this, who remonstrated against his ready compliance with the solicitations of city pastors at his home, when worn by labors, to preach, while they were only auditors, he replied: "I am called of God to preach, and the call of the Church, it is fair to interpret as a direction of His providence. I must not be too particular in judgment whether the invitations to preach are judicious." With the single remark that the emphasis upon the word "exhortation" is significant of humility superior to a slight, the narrative of the events of that Sunday are given in his own, the following words, in a published letter written at St. Louis:

"My personal knowledge of Fayette dates from the autumn of 1841. On my way to my first circuit I spent a Sabbath there. Introduced by Rev. G. W. Bewley to Bro. Kring, I enjoyed his hospitality. The only public religious service in town that day was at the Baptist Church, if my memory is not at fault. The preacher failed to appear. After some consultation in an undertone, the officers of the Church invited me to give an *exhortation*, which I did, in much weakness. After the congregation was dismissed, Bro. Jas. Miller, now of this county, made himself known to me, and informed me of a class-meeting to be held at his house in the afternoon. I attended. The parlor was well filled. The leader insisted that I should take charge of the meeting. Was ever a boy, in the beginning of his ministry, in such an agony of embarrassment? Class-leading was done in a very bungling way that time. After class, I went a mile into the country and spent the night with Bro. Sears, the father-in-law of Rev. R. H. Jordan, who, by the way, was one of the first Methodist preachers I ever saw. The first whom I ever knew personally was Bro. Allen, a local preacher, living in St. Charles County. His occasional visits at my father's house, where preachers seldom came, were to me like the advent of an angel."

The Grundy Mission, at least under that name, appears that year for the first time among the charges of the Conference. It is probable that he had no plan of the work, and, not having been present at Conference, had no directions to guide him at his entrance upon his field of labor. There are no data furnishing the incidents of the first round, except that it was a travel of three hundred miles—such, at least, it is known, was the size of other missions at that time in the same section of country. The population was sparse. The preaching places were mostly at private houses, and were separated by long distances. The names of some of the appointments are still extant. On his first visit to the Pacific Coast, in 1868, he met in Oregon people whom he had known from his first three circuits. "Two days ago," he wrote, "I dined with a man whose house was one of my preaching places on my first circuit—a Mr. Van Duzer. He was then a young man, thirty years old; now he is beginning to look old. I will soon be getting old myself." On a journey to the Atlantic Seaboard, as he passed through the Scioto Valley, it recalled the appointment at Keith's, who was the leading member of the class, the Jerusalem of the circuit, of which he makes the following mention: "On my first circuit there was a society of Ohio people, all from this valley. They were excellent people, and very earnest Christians. There was a continuous revival among them during the whole year. Their names have ever been precious to me. Ashbrook, Schuyler, Keith, Plumley and others, were full of faith and zeal. In their cabins I was at home. The young preacher was very tenderly regarded by them. They encouraged him by every manifestation of sympathy and confidence. It always did me good to be among them."

According to the custom of those days and in the necessity of the case, the young preacher at the same time had no home and many homes—nowhere, and yet everywhere as night might overtake him, or where his appointments for each week took him. There is other testimony, besides his own, of his popularity at Keith's—there, and all round the circuit, his coming was welcomed, and in their cabins he was "at home." But it was life in cabins. On this and the Oregon mission, to which he was appointed the succeeding year, the accommodations of bed and board were scanty and rude, and the conditions of social life very primitive. An amusing anecdote is related by Rev. W. G. Miller, of Caples, and printed in his Life, by Bishop Marvin.

Bishop M., in comment on the narrative, remarked that the narrator could, no doubt, have given many similar incidents in frontier travels—there were some in his own, quite identical in the peril and bravery of the mid-winter travel; and, in lieu of the story of the hounds, there is a well known incident often related of and by himself. He lodged one night at a cabin, where morning ablutions, it seems, were only occasional. He asked for a basin and water to wash.

The request was granted, with the inquiry added: "Mister, do you wash every morning?" And as he combed his hair: "Mister, do you comb your hair *every morning?*" Having answered affirmatively, the wondering native said: "Mister, what a sight of trouble you must be to yourself!" The anecdote was called to mind in his travel in the Mountains of Virginia in company with Rev. Doctor Samuel Rodgers, of the Baltimore Conference, who, after a long and dusty ride, was refreshing himself with plentiful ablutions and change of linen, while the weary Bishop had thrown himself on an inviting couch, needing rest rather than the bath, just then. In humorous self-defence he avenged himself by relating the story, with its backwoods moral—"it gives some people a great deal of trouble to keep clean."

The merriment of the Bishop at these reminiscences was not in caricature of the people whose kindness he has acknowledged and among whom he was made to feel "at home." He was amused, but said in sober and grateful terms of Mr. Caples' experiences and his own: "The hospitality of the pioneer settlers is unbounded. They never turn the stranger from their doors. However inadequate their means of entertainment, they always receive the traveler with the utmost cordiality, and this amply compensates the lack of much else that might be desirable."

There were, however, real and severe hardships. The travel was perplexing, along bridle-paths and over the trackless prairie. In the rides between the widely separated settlements there was inevitable exposure to the inclemency of the weather. With enforced fasts and a scanty wardrobe, there were trials of cold and hunger. Like Paul at Rome, he had need of a "cloak" and, worse off, he had none at Troas. He slept often in open cabins. Sometimes through the crevices, where the chinking had fallen out, the snow would blow on to his bed and he would cover his head for protection. On one of his long rides his ears and face became frost-bitten. These and similar physical hardships, which Mrs. Marvin reports in an account of his health, were a burden and strain to his delicate constitution. He endured the hardness of every kind with fortitude and fidelity, "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.' Rev. C. F. Dryden, a superannuated preacher in the Southwest Missouri Conference, and now resident at Whitesboro, Texas, traveled the adjoining Circuit. He speaks of the varied and severe privations, and adds that they were borne without murmur or complaint by the young missionary. On the contrary, in the judgment of humility, his eye was on a reverse side of the picture, as it is stated by Rev. H. S. Watts, to whom he narrated the toils and trials in his early ministry. Like McKendree, who was perplexed in determining his ministerial vocation by his own view of his unworthiness and lack of qualification, the young preacher of Grundy Mission, amidst rude living and hard labors, was constantly wondering, as he said, "how the people could put up with his ignorance and thought his the poorest kind of preaching."

The reaper received wages—not in money, nor in any form of worldly aggrandizement. He gathered "fruit unto eternal life." Mr. Dryden mentions a meeting, which he held, at which Marvin assisted. It was a Quarterly meeting held on a camp-ground. It was attended by Caples in the place of the Presiding Elder, Rev. Wm. Redman, who was providentially detained from it. Caples preached at 11 o'clock, and on inquiry of the preacher in charge, whom he should call upon to preach the afternoon sermon, Marvin was pointed out to him. One sketcher has depicted chiefly the appearance of his person. That was, indeed, worn with toil and privation, and his clothes worn out by long service and hard usage, and the pipe in his mouth was then used medicinally as an antidote to bronchitis, or if as a luxury, it was a rare and, it may be, a solitary one. Another has spoken rather of the wonderful sermon, which made

Caples wonder and esteem his own sermon less highly. Mr. Dryden has described the altar-scene and the penitent soul and the finding its way to the Cross under the skillful guidance of one who knew the way so well himself. "Towards the close of the conference year," he writes, "he attended my camp-meeting on the Chillicothe Circuit, in the Peery Settlement, where he endeared himself to the brethren. Allow me to narrate one incident. Sister Peery, the mother of Thompson Peery, who was long a faithful minister in Missouri, but now resides in Texas, was a penitent at the altar. She had been an earnest seeker of religion for twenty years. Her agonizing cries filled the heart of young Marvin with deep solicitude in her behalf. Meekly he made his way to where she knelt and on bended knees he pointed her to Jesus. She heard and believed, and broke forth in exultant joy in having found her Lord. Looking up, lo, it was the boy-preacher, clad in patched clothing, but his face radiant with sympathizing joy, who had been the honored instrument of her conversion. She died a few years ago in the triumph of a living faith—a jewel in his crown." At the session of the St. Louis Conference, held at Independence, in the fall of 1859, he preached a sermon on the work of the Ministry, and in concluding remarks on its spiritual fruits and heavenly compensations, he related an incident of his own ministry and a message in connection with it which had recently reached him. He had an appointment eighteen miles distant. It was in December—a day of storm. He thought no one would attend; but he was there—it was his appointment. He found three persons in the house—one of them, a lady, not a member. He preached and "opened the doors of the church." She joined. In private conversation he spoke of it, as the only occasion in his ministry when "he had swept the platter." In the sermon he said, years passed away and he had during the past year received the most delightful message that ever came to him from a death-bed. It was from that lady. "I am dying," she said; "I am going to heaven. I attribute my conversion to the sermon you preached on that stormy December-day. I hope you will live long; but when you come to heaven, I shall be there to meet you." At the recital, the whole congregation of preachers and people was deeply moved; and tears of joy were mingled with rejoicing hallelujahs, as he said simply—"when I get to heaven, the first thing I shall do will be to hunt up that first convert of my ministry, on Grundy Mission."

CHAPTER VII.

ADMITTED INTO FULL CONNECTION.

The first Conference attended by him, at Jefferson City—Clothes—Home at Conference—An observer of the Body—A suggestive incident on the way to Conference—The session to him a spiritual feast—The singing—His examination—Recollections of Rev. J. H. Headlee—Continued on trial—Advised to go home—The incident related by Rev. S. G. Patterson—An episode—Appointed to Oregon Mission—Preaching places—Incidents, the romance of his career—His pay—Hardships—Lexington Conference—Cast down—Incident related by Rev. J. C. Berryman—The Conference probation—The Methodist pastorate—Examination in presence of the Conference—His class-mates—The dead—L. S. Jacoby—D. W. Pollock—Admitted into full connection—Ordained deacon—Dramatic incidents—Trial and endurance—Launched on the Itinerancy.

THE Conference, at the close of his year on Grundy Mission, was held at Jefferson City, commencing its session August 31st, 1842, Bishop Roberts presiding. It was the first session he had ever attended. In several respects, great and small, the occasion, as it concerned him, has had a remarkable record—notable for what is true in it and, also, for what is exaggerated and apocryphal.

A Methodist Conference, it is usual, is a well-dressed body of men. If, here and there, within the bar or on the streets, an exception is detected by a close observer, it means a very hard circuit that year. Enough to eat, so that he may sing with the rest the opening hymn, "And are we yet alive;" but quarterage too scant for the new suit of clothes, like the rest. The new suit—that is commonly a part of preparation for "going to Conference," like making up the statistics of the year's work, but often more difficult to make out, as the financial statistics show. During the last quarter the dark and stubborn problem is well studied and, somehow, is generally solved, not always. The earnest forecast finds out methods of wonderful economy and performs miracles of financiering. The country merchant helps —selling at cost. Sometimes, how hard he has worked and how hardly he has lived, the "friendly sinners" see, and the new suit is a token of their admiration and respect. Our preacher must make a good appearance at Conference, is the talk before the last round on the circuit—started by some "Mother in Israel" or insisted on by the young people in the church. At the last, all else failing, the lack is supplied by the preachers at Conference or the church where it is held; or, before Conference, by some preacher on an adjoining circuit, ready to share a meagre store, especially with the brother who has traveled the "hard work" of the district. That brother, in this history, has attended the camp-meeting held toward the close of the year. He has preached with the zeal of a seraph, and souls were converted as he prayed. Coming that way a few weeks later, going to Conference, a preacher's wife, Sister Dryden, has a pair of pants ready for him, and a preacher, George Smith, has bought him a coat. Thus it happened that Marvin came to Conference with a new suit of clothes.

The current account of his dress has clothed him in rusty shoes, patched pants, and calico coat, faded and torn. The new suit he had; but, it may be, he did not wear it. Mrs. Dryden guessed at the fit of the pants, using her husband's pattern, which made a "bad fit." The clothes, for some reason, attracted attention. If the old, hanging on his slender frame battered by the weather and worn by labors, not every observer would see in it insignia of honor that might grace the plumage of an angel; some, we know, did not see it. Becoming attire for a minister is important, which he uniformly observed when it was matter of choice and taste. But on hard circuits and with poor pay the rule in preacher's dress, of necessity, is, as we can, not as we would.

When it is discretionary, there are extremes—the worst, an excess of attention to attire, rather than too little. Mr. Wesley, who was neat in his person, has put under the same ban a "fine sermon" and a "fine coat." Doctor Lovick Pierce, in a sketch of Bishop Andrew, who, he says, was "wholly indifferent to what many regarded as a duty due to clerical dignity in dress," refers at the same time to the opening history of his life as making manifest the wisdom of the sentiment:

> "I would be measured by my soul—
> The mind's the standard of the man."

The old philosopher, Epictetus, has expressed the same sentiment: "It is a sign of a nature not finely tempered, to give ourselves up to things which relate to the body; the formation of the spirit and character must be our real concern." Bishop Marvin has put a similar sentiment in satire: "I have had in my eye at the same moment, a fop and a peacock, displaying their fine plumage, as nearly as I could judge, with about equal satisfaction—and certainly the bird made the better display. Besides, his feathers were his own." In a reference to the chapter on dress, which was in the discipline when he entered the ministry and long afterwards, he spoke earnestly and soberly: "Say what you please, in ostentatious dressing there is an invasion of Christian simplicity; say what you please, the severe simplicity of the old Methodist dress had much to do with the depth and intensity of personal religion. I cannot doubt it."

In general, he held that a man's character may be determined by his dress. In illustration, he has recorded an incident, occurring when he was a pastor in the city of St. Louis: "A young man came to me with a recommendation from a friend and a request to assist him in finding employment. He was flashily dressed. I took him down on Main Street and introduced him to one of the old merchants, showing the letter of introduction. He told him he had no place for him. Afterwards he told me he never had a place for such men; that his dress indicated him, and typed a vain and chaffy man.' In the clerical office, over against that type and anti-type in dress and character, he sets the preacher in the wilderness who had his raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins: "It was no elegant lounger about King's palaces, the noblest endeavor of whose genius is to dress well, and who 'can give his whole mind to the fashion of a neck-tie,' but a prophet and more than a prophet. The man whose majestic voice had caused a moral earthquake in Judea, and whose magnetism had drawn the populace into the wilderness, never twirled a dainty walking-stick, nor sported a gold chain. The stuff he was made of was of a texture too divine for such frivolities."

Nevertheless, in the face of all the poetry and philosophy and Christian morals to the contrary, dress claims and obtains recognition of its certificate to respectability and regard—not only in worldly society, but sometimes in the Conference room and at the altars of the church. Rev. Doctor Boyle has related an incident, amusing but in point, of one of his meetings, at which an eccentric preacher attended, and one night conducted the altar-work. As the penitents came forward, "a good-looking young man," he exclaimed, "a nicely dressed young man!" and said in pious remark, but with less gusto, as a country boy came up the aisle: "Well, come on, young man: thank God! He is no respecter of persons." The Apostle, St. James, has treated the same thing soberly and severely.

He had a good home at Conference—at the hospitable mansion and generous table of Brother Thomas Miller. How it happened was told by "Uncle Tom," as he was called, to the writer of this when he was pastor at Jefferson, ten years later. It was a peculiarity in "Uncle Tom," that he had a big heart and an over-flowing kindliness of spirit. As the preachers gathered in, the "big preachers" all spoken for, he was on the look-out for those who might need the encouragement of kindness. He took Marvin to his home. The recollection of the conversation is more than twenty years old, but one remark is distinctly remembered. It was a kindred characteristic in him that he could not abide a mean spirit and low instincts—not even in Methodist preachers, a class of men he loved above all men. His disgust he was accustomed to express in the provincialism he used, when he said on the contrary of Marvin and "the big soul in him," with evident relish and the satisfaction of a discoverer of greatness: "I soon found he was none of your long fetlock preachers."

He has made references, in his life of Caples, to his "first Conference," which contain hints of his feelings, and of his eyes fixed on others, *per contra* to the eyes turned on himself. His first look was upon the presiding Bishop, the portly Roberts—a satisfied gaze, the customary awe of the office in young preachers subdued by the genial face that met his eye, a picture of benignity. Among so many he felt isolated. He saw very few familiar faces—there were some. "I had not seen," he wrote of his first year in the ministry, "much of Methodist preachers beyond the neighborhood where I was born; had not attended a session of Conference; nor met with any preachers during the course of this year, except my Presiding Elder, William W. Redman, and Brother Dryden. Every new preacher I met, if he was a man of mark, impressed me deeply. I am conscious to this day of a sort of romantic interest in all the preachers whom I met this year." At the camp-meeting, in the Peery Settlement, he had met Caples, who always turned towards young preachers a kindly heart, though, sometimes, also, he fixed on them a humorous eye and mirth-provoking tongue. That first year was full of hardship, but it was satisfying in pleasant and profitable experiences and observation out in the wide world and the larger world of Methodism, to which it had introduced him. That camp-meeting, particularly, enlarged his vision of Methodism and deepened his affection for its people and preachers. "Then," he wrote, "I became acquainted with those princes of Grand River Methodism, the Peerys, Wynns and others. There was among them an elegant sort of plainness that realized all that is best in refined manners under Christian conditions. I began to get a better insight into life and society. My horizon widened perceptibly. No one fact contributed more to this than my contact with Mr. Caples." He had one acquaintance among the young preachers: "At this meeting I saw, also, for the first time, Daniel A. Leeper. He was about my own age, and just beginning to preach. One afternoon he preached at the camp-meeting. His text was: 'Behold I stand at the door and knock,' etc. It was properly an exhortation. He wept and all the people wept. My soul clave to him from that hour."

With more than romantic interest and ready affection, he looked on that body of preachers—with the eye of a critic, too. He had an eye for "men of mark," singling them out in the progress of the Conference proceedings and in the pulpit discourses. He could discriminate them. Of Caples' sermon on Sunday at 11 o'clock, at the camp-meeting, he remembered only that it was very long and that it magnetized the congregation, and this other fact, his own criticism on the sermon—made at the time by the preacher of a year old—"I did not see the connection of the thought; did not perceive the *unity* of it."

Among suggestive incidents, affording sober and profitable reflection, was one happening on his way to Conference.

He fell in with Caples and heard him preach at Old Franklin, where the company of preachers laid over on Sunday. He remembered an incident of it more distinctly than the sermon—with eye and ear open for inlet to knowledge and experience, he listened to the conversation of two elderly laymen commenting on the sermon, "expressing devout gratitude to the great Head of the Church for raising up such a young man for His service in Missouri. It was to them a mark of the favor of God." The remark, fixing his attention and so long remembered, was, no doubt, well digested and put to use.

The Conference session, we infer, was a spiritual feast —especially the singing. It is well known how the rapture of his soul usually broke forth in song and was kindled by it, particularly by Conference singing, of which he has said: "Surely there is no better music this side of the River." Those who have seen and heard him at the devotional exercises of the Conference will not criticise as extravagant his description: "When I was a boy in Conference, Rev. John F. Young used to lead the singing. In 1842, at Jefferson City, I heard it for the first time. Was there ever such singing? It was religion set to music! There was no swallowing of the voice there; no letting it out thin through closed teeth; none listening while others sang. There was a contagion of singing all through the house. If a brother had no control of his voice, still, he was not afraid to make a noise, for his discord would be drowned. It was no mere medley of voices neither. I was *music.* The time was perfect, the melody good, the harmony above criticism, and the tone and emphasis superb. I would have gone a hundred miles to Conference, if for nothing else but to hear the preachers sing." The examination on the Course of Study for the first year awaited him. The studies at Mr. Sherman's house in the summer of 1841 served him. He had no headquarters for books and wardrobe, but it may be safely asserted he found time and ways for study; and on long and lonely rides what he learned was inwardly digested. He was ready for the examination, as certified by a Conference classmate, Rev. J. H. Headlee:

> I met him at the Conference in the fall of 1842 for the first time. It was the first time either of us had ever attended Conference. There were thirteen others in the class with us; and we all met at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to be examined. E. M. Marvin seemed not to be known to any of the class, and was rather timid and distant in his manners. I remember very distinctly that he took a seat apart from the rest when we went into the room to be examined, and also that I was in doubt whether he was one of the class *at all*. I will be candid enough to admit that my doubts were occasioned principally by his very plain and uncouth appearance. His outfit was of the most simple and common material; I have always remembered every part that was visible except his vest. In this garb he sat alone to hear the questions of the committee. He answered readily, and, I believe, in every instance correctly. In fact, he made a very favorable impression on all present. The accomplished and lamented Pollock was present and one of the class. He came to me when the committee dismissed us and asked me, "*if I knew who that awkward young man was who sat off to himself?*" On being answered in the negative, he said: "*Well, one thing I know; he has got sense like old folks.*" I knew nothing of his labors for two years, as he was away in the northwest and I was in the southeast part of the State, excepting that I heard the preachers say that he attended a protracted meeting on his way to the second Conference, and preached with so much power and effect that the people were delighted with him and presented him a suit, as I remember it, of smooth grey jeans, which gave him a good appearance. After the second year, he began to be known. He was spoken of as one of the most promising young preachers in the State. He rose rapidly and was soon much sought after.

At this Conference he was continued on trial—on the part of some, at least, by a reluctant vote, if not, indeed, against their vote. That, made known to him shortly after the adjournment, was the severest trial in his Conference probation. He had crossed the river over into Callaway County and struck the Booneslick Road with his face homeward on a visit, after a year's absence. By three elders and leading preachers of the Conference he was advised to stay at home. One of them was Rev. George Smith, a man of sound judgment, however mistaken it was in this instance.

Another was Jacob Lannius, whose name is distinguished in the annals of Missouri Methodism and is embalmed in the memory of the Church. The other, Rev. Samuel G. Patterson, has filled important appointments in Missouri, and is well known as having been one of the Superintendents of Indian Missions at an early date. He is the father of the present Superintendent of the Mexican Mission. He is still living, resident at Fulton, Ky. The remarkable scene in which he was an actor shall be described in his own words:

> I think it was in the fall of 1841 that an unpromising youth purchased a fine horse in a neighborhood where I was acquainted, with the view, as he stated, of traveling a circuit. He was admitted into the Missouri Conference that fall and appointed to a frontier mission. At the close of the first year, he came to the Conference, held at Jefferson City, riding the same horse, which was reduced to a skeleton, and making such an appearance himself from the unsightliness of his apparel and his general awkwardness, that he was subject of remark by many of the preachers and even of ridicule by some. Few thought he would be continued on trial. His examination, however, proving to be much better than his personal appearance indicated, he was continued on trial, and received his second appointment. After the adjournment of the Conference, three of its members—Jacob Lannius, George Smith and myself—were traveling together on horseback down the Booneslick Road, and seeing a person traveling before them alone, they mended their pace to overtake him, and as they approached him found it to be the young preacher referred to. The sympathy of the three having previously been awakened in his behalf, they resolved to give the mistaken youth some timely advice. Overtaking him, they entered into a serious conversation with him in regard to his inexperience and lack of qualification. Finding him quite reserved, they soon made known their deep concern for his future welfare, expressing their surprise that some one had not already done him the kindness and justice to tell him of his mistake. Having, in a fatherly way, advised him to desist from attempting to preach and go home and go to school, and feeling that they had fully discharged their duty, they resolved to ride on. From his silence and seeming indifference, the three had serious fears that their valuable counsel was not very highly appreciated. On leaving him to pursue his journey alone, they thoughtfully suggested that he should bear in mind that the advice given was from men of experience,and if not observed he would probably discover his error at a time when it would be a source of regret. His only reply was: "Do you think so?"

"Miserable comforters"—a parallel to the man of patience and his friends, excepting that this modern Job was more meek; and not excepting that his three friends were not more wise nor less mistaken than Job's. "Do you think so?" contained an asserted individuality, a stubborn conviction of duty and a stout purpose, which saved Marvin to Missouri Methodism, and a Bishop to the Church. By formal request of the Conference he preached the funeral sermon of Lannius. Smith lived to receive an appointment from him, as Bishop. This history closes like the Book of Job, with an episode which Patterson had to face and which he relates:

> Ten or twelve years afterwards, I was passing through Northeast Missouri, and learning that there was a Quarterly Meeting in Danville, and that the Presiding Elder would preach the funeral sermon of Dr. Bond, who had been a member of the Missouri Conference, and had terminated his life by the accidental discharge of a gun, I resolved to remain until Monday. At eleven o'clock on Sunday the Presiding Elder appeared before a very large and intelligent congregation and announced his text: "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." There was nothing at all preposessing in the person of the speaker; indeed, at first sight one would be unfavorably impressed. Very soon, however, his personal appearance was lost sight of in the chasteness of his language, his sound theology, his unanswerable arguments, his depth of thought, his burning zeal, and the beauty and grandeur of his flights, which riveted the attention of the large audience and overwhelming them in tears, showing conclusively that he was a master workman. At the close of the services, to my surprise, the preacher made his way far back in the congregation, having recognized me from the pulpit, though I knew him not. Grasping my hand with both of his, he told me, to my utter astonishment and confusion, that his name was Marvin. He cordially invited me to room with him, which I did; but not without feeling a degree of embarrassment not easily concealed, for there stood before me a mighty man of God, a giant in intellect, whom, when an illiterate stripling, three short-sighted ministers had advised to go home. I often met Brother Marvin afterwards—both before and after he was a Bishop—in the pulpit and in the family circle—walked with him, talked with him, ate and slept with him. I have heard him preach under various circumstances, heard him deliver all those masterly lectures in St. Louis on the Papacy, and always found him to be the leading spirit in every community, and under all the varied circumstances of his remarkable life. Taking him all in all, I regard Enoch M. Marvin as having had few superiors in the Church.

He went to his appointment. As in the first, a new mission was created; he was sent to it—the Oregon Mission. It was situated in the northwest part of the State, in Holt County. There are no data at hand of the appointments and labors of this mission, except two brief references by himself. They were suggested by peculiar circumstances, such as attach to the wonderful itinerary in his ministry and the romance of his career, connecting, in this instance, Oregon Circuit with an Episcopal tour. On January 21, 1869, at Suisun, California, he was writing a letter in the house of C. P. Reeves, whose wife was daughter of Rev. W. W. Redman, his Presiding Elder during the first four years of his itinerancy. In the letter it is mentioned, that on the Sunday before he received into the Church a daughter and grand-daughter of Peter Long, whose house, at Nichols Grove, Holt County, was one of his preaching places the second year of his ministry. The next month, as noted in his diary of February 8th, he attended a morning prayer-meeting at Castroville, which was led by a Brother Martin, who said he joined the Church at Jesse Carrol's when he traveled Oregon Mission. The young preacher to whom he gave his hand at Carrol's is the Bishop whom Martin heard preach that night.

Presumably, the conditions of life and labors were similar to those of Grundy Mission. Some superiority is indicated by the financial returns—the pay just double, but only thirty dollars. There are indications of less satisfaction otherwise. There was "weariness and painfulness," and how often and how much "perplexed," it is easy to conjecture. Whatever may have been the occasion of it, it appears that he came to the Conference that year cast down—shall he be destroyed? At Jefferson City he had a stout heart: at Lexington his spirit is faint. Then his brethren would discourage him; now, there is a kind hand on his shoulder and a sympathizing voice in his ear. Rev. Jerome C. Berryman relates the incident:

My first distinct recollection of E. M. Marvin is associated with the session of the Missouri Conference, held in the town of Lexington, in the fall of 1843. I was walking alone from my boarding house on my way to the Conference room one morning, and on the street came up with a slender, plainly clad young man going in the same direction, whom I had seen in the Conference the day before, and recognized as one of the young preachers. He, too, was alone, and bore a pensive, not to say sad, appearance. I think I put my hand on his shoulder and accosted him kindly; inquiring how he had got along through the past year. His reply was, I think, in about the following words: "Very poorly; and I have about come to the conclusion to give it up." My sympathy was at once engaged for him, and I spoke with him, as we walked on together, in such words of comfort and encouragement as I thought suitable to his case; for I was sensibly impressed by his conversation with the conviction that he was a very conscientious Christian, and withal, a young man of good promise for usefulness in the ministry. I have heard of his saying that conversation gave him new resolution for his subsequent course of action. If so, I have only to thank the good Spirit who enabled me to "speak a word in season."

The Conference probation is mutual: "you try us; we try you." There is, hence, no just discredit in withdrawal, nor in discontinuance any wrong done—"otherwise it would be no trial at all." On the other hand, there is free choice and individual determination. Of the body of the Itinerant Ministry, it is true, among other forms of extraordinary and severe self-abnegation, there is surrender of personal judgment and choice as to "times and places" of ministerial labor, and a consequent vow of reverent obedience to the godly admonitions of those to whom is committed "charge and government." But, properly, there is no surrender of personal liberty. The relation is chosen after trial and may be dissolved at discretion.

If this regulation appears to be an extraordinary personal surrender or severe self-sacrifice, it is relieved of its harsh aspects by the accompanying safe-guards against oppression and securities to rule, both just and kind.

In Methodist economy, it is true, in the preacher it is a capital offence not to go to an appointment, and equally for the people not to receive the preacher. It would not be a consistent administration to dismiss the recusant preacher from the Conference, and not, also, to strike off the rebellious society from the list of separate pastoral charges. The compact is mutual. This enactment is essentially integral and fundamental to the distinctive mission and providential work of Methodism. The rigid enforcement is a law of self-preservation. The Methodists are confessedly and by profession "a peculiar people"—the belonging to them assumed and continued voluntarily, with the privilege to come in and the right, at any time, to go out; but, in the meantime, under pledge and covenant to be mindful and observant of the peculiarities. In further criticism, and in fact, there is no preacher sent whom the people did not make and recommend for the traveling connection—not all by one society; but, if all the itinerants are not "suitable," it has been certified, nevertheless, of all by some Quarterly Conference, and the quarrel lies with the people among themselves, if not wholly, yet largely, rather than with the Conference and the appointing power. It is to be added, that in pastoral charges not a few, there is inadequacy of ministerial support, not as of poverty, and other impracticable conditions for which the people are responsible—the things, in part, referred to in the usual last remark of the Bishop before reading out the list of appointments: "Taking all things into consideration, we have done the best we could."

So that, in a just view of the system, the government is not despotic and not unreasonable. As to the pledge and vow of the preachers, there has been opportunity for good understanding—"they try us." The intelligent choice has been deliberate. It is always open to review and recall. The applicant knocks at the door for admission, and the door is always left wide open for egress after he enters. The fact and the principle it contains were strikingly illustrated at a Conference where the writer attended. After the appointments had been read out, the body was detained by request of location from a dissatisfied preacher. It was promptly granted, and the vote announced by the Bishop, who added significantly, in mild manner but with stern integrity, "The door is still open."

Methodism, as it is, in Republican America, has stood the strain and test of nearly a hundred years, and is still owned of God and intrenched in the affections of its adherents. It has been true and faithful in its mission to make scriptural holiness continental and world-wide. There is the right of revolution, which has been exercised; but never without comparative abortion. The system, as at the first and by its law of being "a child of Providence," adapting itself to change of times and undergoing modifications; but in its essential principles and integral structure, permanent as a final form of Christianity. With its history among men and the tokens of divine purpose, it is a good persuasion and safe prophecy, that it is not destined to over-throw—not by the permission of Providence and not, either, by the decree of Methodists. The question of the Conference Minutes—"who are admitted into full connection?"—has had, and in following generations continues to have, abundant answer: Preachers raised up by the Lord of the Harvest and thrust forth into the Vineyard, with heart and hand for the toil, and, after trial, a spirit in them in harmony and in love with the economy of their labors.

"We try them"—in this, the Conference is exercising its function as guardian of an economy which is strange in the world and peculiar among the churches. It is a court of review to the findings of the Quarterly Conference and sends back to it the unsuitable men. It does not unfrock the ministry of those sent back; but of those it retains, it subjects the professed call to preach to a severe ordeal in test of grace and gifts and usefulness. It scents out "the hireling, whose own the sheep are not and who careth not for the sheep." It discriminates carefully qualification to be "the messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord." Especially, it guards closely the integrity and efficiency of the Itinerancy. There is in its work a function to teach as well as to exhort, to rule as well as to preach; and for which, not the useful exhorter, nor always the good preacher, has adaptation. An imperious demand of a high mission, like that which sent the first preachers from Jerusalem to the ends of the earth, and a remorseless subordination of men to the cause—for this, there is required peculiar personal fitness in natural traits and endowments of grace, in prudence and piety. In the itinerant service there can be no idler, no trifler, no innovator, none too proud or self-willed to obey, or not meek enough to endure fancied or real injury. Toils and trials over-master ordinary courage and consecration. In the entire view, there can be no endurance, not having "faith in God;" nor power without unbroken and close communion with God and "the unction of the Holy One," realized in going on and attaining to perfection in the life of faith; nor the achievements of a master-workman, without a single eye and absorbing concern like the Master's—"my meat is to do the will of Him that sent me and to finish His work." In theory, a Methodist Conference is a body of picked men for a peculiar service. In "Notes from the Saddle-bags of a Superannuated Preacher," by Jesse Peck, it is said of Methodist economy, and particularly of the Itinerancy—"it is a special system for special men." It is projected on the plan of apostolical labors and requires to work it the apostolic spirit and power. In the lowest order of office, the helpers to the Apostles, the selection was made of men "of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," and in primitive practice under apostolic direction, the deacons were first "proved."

The occasion under notice in these pages, involving momentous import to the preacher and vital concern to the

Church, it is required by the ritual, shall be preceded by "solemn fasting and prayer." It is well known how earnestly, in his Episcopal administration, Bishop Marvin emphasized that direction of the ritual and observed it himself when he conducted the examination of candidates; as, also, he did, no doubt, when a candidate himself. It was uniformly and rigidly observed at that day. In prayer there was inquest for "understanding of the will of the Lord," and "obtaining help from on high" for an all-comprising consecration. In fasting there is sober reflection. He understood himself. The roughest aspects of the Methodist Itinerancy he had seen, and had viewed the system in the cold light of sober experience. He was ready to accept it and for a final commitment. It may be safely assumed he passed a satisfactory examination on the course of study. He was, no doubt, favorably represented by his Presiding Elder, who, from the first, prophesied that he would be some day "a bright star in the galaxy of Methodist preachers." In fact, on vote of the Conference, he was "approved" and admitted into full connection. On Sunday morning of the session he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Andrew.

He was admitted on trial in a large class, numbering fifteen: L. S. Jacoby, Thomas Glanville, John H. Headlee, Benjamin F. Love, Walter Prescott, Manoah Richardson, Enoch M. Marvin, David W. Pollock, John A. Tutt, Wm. M. Rush, Richard P. Holt, Joseph Williams, Jacob Sigler, Joseph Dines, John Read. All appeared and were accepted for admission in full connection, except John Read, who was discontinued, and Benjamin F. Love, who was continued on trial and admitted to full membership at the next session of the Conference. Only four are now living: John H. Headlee, of the St. Louis Conference, and Joseph Dines, now a Local preacher, living in its bounds; William M. Rush, still on the effective list of the Missouri Conference, and R. P. Holt, on its superannuated list. The dead, for the most part, stood firm to the Itinerant ranks and died at their post. Prominent among them was L. S. Jacoby, a native of Germany. He labored faithfully and efficiently for many years in the German Missions in Missouri and the West, and was the founder of Methodist Missions in his native land. In the evening of his days and under the burden of years, he returned to America and resided at St. Louis, where he died a few years ago. Bishop Marvin visited him in his last illness and has expressed the most profound veneration for his eminent Christian character and apostolic career.

If, as is customary, the candidates came forward and stood before the altar in the order of the call of their names, Marvin and Pollock stood side by side. Both were of slender frame and delicate constitution, and they were kindred spirits. Their intimate association commenced, probably, in their fourth year in the Conference, when they labored together in the City of St. Louis, Marvin as junior preacher with Rev. Wesley Browning at "Old Fourth Street" station, and Pollock at the Mound charge. The tenderest endearment existed between them. Their talents were of entirely different order, but they were kindred in the spirit of their ministry. Pollock had the spirit of a seraph. Zeal flamed in his face and leaped from his lips in rapid utterance and fervent words which were the breath of love. He was called the Summerfield of the Missouri pulpit. Rev. F. A. Morris, who was a co-laborer for two years in St. Louis, having followed him in the Mound charge, has written of him in the following appreciative words: "I knew D. W. Pollock. You cannot speak too well of him. He belonged to that small but peculiar class of men, who esteem others better than themselves. Of literary taste and culture, intelligent, eloquent, clothed with humility, filled with the Spirit, he excelled in all the work of a Methodist preacher.

Ready for any work and equal to any work, admired by all and loved by all, he was the most promising young man at that time in the St. Louis Conference. Having preached four years in succession in St. Louis—two at the Mound and two at Wesley Chapel—he could stay no longer in the city, and he was appointed Presiding Elder to Cape Girardeau District. The next year, in 1849, he was sent a missionary to California." There, at the organization of the Pacific Conference, April 15th, 1852, among the eighteen on the Conference roll, and next after the name of Dr. Jesse Boring, the Superintendent of the California Mission, and in company with the name of Simmons, appears the name of Pollock. Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, in the editorial columns of the *Spectator*, sketching that first Conference, writes: "In the list of appointments we read, 'David W. Pollock, superannuated.' This was the last of the gifted, scholarly, sweet-spirited Pollock, in connection with the Pacific Conference. He went back to Alabama to die. Slender, of medium height, with a noble, intellectual head, a pale face saddened by suffering, yet patient and courageous in expression, he won at once the admiration and affection of all who knew him. Such he has been described to the writer, who never saw him. His name is as ointment poured forth, wherever he was known in California. His place in the history of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast is unique. He is remembered with a tender interest as the brilliant young preacher who was the first to leave us and the first to die."

Cavil or wonder at the early setting of a bright light and the differing orbits of these classmates has answer only in the Master's headship and His word of prerogative, "What is that to thee?" Both were shining lights in the Church—Pollock's career brief and brilliant, like the sunburst of an April day. Marvin had then appeared above the horizon—his light, the advancing splendor of a summer sky, from steady dawn to blazing noon. Companions in love and labors, they are rejoined in the Master's visible presence and together have entered into the joy of their Lord. In their widely-separated graves sleeps sacred dust, which the Master's eye guards "till He shall bid it rise."

Bishop Marvin has made reference to the Bishop's charge to the candidates for full membership, suggested by a visit at Lexington after he was himself a Bishop: "His address to the class impressed me in a most solemn manner. Several points in it I still remember. I can never forget them. One sentence was this: 'When the people are perishing for bread, do not mock them by scattering flowers before them.'" The ordination service has points of dramatic interest. The same hands were laid on his head, twenty-three years afterwards, at the ordination of Bishops. The young Deacon of the Lexington Conference became the intended biographer of Bishop Andrew, by selection of his family. He had gone from Missouri to Alabama for the purpose and obtained the papers and the traditions of his life in the possession of his children. This literary work would have followed his "To the East by the Way of the West." Whilst writing the last chapters of that book, he directed, at the hands of his daughter, Marcia, the arrangement and classification of papers for commencement of the work. It would have employed his pen during time in which his own biography is being written.

At the last Conference, the St. Louis, which he held, he concluded the charge to candidates for admission into full connection, with gesture of uplifted hand and intense burst of song, in the words of the hymn:

> "'Tis done, the great transaction's done."

The sentiment was an echo from his own heart when he stood before Bishop Andrew at Lexington. In that interview with Mr. Berryman, there was a sign of faltering; there was none ever afterwards. There was a word of hesitation then, but never another. That day of clouds was not a bad omen. The recollections of Grundy and Oregon Missions were upon him, in monition of the leave-all devotion of the Methodist Itinerancy. God had him in hand. His experience is not unknown to Methodist preachers. It was a school of humility: it was tuition in personal insufficiency. In the *Sunday Magazine* McLeod has an eloquent passage, too lengthy to be quoted, descriptive of "out-and-out consecration," using the simile of the launch of a ship. There has been upon it, reducing it to shape and realizing the model, the edge of the axe and the blow of the hammer. It is held on the ways by a single fastening. In a supreme moment that gives way. The ship is launched. When the young candidate recalled that word of hesitation, "the last prop" was struck away. He was launched on the Itinerancy for a life voyage. In its log-book there is no note of an ebbing tide or lull of wind. With broad canvas and full sails, it was a grand voyage and a majestic entry into port.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE METHODIST PREACHER.

Liberty Circuit—The itinerant spirit—His horse—An Indian pony and his trick—The regulation coat—Rules of a preacher—Punctuality—The broken bridge and swollen stream—"A shade late"—Only four instances of failure—The exact time—"Faint, yet pursuing"—Judged by the eleventh rule, "to save souls"—The Methodist pulpit—His industry—Methods and motives of work—Enterprise—The Texas preacher—"Regions beyond," a thrilling incident—The Quarterly Conference Record of Liberty Circuit—In the judicial seat—The forged church-letter—The disciplinarian—"Sense and grace"—Poor pay—The unparalleled stipend—"How did he get along?"—Incidents—The itinerant training school—Self-educated and well-educated—A faithful Son of the Church—A true itinerant—A Methodist Preacher.

THE third appointment of Bishop Marvin was to Liberty Circuit. The next year he was junior preacher with Rev. Wesley Browning at Fourth Street Station, St. Louis. At its close he was graduated in the Conference and ordained Elder. The history of these two years inducted him into the full ministry in the Church of God and consummated the complete investiture of a Methodist Preacher.

The Liberty Circuit was a pastoral charge in the Richmond District, lying on the north side of the Missouri River and within the territory known as the Platte Purchase. It was in a more populous region of country than that of his two former appointments to missions. He is receding from the extreme frontier work. The appointment is a circuit, the first he has had, indicating in Methodist *usus loquendi* a stronger church and better conditions of work and support. The comparative improvement, however, was very limited. For the most part, the preaching-places were still private houses, and his homes the cabins of a new country, with rude accommodations of bed and board in-doors, and outside long and dreary rides between the settlements, sometimes perilous in the inclement season and at the fords of swollen streams. The memory of such discomforts and hardships was not unpleasant as he looked back upon them from distant years and eminent heights, and at the time he did not complain of them, not even of life on Grundy Mission, as Mr. Dryden reports. They were, however, real and severe, and, in this biography, the beginning of a history of toil and privation, which in the same and other and severer forms were life-long. His pleasant memory of them was not a ministry to vanity. It contained a principle which put, at the first, and which keeps, the Itinerancy in motion, and which was the prompting and, at the same time, the joy of the Methodist preacher of the olden time, out in the wilderness, like the Master, for care of the flock—"rejoicing to be counted worthy not only to believe on His name, but to suffer for His sake." The generation of Methodists and preachers in the West, to which Bishop Marvin belonged, will remember how the Old Preachers exulted in that high privilege and with what frequency and emphasis in pulpit utterance they shouted forth in defiance to peril and privation: "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

He did not chafe, much less whine over hardships. He had a soul equal to suffering for the Master, and had, besides, native fortitude and especially a quick eye for the lights which relieve a dark picture. On a foregoing page there is description of the conditions of a hard circuit-life from his own pen, in which the picture is not completed till he has put on the canvas the cordial welcome which made the open cabin to him a home, and how he saw and relished the real kindness which was wrapped up in the coarse entertainment. He did not complain for himself; but, it is known, he was often sensitive and sorry—for his horse, as Mrs. Marvin relates, without shelter in cold and storm, sometimes hitched to the side of the cabin and during the frosty night restless and neighing for his master. How could he sleep—the master of that day, with the old time loves and companionships between the Methodist preacher and his horse.

In the former times, the horse was an Institution of Methodism, and, for a long time, the universal locomotive of the Itinerancy. Bishops traversed the continent in the saddle, and the preachers rode the circuit, often with no road except the bridle-path. To the preacher, his horse was identified with the "go" of his commission, was prized like an officer of the church, and was loved like a familiar companion and a good friend. Every farm-boy held him in respect as a sacred animal and treated him as the aristocracy of the barn-yard—the best bed and the best of the larder for the preacher, the rule at the house, and at the stable, the best stall and the best of loft and crib for the preacher's horse. The boys knew, too, that it was no use to attempt to evade or neglect the rule, for the preacher would be around to see about it before he seated himself at table or went to bed. The times are changed; Bishops are dismounted, the Itinerancy goes by rail, the valise supplants the saddle-bags, pasture for preachers' horses has dropped out of the accommodations at Conference; but enough of the peculiar institution is extant to perpetuate the ancient fact—the Methodist preacher on horseback. For this attitude of the preacher, Bishop Marvin, in his world-wide travel, discovered high sanction and sanctity. When he was in Egypt, at Cairo, he visited the Coptic Convent, and, among other things, says: "Here we were shown the figures of several of the Apostles carved in wood, in relief, on the wall. They were quite like Methodist preachers in one respect, being on horseback —a decidedly apostolic conception."

On Liberty, the preacher was a circuit-rider. The narrative digressed at the point of his sympathy for his horse —a sentiment common to Methodist preachers, and like that of Gen. Jackson, who, in his last Will and Testament, bequeathed a life estate in a ten acre pasture to his old war-horse; and, in the church militant, like that of one of the early Methodist Bishops, who pensioned his superannuated itinerant-steed. The large brown and black was worn down at the Jefferson City Conference; the next year, on Oregon Mission, must have finished his course. On Liberty Circuit he rode an Indian pony, to which Mrs. M. says he had a special attachment. It was an eccentric pony, as he learned by an experience more amusing to the reader than it was to himself, at the time. One of his ways was to leap every ditch he came to, and at the first ditch his new rider, without notice of his eccentricity and taken unawares, was pitched over the pony's head and landed on the other side on his own all-fours.

In some respects the make-up of a Methodist preacher formerly was shaped by the rules of a preacher—the twelve rules, as they were found in the old Discipline. If some shall be considered minor characteristics, they were all, nevertheless, adopted with exact and scrupulous uniformity. Usage enacted a thirteenth rule. The purse allowing it, in the spirit of the chapter on Dress or under the sway of fashion, there was sameness of attire, like a regulation uniform—the straight-breasted and cut-away coat and quaker hat. That might vary, but the directions concerning habits of life and the spirit and manner of ministerial work were indispensable and imperative, like the manual of the drill and the order of march and like the oath of enlistment, bound on their conscience. When admitted into full connection it was propounded and pledged: "Have you considered the rules of a preacher, especially the first, tenth and twelfth? Will you keep them for conscience sake?"

Bishop Marvin was trained under this regimen. It continued in vogue and in vigor during the whole of the formative period in his ministerial life. In what was both of greater and minor importance, it imbued his spirit, fashioned his opinions and tastes and became fixed in his habits. There is one exception—in the matter of dress. In the first years of his ministry he could not choose, and dressed as he could, in the garb and style in which he has been exhibited freely and frequently in pen-pictures. He had not adopted the regulation suit after he became a station-preacher and could afford it, as one of the engravings shows. At last, however, the old ideas recurred and fashioned the cut of his coat as it appears in the full length picture. The sentiment or prejudice, if any shall call it such, upon which the old practice in regard to dress both among the preachers and membership was founded, was adopted by him heartily and clung to him strongly. In his day the chapter on Dress had become a dead letter; but he deplored its being stricken from the Discipline—he wished it to stand as a land-mark of primitive Methodism. That and other sumptuary regulations he regarded as incidents to the character of Methodists, as a "peculiar people" by profession, and serving as an index of vigorous piety and a broad line of demarcation between the Church and the world. He has spoken on this subject soberly and earnestly, and illustrated it by an incident in his pastorate, which will be remembered by many and touch many hearts:

> Mr. Wesley discriminated sharply between the Church and the world by the discipline that he established. There is no way by which the Church more readily becomes lost and blended with the world than by participation in its diversions and amusements, and the Discipline requires abstinence from them as an evidence of the desire of salvation and of continuance in the Societies. There is, also, a sumptuary law on drunken-

ness or drinking spirituous liquors, except in cases of necessity. Mr. Wesley knew where the social tendency would be the strongest, where the social impulses would be most urgent, through which, by the subtlety of Satan, souls could be most easily beguiled back into the world. There were, likewise, rigid rules with respect to dress and adorning of the person. I remember distinctly the old Methodist style and costume. I have heard a great deal said about this, much criticism and much fault-finding. I have but one general remark to make and that is this: You can determine a man's character, in many cases, by his dress. Mark this: in proportion as this discipline has been relaxed and the amenities of worldly society have been allowed to interfere with and obliterate the lines of discrimination which the Discipline has drawn, in that proportion has piety in the Church waned. I remember when I first had charge of the Old Centenary Church there were three old Methodist bonnets in that congregation, worn by three venerable women who feared God and wrought righteousness. One of them was Mother Burd, another was Mother Childs, the third was Mother Weaver. There was a fourth, not quite so severely plain but coming well within the Methodist pattern. It was worn by Mother Gay. One of those Christian matrons, Mother Burd, I saw in her last moments. I had enjoyed her hospitality down on Second Street at the old mansion when I was a boy, and on Sixth Street at the residence of her son. She died full of peace and full of joy. They are all in heaven. Through a long and blameless life they went to heaven under old Methodist bonnets, which sheltered them to the very borders of the promised land. I would love to see the old Methodist bonnets again myself, because it does indicate to me a simplicity of personal character which is an essential element of all true and deep piety.

Old-fogyism! it will be said. Well, he was what he was. The Methodist bonnet is extinct. The last in the family of the writer was his grandmother's, which Bishop M. saw at Old Fourth Street in 1844, and he lived to see the last disappear from the congregation at Centenary. He thus wrote in his later years and when he was Bishop—the sentiment brought down by him from the former times, when Methodist people and the Methodist preachers were known by their dress.

Nine of the twelve rules of a preacher have been eliminated from the Book of Discipline, but none of them ever dropped out of his conscientious observance. It had become habitual; it was agreeable to his judgment and temper; above all, it was matter of honor and conscience—his word had once been pledged to it. In that day, and still we suppose, the pledge was regarded as a contract, conditioning membership in the Conference, and its performance was considered binding, not merely as of conventional propriety, but of moral obligation. Incidents abound in his history illustrating his scrupulous and exact fidelity to the rules. This in much accounts for, as it shaped, the habits of life, of study and labor, which made him the conspicuous worker for Christ and the grand Methodist preacher that he was.

Among the rules it is part of one of the three which are noted for special observance: "Be punctual. Do everything exactly at the time"—from Grundy Mission to the last Conference over which he presided, it is known that he kept it. In appointments of all kinds he was punctual to meet them and at the appointed time. It was a cardinal point with him especially never to disappoint a congregation nor to keep it waiting. Mrs. M. testifies that he never allowed the weather or fatigue or ordinary ailment to detain or delay him. That record was commenced on Grundy Mission with the ride of eighteen miles facing a snow-storm, heretofore mentioned, to meet a congregation of three persons, two of them the residents of the house. The conversion of the third recompensed his pains. In other rides the frost-bite attested his determined faithfulness. He accepted Mr. Wesley's stringent commentary on the rule: "Never disappoint a congregation; rather break a limb than break your word."

Mrs. M. relates that when on the Weston Circuit a broken bridge laid between him and his appointment. The planks at one abutment were gone. At some risk to himself he walked the beam, and at the risk of his horse's neck, at least, he made him leap on to the bridge. She also verifies the incident of extreme peril to his own life in crossing a swollen stream between Danville and Warrenton on the way to one of his Quarterly Meetings on the St. Charles District. It was in the winter, and if the deep fording had been safe, it would not be pleasant. His horse was not used to swim, and for a time both horse and rider were in peril. His saddle-bags were lost and recovered three months afterwards in a pile of drift-wood. Enveloped in his great coat and his limbs encumbered with leggings, he was wholly dependent upon his horse for his life. They were carried down by the torrent a considerable distance, and the horse seemed to flounder hopelessly. At last, in his brave struggle, he suddenly got the idea and motion of swimming, and took his master ashore.

For this connection of remark, there are before the writer full notes, collated from his Diary and other narratives of visitation of the churches and pulpit labors during about four years, and extending from the Missouri River to the Gulf and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The record shows that he never wilfully neglected an appointment and did not spare any pains nor himself to meet it. If he was hindered, it made him miserable. In point of fact, often with many hundreds of miles to travel, with railroad connections to make, at the mercy of slow coaches and flood and storm, plains to be traversed and mountains and rivers to be crossed; yet, in all the demands and vicissitudes of travel, the notes show only four instances of failure to meet appointments and at the exact time. Why he was thus punctual has already been stated. He would, indeed, have as soon thought of breaking his neck as intentionally or inexcusably breaking his word. He had no mind "to mend the rules"—not even at the bank of a swollen stream, nor to suit the complexion of the sky or the guage of the thermometer, nor to accommodate an ache. He did not mind himself, but the rule—not himself enough, perhaps, as the following entry of his Episcopal tour of Oregon in 1869 shows·

> I have been in a very low state of health ever since the middle of June. An attack of "bilious remittent" on the Umpqua prostrated me for more than a week. My appointments were coming on in the Willamette Valley and I could not bear the thought of missing any of them. So I gave myself no time for recuperation, but the very first day that I sat up all day I took stage at two o'clock A.M., and rode seventy miles to Bro. Elton's camp meeting. I was too weak to bear the excitement of public occasions. But I maintained a feeble effort to discharge my duties at camp-meetings and through the commencement exercises of the College for five weeks.

The eleventh rule of a Preacher is one of those stricken from the Discipline by the revision made by the General Conference in 1870. It was this:

> 11. You have nothing to do but to save souls; therefore, spend and be spent in this work; and go always, not only to those that want you, but to those that want you most. Observe! it is not your business only to preach so many times, and to take care of this or that society; but to save as many as you can; to bring as many sinners as you can to repentance, and with all your power to build them up in that holiness without which they cannot see the Lord. And remember! a Methodist preacher is to mind every point, great and small, in the Methodist Discipline! Therefore, you will need to exercise all the sense and grace you have.

Why this rule was stricken out, or the question of its restoration, it is not the province of these pages to consider or discuss—omitted, perhaps, as superfluous, because its sentiment and directions are inherent to the true ministry of the Gospel in general and, in particular, attach to the very genius and mission of Methodism, belonging rather to its Constitution than its Statute Book. Commentary on the rule is not needed to explain its terms or point its emphasis. Its manual and its inspiration differentiate the Methodist preacher. Entering into the spirit and labors of Bishop Marvin's ministry, they not only created its separate incidents, but defined its whole meaning—the object, the spirit and the manner of his life-work. To save souls—this the aim, direct and exclusive, "the nothing else to do;" and that, not only in pulpit discourse and altar-work, but in the visits from house to house, in the road-side call, in the "as ye go, preach" history of his travels. His money, as it could be saved and was saved on purpose and on principle, went into the Missionary treasury or was laid on the altar of the House of Prayer at its dedication or dispersed among the poor, and especially for the comfort of the Lord's poor, lest they doubt and be discouraged. His time—the never-unemployed life and premature death, were the paraphrase of "spend and be spent in the work." If he wrote a book —the first he wrote was the "Work of Christ;" or wrote the biography of his friend, "it has been written with prayer and an earnest desire to glorify God," and will find ample reward for the labor of preparing it, "if it shall lead any soul to Christ;" and his Volume of Sermons, to speak for him when, living or dead, his lips might be mute—inscribed to his wife, because of her cheerful self-denying devotion to his work as a Methodist preacher; and, as an instrument in the Master's work, dedicated to Christ: "Son of God, I commit it to Thee!" The last book he wrote is travel to see and to tell of heathendom, taking leave of its shores with a heart large enough to take it in, and voice to rally the church to the standard he raises for its rescue—"but, amidst all, my heart yearns for China. There is our opportunity. God himself has set before us the great and effectual door there. By his help and grace we will go in and possess the land." The book has not preface, but appendix—his funeral sermon, of which the subject is the Chosen Vessel; the treatment, a ministry to men to open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light and the power of Satan unto God; the testimony, "by his preaching sinners were convicted, mourners comforted, believers edified, and much people added to the Lord."

From first to last it was the same spirit of faith, "we believe and, therefore, speak"—attaching to all the positions he filled in the church, and at last fired, if possible, with an intenser glow and looking out on wider fields. Of him, also, true, as the biographer of Enoch George relates it of him and the early Bishops, that in their Conference presidency and travel through the work it was the constant and absorbing inquiry: "Are there revivals?" and that, in the papers, the first column read was revival notices. All other rules were subsidiary to the eleventh—the first, "Be diligent," having many suffixed statements, but the chief, in the words of an old Bishop, "Be diligent in saving souls." The sentiment is taken from Wesley's saying, subordinating even "gaining knowledge" to "saving souls." As tersely by Bishop Marvin, it was said: "Preaching is nothing—worse than nothing—it is a mockery, if it does not bring men to the Cross." His own preaching was expressed in the spirit and tenor of the old Methodist pulpit, as described by him: "The preacher was a man who had felt himself ready to fall into hell, but had cried to God, and through the amazing mercy of the Cross had found deliverance and peace. He saw his fellow-men ready to drop into the bottomless pit and was in an agony of fear on their account. Head and eye and voice and gesture were vital with the message." And thus he wrote of Wesley, the first convert of his own revival: "He delivered the truth as he had both learned it out of the Scriptures and realized it in his own life. He was a witness. He had found the Lord. He felt it and knew it. He proclaimed it to others." It is what is in the old couplet, which was on the lips of the early preachers of America:

"To *taste* his love our only joy,
To *tell* that love our best employ."

The passion for souls was vital in him and throbbed as life-blood, and like it his zeal for the Lord's house, self-consuming. It was stronger than his frail frame and superior to all rivalries. It made him self-forgetful and self-neglectful—of strength or ease or worldly advantages. It discriminated him from others who are off in the Village after bread. Like the Master, in the midst of fields white to the harvest, not careful for meat or drink. The statement is scarcely figurative, as certified by Rev. William Holmes, of the Southwest Missouri Conference and an old and intimate friend and co-laborer of Bishop Marvin—forgetful of meat and drink for his family, dearer to him than himself, as Mr. H. relates it:

> Brother Marvin's devotion to the Church and his work was extraordinary. In the judgment of even good men with convictions less strong than his, it seemed like enthusiasm. I recollect that Brother Gist of Weston, who was a great admirer of Brother M., told me when he was on that Circuit he had several times remonstrated against the neglect of his family when he was off at his country appointments. He would often, in his love of souls, labor at revival-meetings for days and weeks beyond the time fixed by himself to be at home. In consequence, frequently his family would be without bread and meat. When he did return, his whole soul would go out in sympathy for the privations endured by them, which he had himself occasioned. But these throes were transient. Like Wesley, he was a man of "one work," and nobly he did it.

The incident is peculiar and should not be misinterpreted in its meaning or application. In that first year of his married life nor at any period of it was he wanting in thoughtful and generous care of his family. In that instance it was not an intentional or conscious neglect. If the incident is extraordinary, this is the biography of an uncommon man. In him it stands for zeal for souls, which in the stress of its urgency and the ardor of its work absorbed and preoccupied his cares, to the exclusion for a season of what was so near to him and cherished as his household.

It was, probably, when he was on Liberty Circuit that an incident, to be presently narrated, occurred, which illustrates him as an exponent of the aggressive character of Methodism—"go always, not only to those that want you, but to those that want you most." That is the utterance of its missionary spirit, and is the chart of a plan of labors which maps a continent into circuits. It organizes the Lord's word of confirmation to the truth and divinity of

His mission, "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." It makes it the church of the people in the crowded population of an old country; and in a new, the pioneer of the churches, following the fresh track of the emigrant, and the first herald-voice in the wilderness. It has been already said what—"to save souls"—is the animating spirit in these wheels; and there is in the grand movement this wheel within wheels—"to save *as many* as you can, to bring *as many* sinners as you can to repentance."

For perfunctory performance there is in the rule no provision nor toleration—there was none in Bishop Marvin's spirit and views, with a Gospel for "every creature" written in his commission and on his conscience, and a heart of love and courage, and of hope to enterprise it. He could not abide a dull spirit or languid motion in those put in trust with the Gospel for mankind—not in himself or others. He used often to relate with mingled merriment and disgust an incident happening during one of his Episcopal tours in Texas. To his inquiry concerning the Circuit Preacher, how he was doing, it was the reply of an excellent and sensible layman, "Well, he is goin' around." His severest satire castigated the sober complacency of just "doin' the duties." In the same pillory he puts, as he called it, the "red-tape" administration of a Presiding Elder and "the horse-mill round" of quarterly visitation, ceaseless but unvarying.

For all forms and directions of enterprise and work for the Master and mankind, he had an open eye and a ready arm—the *Mather* of his generation, with a scythe always in his hand and grasping many scythes. His industry was amazing, like the steady going of the sun, and like its course his activity, going on the line of a circle, without a terminus, only when his course was finished, as the sun itself will stop when "the heavens are no more." Strong expression at this point, it is certain, will not be at fault. The degree of diligence and the gravity of his work were in his life and labors, as in the rule—"never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed." It filled the hours between stated services and transcended regular work. Hence his voluminous use of the periodical press, instructing and inspiring the zeal of the Church. Hence his book-making, "to do good"—the first he wrote during the war, thought out on the march and written, partly, in camp; and his sermons published as well as preached. Hence his addresses in aid of charities and at college commencements and church dedications, and all the manifold and varied activities of his busy life, in readiness for every good word and work.

Time for what he accomplished was not so much economized as redeemed. He indulged his social impulses freely, and was much out among men and in the society of his friends. The nature and demands of his official position, in mature years, and his unbarred accessibility to all comers did not permit to him the aid of system, nor allow consecutive time in large sections. He redeemed time for work by levy upon hours of sleep and taxation of strength, and especially by skill in use of fractions of time. Much labor was done as his books were written, one, as he states, in "snatches of time," and another, prepared in "odd hours." Then, with his marvelous disposition and capacity for work, a day was enough for much and, to him, more time than to others.

His diligence and its achievements are to be accounted for more by the motives than the methods of work. When the whole Church was looking upon his career with surprise and admiration, in the judgment of humility he wrote: "The time is short. I have done but little work for the Master, and what I have done has been but poorly done." That was said on the eve of travel and labor in heathendom. He had been a Missionary Bishop before he went to China—on the Rio Grande and in the Mountains of Montana, and on the Slopes of the Pacific before the great railway brought it into near neighborhood. On his return from the Pacific Coast, to remark on the privations and hardships of his long and laborious tour, made by his friend W. T. Crouch, of Arkansas, he replied, "Others have done it for money; I certainly could do it for Christ." The genius of Methodism and the charity of the Gospel, which

"Took every creature in, of every kind,"

was strong in him—at the last and from the beginning. On one of his first circuits, the ministerial economy to which he belonged and the spirit that was in him are strikingly illustrated by the incident referred to above. It is related by Mr. D. K. Pittman, of St. Charles County, who was an old and cherished friend of Bishop Marvin:

When Bishop Marvin was stationed at Centenary Church, I happened into his study and found him reading the *St. Louis Advocate*. He said he had just been reading the obituary of a very dear old brother with whom he had become acquainted while on one of his early appointments in the northwest part of the State. He stated that he had received a request from this old gentleman to come and preach to the people in his "settlement,' which was forty miles from the nearest point on his circuit. Of course he agreed to preach to them, and sent an appointment some weeks ahead. Before the appointed time heavy snows had fallen, and almost the whole distance was a prairie without a broken track; but he was placed by a friend upon a dividing ridge which led directly to the place. There were many ridges diverging from it, and no designation of which was the main divide. On either side in the valleys the drifted snow was two or three feet deep, and that with a hard crust. There was not a house on the way, most of it out of sight of timber, even. He pressed forward, as he thought, on his main divide until in the afternoon, when he found he had lost the way. The ridge he was on gave out; he found himself in a valley, and had no idea when or where he had left the divide. It was too late in the day to think of retracing his steps. The way before him seemed impassable, and the probability of reaching any residence was extremely doubtful and gloomy. With all the horrors of perishing present to his imagination, he determined, as he, no doubt, often had occasion to do, to trust in the Lord and press forward. Sometimes his horse could press his way through the drift, but sometimes he would have to dismount and break the crust in the deepest places. After great effort by man and horse, about the close of the day he succeeded in reaching the timber and found a residence, where he spent the night, seven miles short of his appointment. The next morning he continued his journey. Just before reaching the place for preaching, he met a man and made inquiry. The gentleman told him he was the man he was seeking. Brother M. told his name. The old gentleman burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Brother Marvin! is it possible? How did you get here?" He stated that the appointment had reached him and he had looked forward to it with pleasure, but after the fall of snow he thought it impossible for the preacher to come. Stating he had never seen a minister since he had settled there, he added, "Come to the house. I'm so glad to see a preacher of the Gospel. I'll send out for the neighbors and we will have preaching." In due time a little congregation was collected, and they had a pleasant time. He preached several times before he left, and my recollection is that he kept up an appointment at that place. Brother M. formed a very high esteem for the character and piety of this gentleman; and said he had hardly ever, before or since, preached to a people with more pleasure, and felt compensated for all it cost him to get there. Referring to the obituary, he said, "He died just as he would have expected him to die."

After the lapse of thirty-four years we are enabled to produce the Quarterly Conference Record during his year on Liberty Circuit. The reader is indebted to Rev. J. F. Shores, the present pastor, for a full abstract of this old and curious record. Rev. W. W. Redman was the Presiding Elder. It is notable for its exhibit of slim pay and its proceedings as an Appelate Court in five cases of administration of discipline.

It is indicated by the number of church trials in the record, perhaps, that the early Methodism was less tolerant than now of wrong doing in the membership. What chiefly distinguished the former administration does not appear in the record—the net of discipline finely woven on "points great and small," to detect unrepentant sin in believers in the forms of worldly conformity and lack, as supposed, of spirituality. Some were impaled on the chapter on dress, martyrs to a feather or an ear-ring. That spectacle frightened away the worldly-minded, who kept out because it was notoriously the established sentiment that they would not be kept in. Some members left the church, escaping by flight. A lady is still living in Virginia, who, as late in life as when she was a widow, was refused the sacrament because the hand put forth to take it wore a ring—even a wedding-ring. The Fathers were, also, rigid Wesleyans in turning out non-attendants at class-meeting; or if they failed to do it, might be put on trial at Conference themselves, as was John Emory for not dealing with a local preacher, whose offence was, that he had not attended his class but once or twice in sixteen months.

Bishop Marvin is to be interpreted somewhat in the light of the spirit and practice of the old regime, which were modified and moderated but still not extinct in his times—the courage to confront offenders, like the local preachers on Liberty, in prominent and powerful position, and the severe fidelity which did not overlook "small points" and was prompt and unsparing with grave offenses. The notice of a worldly spirit and conformity survived in the moral discipline of his pastorate, after the legal discipline was abolished by repeal of sumptuary laws and regulations. The old and staunch cry—the purity of the Church—was constantly on his lips and burdened his pen. He contended earnestly for the class-room by the constraint of argument and entreaty, when the compulsion of law and penalty had been withdrawn. In pulpit and press, sermons and paragraphs were in full cry, with thundering philippic and resonant warning, against worldly amusements and the spirit and fashion of the world. The following is a sample paragraph:

> I dwell on this subject because it is vital. We are in greater danger here, as I have no doubt. than at any other point. The problem of personal salvation lies in great part in the fact of *self-denial.* It will do us no good to be worldly people in the Church. If we are determined to be worldly people at all hazards, it is far better to sail under the world's colors at once. If we are of the world in heart and practice, to belong to the Church is only an affectation—a hypocrisy. If the devil is our master, let us openly confess him. "If the Lord be God, serve Him, but if Baal, serve him." Let us not mingle the stench of the world with the incense that goes up from the altars of God. If we offer a vain oblation, the stench of a carnal devotion, let us lay it boldly on the altars of Baal.

On such principles, he changed his opinion concerning Agricultural Fairs, which at first he favored, on the ground of improvement of valuable farm products and stock which was right and good in itself, but condemned and stigmatized them as "schools of vice," when they became persistently perverted, the ampitheatre converted into a race course and outrivaling the agricultural hall and cattle pen. He evidently intended some sanction to the opinions of his friend and contemporary, Mr. Caples, of which he wrote:

> It will appear from what has been written, that he had strict views of the Christian life. This is true. It is not to be inferred that he was an ascetic. Very far from it. He concurred most heartily in Mr. Wesley's condemnation of "such diversions as cannot be used in the Name of the Lord Jesus." Especially did he condemn all that class of amusements, which tend to immorality. Among them he placed the dance, the theatre, the circus and card-playing. He was also opposed to the habit of playing chess, backgammon, and the like, as a useless frittering away of time. Such recreation as involved healthy exercise and did not lead to gambling he did not condemn, unless it was carried to an extent that involved too much time and was an actual dissipation. He saw the necessity of keeping the Christian life free from worldly tendencies. Whatever subordinated the Spirit to the flesh and made carnal things a capital object of pursuit, was to be condemned. He knew that if young people began to run eagerly after mere pleasures the spiritual life would wane. The heart filled up with such vain desires has little room for Christ. Sobriety is a prime element of the Christian character.

The offences dealt with by the young disciplinarian of Liberty Circuit were, however, overt acts of criminality, which, it is needless to say, he could not abide—neither, on the docket of the Liberty Circuit, the "incorrect statements" nor irregular membership. The forgery of a church-letter was a singular form of depravity, which could have had no other than a sinister and selfish motive, the profit of position or the gain of merchandise or other form of personal aggrandizement, according to the Lord's own characterization of entering otherwise than by the "door." This was a plain case. The accused requested "Bro. Marvin to more fully explain." All that is told of the explanation is in the "unanimous vote"—by it, what he thought and, with the rest, decided, to eject the accused. The whole record is before the reader for such judgment as he may form of the "sense" and "grace" in the administration and in the administrator. The Book of Discipline is little more than a horn-book of Methodist law. It requires no little sense to administer it —especially it was difficult at that day before Baker and McTyeire supplemented Hedding in their larger constitutional commentaries and codification of decisions, with manual of proceedings and laws of evidence. It is not surprising that there was one case of "illegality" and it is to the credit of the young practitioner that four out of five of his indictments "stuck." In the Methodist judiciary there is good protection for good members and good prosecution for the bad. In general, Methodist preachers are good ecclesiastical lawyers and if they mistake, Methodist Bishops, collectively as a court of errors for review and final decision, or separately on their districts, are good supreme judges.

There was, in the discipline on Liberty, certainly good sense in purging the church, and no doubt need of grace and nerve as well. With two Quarterly Conference's turned into courts for original trial or appeal, and, in the intervals, church trials going on on the Circuit, some nervous people might have supposed the Church was going to pieces. But the young preacher's view was the sensible one. Purification is not an element of weakness, but sign and prophecy of growth and power. Mr. Wesley struck off from the class-rolls the names of delinquents by the score with a single stroke of his pen; but his followers multiplied. Of a similar result this old record is in evidence. It shows, at the last Conference, two things: on the passage of character a clean official roll, and in the place of the slanderer and the forger, Garner for a useful itinerant ministry and B. R. Baxter for his service in Missouri and at this date pioneering Methodism in Oregon. It was wholesome discipline, fruitful of comfort and strength.

It is not, however, to be understood that he thought, to use his own language, "that the administration of discipline consisted only in expelling members;" nor that with his strict views of Christian ethics and jealousy of the honor and purity of the Church, the administration in his hands was rash or harsh. "In cases of infamous crime," he writes, "no doubt, the extreme penalty ought to be inflicted." He was scarcely less tolerant of deliberate wrong-doing under cover of hypocritical pretence of piety and pursued with malicious cunning. Detecting that, if he saw its head he could not restrain a direct and deadly blow. Besides, in general, it must be well understood, he considered "that incorrigible offenders are to be expelled in due time—that the Church is not to be trifled with.' That, however, is the "last resort." It must be preceded by "every effort in each case to bring the delinquent to repentance and confession." If successful, two objects would be secured, "the Church would be purified and a soul saved. The grand object of the Church is to save men, whether by getting sinners converted at first or saving them from apostasy afterwards. This last is not to be accomplished by a hasty, harsh expulsion on the one hand, nor by a loose, careless administration on the other."

The above extracts taken from his published writings and corresponding with his views widely expressed in his private intercourse and embodied uniformly, as we believe, in his administration, shows that it was both prudent and kind. It was with "grace." He feared God. He loved man. He reverenced the Church. He had natural courage and grace super-added, in fearing God he feared not the face of a man or the clamor of a multitude. He knew and respected the jurisdiction of justice and judgment, and, at the same time, his heart was pitiful, gentle as a child's; and ingenuous confession and genuine contrition were sacred and touching in his as in an angel's sight—both firm and mild, to hold and wield in a single and by the same hand the sceptre of love and the rod of authority.

Among other significant and interesting items in this curious old document is the pay of the preacher. The book-keeping appears in full and very exactly on the page of the record. The figures stand out boldly and account is taken of the fractions, the fragments of cents, that "nothing be lost" to the credit of the marvelous transaction of feeding and clothing the preacher for a year on thirty-three dollars and twenty-three cents and three-quarters of a cent. It must be conceded, however, that the preacher was in the case the miracle-worker—the miracle, how, out of loaves and fishes so few and so small, to get subsistence during a twelvemonth. The circuit was "the lad" in the crowd, and the quarterage the little basket on his arm. The Lilliputian pay is indicated in the vulgar name for the twelve and a half and six and a quarter cents coinage of that time—bits and picayunes. He was paid in as well as with them. This old and familiar acquaintance with small change and its coinage stuck to his speech through life, used, it will be remembered, often to speak of two and four and six-bits instead of the present decimal fractions of the dollar.

For the exact and full history of this remarkable ledger, the reader must look at the quarterly statement as well as final footing. He received the previous year, at Oregon Mission, thirty dollars, (do not mistake and call it three hundred, says our informant, Mr. Sandy Pratt, who had written the amount in figures,) and he could not have been in funds when he arrived on Liberty Circuit. If so, to get along from the time of the Annual Conference, which met the fourth of October, to the time of second Quarterly Conference, January the twenty-seventh, the stupendous stipend of the preacher was ninety-two and one-half cents. On that, what of an overcoat for winter or any coat, or arctic shoes or even brogans, or postage, at that day costing twelve and a half cents to the letter within the limits of the State and twenty-five cents to destinations beyond it, or books or the Church paper or anything, except what might come in price within the fractions of ninety-two and a half cents! The writer has mistaken the reckoning; there were refunded to him eighty-seven and a half cents spent for traveling expenses in coming to the circuit, making the sum total one dollar and eighty cents, which is an average for the time of about one cent and a half a day. The finances come up at the remaining quarterly meetings and raise the average per diem for the year to nine cents one mill and about forty-one thousandths of a mill. Still, Liberty has done better than Oregon, and that than Grundy Mission, where he received fifteen dollars—the whole amount for three years, seventy-eight dollars twenty-three cents and three-fourths of a cent. The figures appear in many forbidding attitudes, which the reader, if he has inclination, may pose—we note this, it is only in all three dollars and a fraction more than one-half of the cost of horse and accoutrements when he started to his first circuit. They were bought on credit and fifteen dollars a year on interest account to be paid.

Most Methodist Preachers who read this page have had a similar history on first circuits—not needing the Recording Steward's book to furnish the record of it, written not with pen and ink, but on the page of memory by sharp privations. The writer has heard many small amounts of annual receipts named, but none, within his recollection, so small as his on Grundy, and the challenge is a safe one, whether the total for the three first years has a parallel for meagre pay in the financial record of the Continent, among preachers living or dead. The married preachers in that day received more in amount, but relatively to the needs of a family not more. Some charges paid better than others; but then, slim support was the general fact. The present statistics show advancement, but what has been proverbial is not obsolete—the Methodist preacher and poor pay. It is thus apparent that poverty is a badge of their profession—self-enforced by the first Methodist preacher, and, even till now, most of his followers may sing the Wesleyan Psalmody:

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,
A poor, wayfaring man."

It is among the questions which will be raised by the general reader, how did he get along on that pittance? Concerning the early preachers who were mainly bachelors and pertinent to young preachers on hard circuits, Bishop McTyeire, in his usual practical view and terse speech, replies that if they got but little, "the preachers needed but little. This was well—providential at the beginning." Fortunately, there were no board bills. The large circuits, hundreds of miles on the round and week-day appointments, nearly as many, sometimes, as days in the month, there could be no settled home. The preacher was a wayfarer—only a transient sojourner at any house a few times in the year. The people vied with each other and were glad to have the preacher home to dinner and to stay all night. But clothing for four seasons—it is evident the cash was not equal to tailor's bills. As it appears in the Acts of the Apostles, there were homes like the house of John's mother, and saints among the women, who companied and were helpers—on occasion, with the needle. Old clothes lasted long. Rev. M. R. Jones, who has followed him in most of his ministerial work in the Missouri Conference, and is now the incumbent of his old and only Presiding Elder's District, relates this:

When I was stationed at Richmond, Missouri, in 1875, the Bishop was to preach at Carrolton on Sunday, and the next to dedicate a church at

> Norborne, in the same county. The Carrolton brethren expected to hold the Bishop through the week. I met him on Saturday at his appointment and asked him to give me part of the intervening week in Richmond. He hesitated. Said I, Bishop, there are some old sisters (naming them) who used to mend your clothes, and nurse you while sick, when you was a boy preacher, that want to see you, and hear you preach again. Need I say that Richmond station had three excellent sermons that week!

New clothes sometimes came out of the looms and the hearts of the women—in instances not so much from their pity as piety, responsive to the piety of the preacher. The first present of a suit was prompted, we have seen, by his preaching and altar-work at the Peery Camp-ground. An unctious prayer made another suit. Mr. Shores says this incident is well authenticated:

> I have heard the following from the lips of three or four of the old citizens of this town. The year before Marvin was sent to this work, while George Smith was preacher in charge, young Marvin came to Liberty. It was his first visit to this town. He entered the place of worship very shabbily dressed—overcoat very plain and of very coarse material, pants worn through at the knees. He took his seat where the preacher usually sat in a careless and indifferent way, and looked so little like a preacher that some of the members of the church became restless and uneasy, and discussed the propriety of inviting the stranger to a seat farther back in the congregation. Seeing, however, that Bro. Smith was not disturbed by his presence, they dropped the question. At the close of the sermon, he was called on by Bro. Smith to lead in prayer. He prayed with such unction and power that some of the congregatlon seemed to think that the roof of the house was about to be lifted off. (This may serve to explain the fact that his pants were worn through at the knees.) At the close of the service, the sisters gathered around him and all invited him to their homes. The sequel was, he left Liberty wearing a new suit of clothes.

The little cash received was made to go far. The memories of his itinerancy from Grundy to Liberty may have been at the bottom of the remark he made to Rev. Thomas M. Beekham, of the Virginia Conference, who was his roommate at the North Carolina Conference, in 1874: "Young preachers should early learn *the art of spending money*. Many squander the dimes and half dimes and then wonder that a small salary brings so few comforts."

It must be answered to the question, many could not get along and go through. In the earlier years marrying and locating went together, and it has continued largely and still goes on. After all the work of the stewards and piety and charity of the women and all the shifts of economy by the preacher, there are actual and severe hardships—apostolic "cold and hunger and nakedness." It is too much for the nerve or piety or patience of some—this "poor and having nothing." Even Bishop George meditated flight from his first circuit, where he found the sentiment, of which he says, "for in those days and among this people it was an honor to preach for nothing and find yourself." He staid because he had no money to carry him home: "My clothes were almost worn out and my money was expended; so that I could not go home with any credit." Marvin staid because he would not leave. From his remark to Mr. Berryman, at Lexington, he appears, it may be, under the strain, bent but not broken. From Oregon Mission he goes on to Liberty Circuit.

Another answer is in the man, and in the system to which he belonged. Daniel Asbury, his colleague, saved George. Learning that he was making arrangements for a school to get money to return home, he anathematized the whole proceeding as a device of Satan. The effect of the interposition was: "I saw the snare into which I had well nigh fallen, and abhorred the idea of relinquishing my post dishonorably. When a man is charged with a duty involving high and holy responsibilities he should 'stand fast,' though he even suffer and die in the discharge of it." Marvin had a serviceable friend in Dryden, on the adjoining circuit, and Berryman's kind hand on his shoulder, at Lexington, steadied him. He was fortunate in his Presiding Elder. Andrew, of Salt-Ketcher Circuit, had his Lovick Pierce; and Marvin, of Grundy, his Redman—a wise man and a man of heart, who was a constant and faithful patron, visiting him on his circuits and taking him with him to the St. Louis District.

There was stay to his steadiness in his personal and Methodist virtue. If the author or reader may be disposed to criticise the early Methodists, he stoutly contends that they were not " stingy," and in his generosity finds apology for them in want of ability under the conditions of a new country, where with homes to be built and farms to be opened " no man had a dollar for which there was not immediate and pressing use in his own affairs." When he had spent the last " bit " or thought of his scant and coarse wardrobe, he was humble enough to think of the other side of the case, the apprentice work as well as the slim wages, as he told his friend, Rev. H. S. Watts, " all the time wondering how the people could bear with his ignorance and inexperience." A similar sentiment came near keeping McKendree out of the itinerancy; it helped to keep Marvin in. He was a thorough Wesleyan. Methodism commanded and enthused him. He saw the high benevolence in which its itinerant system originated, to give the Gospel to the world and to the poor—to those who ask not as well as those who ask for it, and to those who can and cannot pay for it. In such a system service can have no stipulations or guarantees of contract, and in the general fact poverty is incident to it. He was completely adjusted to it, in spirit and practice. His own temper is shown in what he said of the grit and Methodist grace of an itinerant who, rather than forsake the field, went with his wife and children into a poor hovel: " He did not understand that he was called to preach on condition of the Church doing its duty by him." In view of the peculiar structure and aims of the system, in the extract given below he has expressed strong sentiments concerning the self-denial of the Itinerancy as a law of life to Methodism,—in which it was born and by which it must be nurtured. By some they may be regarded, in whole or part, as a gush of enthusiasm. The passage occurs in an address on the Revival history of Methodism. It breathes the Wesleyan spirit. It is copied from the example of Wesley—in sanctification to charity to the poor and to the ministries of Methodism, his self-enforced poverty a passion, a principle and a plan of life. At least, it shows the temper of Marvin—the fact and heroism of his itinerant spirit:

> The average itinerant preacher, if he is faithful to his vows, can never accumulate property. He is doomed to poverty. He is a pilgrim and a stranger in the world. He can have no home to enrich and beautify, so that he may say, "here is my rest." He must break up and go whenever, wherever he may be sent. He follows a Master who, though foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests for themselves, had not where to lay his head. Two of the deepest instincts of our nature must be violated—the love of money and the love of home. The faithful itinerant may get a comfortable subsistence or he may be reduced to the most humiliating straits—it is reasonably certain he will get nothing to hoard.
>
> I say it solemnly, I say it with deliberation, *this is best.*
>
> If it were otherwise, mercenary men would seek a place among us, and what a curse that would be! If it were otherwise, some of us would become mercenary, and that would be an immeasurable calamity. A worldly spirit is absolutely incompatible with the Christian ministry. Mr. Wesley, if he had amassed wealth, could never have done the work he did in the world. His spirit would have become dilute and feeble. His work required that he should concentrate himself upon it. No divided energies could be adequate to that task.
>
> The disposition to lay up treasure upon the earth is very strong, and justifies itself by many plausibilities. It is very skillful in giving itself harmless and even commendable names. Covetousness names itself frugality. Wicked hoarding names itself a proper care and thoughtful provision for children. Preachers are but men, and in circumstances favorable to accumulation and worldliness, many would become corrupt. Three removes, it has been said, are equal to a fire. If so, a good many of us preachers have been burnt out several times.
>
> You say this operates great hardship on the preachers and their families. *Be it so.* No great work has ever yet been done in the world without hardship. When the spirit of self-sacrifice shall be lost in the conferences our work will be done, and nothing will be left of Methodism but the name.

The strong doctrine in the above extract is to be taken, and may be digested when taken, in connection with the divine ordination, which is a law to the people, and, also, a contract with the preacher—" they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." The contract engages the Word, which is an immutable thing. The reputed author of "Post Oak Circuit" and an authority on Gospel-finance, after he had been all through the connection in his General Superintendency, "found confirmation," he says, "to an opinion long since formed, that if a man will take care of his Lord's interests, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, his Lord will take care of him." So the Lord of the servants said, "he that reapeth receiveth wages." The Itinerancy has survived for more than a century on that word and still lives on it. It does not leave the sheep, because it is not an hireling, and the chief and good Shepherd sees to it that the feeders of his flock are themselves fed. God undertakes the stewardship for his preachers. If the stewards of the Church are slow and the people negligent, at the opportune moment coming from unlooked-for sources, there is a raven with bread in his beak. The preachers have great facility and boldness in this faith; often on their lips, it is a miracle how I have gotten along, but the miracle, if necessary, is performed—there is manna every day, though it falls in the night. Trust in God is their unfailing "basket and store." During a long life, they begin each ecclesiastical year with what Bishop Marvin wrote in his Diary on the first day of the calendar year, 1869: "I praise God for a new year, and trust Him for the future."

The history of his year, in 1844-45, in the City of St. Louis, and his graduation in the course of study and in the orders of the ministry, belong to the next chapter. What is to be noted in this chapter is the fact that he was a representative and product of the plan of Ministerial Education peculiar to Methodism. It is based on the Wesleyan aphorism, "gaining knowledge is a good thing, saving souls is better;" and constructed on the theory of expediency, that it is sufficient for teaching by its rule of "study and preach what you learn," and the best for adaptation by the reciprocal sympathies of contact with the masses; and in the curriculum, the study of men the text-book of efficiency—in this concurrent training intended to make both the zealous evangelist and the sound theologian. It is claimed for its methods that they do make, exceptionally, the wise ruler, the acceptable pastor, and the effective preacher. The system is explained and defended in the following extract from the pen of the Methodist Bishop who presides over the Board of Trust of the Vanderbilt University, with both its Academy and its Theological Seminary:

> Wesleyan Methodism holds the true theory on ministerial education. It has never made the classics or graduation in a theological school the *sine qua non* for any grade of the ministry. I am confident even to boldness on this subject. I would be willing to go before a jury of unprejudiced and intelligent men, selected by the advocates of the opposite theory, and undertake to prove that it is impracticable, unreasonable, unphilosophical and unscriptural. The Gospel will never be preached, nor the world converted, if we wait fastidiously for such thorough preparation of all the instruments. Many men are truly called to preach who must be classed as uneducated, and circumstances prevent their rising out of that class. And yet their ministry has been owned of God. It has found a large proportion of the world well adapted to be operated on by its instrumentality. The seal of the Master is set too plainly on such a ministry for us to doubt its right. Methodism owes too much to it to allow it to be questioned. As a Church we have openly espoused it, used it, vindicated it.

Methodism is not opposed to the education of the ministry; on the contrary, it prizes and patronizes it. But it prefers an uneducated ministry to an unpreached Gospel. Its method is illustrated by contrast, and its Christian wisdom and denominational value have recognition from within the lines of other churches, where the educational test and the exclusively Seminary-supply of preachers obtain, as in the following extract from the columns of the *N. Y. Independent:*

> The truth is, that neither Congregationalists nor Presbyterians do what they ought and can in church extension. Both are working largely

in a false way. They appeal too exclusively to a "Presbyterian element" or "a Congregational element" in the population, instead of going everywhere, like their Baptist and Methodist brethren, preaching the Word. And the difficulty is not far to seek. They are always complaining that the laborers are few. The complaint is never heard among Methodists. They always have a man to put in every field, and they find men who are reasonably well adapted to the people with whom they are to deal. Congregationalists and Presbyterians, on the other hand, have rules as stiff as cast-iron. Every preacher must have been a studious recluse for ten years. The young preacher doesn't feel at home unless he can get into a box and read an essay to a class of people who have been used to such performances in Connecticut. If the settlers do not like that kind of ministration, he complains that there is no New England element in the place, and that none but Methodists can flourish there. Fancy Paul discouraged because he could not find a Tarsus element in Corinth! or Timothy allowing a church of believers to languish for lack of elders, raised, if necessary, on the spot—good Methodist local preachers, whom he could find and train and ordain in every place! Unless the policy for which the Cumberland Presbytery was exscinded, but which has given it a hundred thousand members, and made it the only Presbyterian body in the country which can reach the masses as a rival for Methodism—unless this policy of preaching the Word everywhere, to the lowest and poorest, by the best men attainable, if not the best men desirable, be adopted by Congregationalists and Presbyterians, they will deserve to be pushed to the wall by their more Christian neighbors. We were grieved to hear good men at the Council bewailing the lack of ministers, and saying that the half million called for would have to lie idle in the treasury unless more educated young men could be induced to enter the ministry. If our college-bred young men are insufficient, shall the gospel go unpreached? If these hold their peace, may not the very stones cry out? Who will forbid?

The Methodist method of training, likewise, superinduces a conventional mannerism. Going along with the spirit and plan of itinerancy that makes Methodism the Church of the people, it captivates the popular heart—so it appeared to a wise man of the world, and was remarked of it by Horace Greeley, who was the Philosopher of American journalism:

The growth and strength of Methodism in America are of interest outside of all sectional considerations, as one of the waves which mark the progress of the great current of universal civilization and human progress. There is something in the creed and history of this church, but still more in their manner of teaching, which appeals directly to the feelings of the lower and middle classes. The primary fact that they took their rise in a vigorous and righteous protest against the effeteness and inertia of an aristocratic establishment, appeals to the drop of democratic blood in every man who thinks that social fate has wronged him; the enforced poverty of their ministers, the system of itinerancy, their favorite mode of passionate address, in which the priest forces the sinner, as it were, into actual personal contact with his Maker, all make this sect the exponent and receptacle of the great mass of the people, and for this cause render it worthy the attention and scrutiny of the unbiased thinker.

The pulpit of Bishop Marvin, in its evangelical tone and impassioned manner and alike eminent in its endowments of intellectual and theological culture, was the product of the school of the itinerancy. Under a system which at the same time required no certificate from the Academy or Divinity-School to enter the Conference and enjoined by rule and by exacting admonition the most diligent study afterwards, he was self-educated, and, in a true sense, well-educated. It is known that he has served during twenty years as a standing advertisement of that school—the "college on horseback" Caples called it in his celebrated speech at the Missouri Conference held in 1860, at St. Charles, and which is reported in his Life by Bishop Marvin

This chapter has been prolonged to exhibit, in a combined view, the portrait of Marvin, the Methodist preacher. At last a father and leader, from first to last he was a true son of the Church—an exponent and defender of Methodist principles: personally, not an innovator, obedient and loyal, "not to mend the rules, but to keep them, not for wrath, but conscience sake," and because he approved, admired and gloried in them: officially, in the preacher's desk, his pulpit a rampart of the Methodist Creed; in the judicial chair, with jealous eye and strong hand, the fearless and faithful guardian of the order and integrity of Methodist Discipline; in the pastor's seat, the vigilant sentinel over the purity of the Church, which is the power and the badge of primitive Methodism, "sound in doctrine and holy in life."

In his address at the Centennial celebration of North Carolina Methodism, its peroration began with a look at the original painting of the death-bed of Wesley he had seen at Randolph Macon College. Before it, in a high sentiment of veneration, he had stood, and in his sensibility mingled with "the group of reverend men and weeping women" pictured about the bed of the founder of Methodism. His pen-portrait he had drawn in the address, as the Agent of the Great Revival which has made the earth glad and made many a high-day in heaven, and the father of a generation of faithful men, like-minded, who continue to this hour. The closing word faces a company of his followers after a hundred years, in pulpit and pews; some at the very moment of his utterance, as Blake, on the spot, beloved and saintly, standing apart from the toiling company, on the bank of the river, with visions of beckoning angels and just ready to take wing and join their flight—"ready to preach and ready to die"—and this the sublime sentiment of their calling and his own, in the succession of Wesley, Coke and Asbury. "Blessed be God that you and I have been admitted to this company at a time when in the midst of centennial rejoicings we enter into the abuudant labors of these glorified men. When we transmit the inheritance to our successors may they not find it all gone to barrenness and weeds under our thriftless hands. God forbid! May we so live that the tears of our survivors shall be made iridescent with the glory of our departure! May we leave the great revival in full vigor when we go to join the multitude of Methodists on Mount Zion, in the general assembly and church of the Firstborn!"

He was a true itinerant—"a son in the Gospel," never objecting, and with a glad mind and will accepting appointed "times and places of labor." When he made appointments he never sent a preacher to a harder circuit than he had traveled, nor assigned harder labors than he imposed on himself, leaving the President's chair of the Conference to travel circuits and go the round of districts, as in California; as Bishop, as when preacher in charge, the pastor of the people as well as of the preachers, going from house to house, as at Lexington, Virginia, the city of colleges, and among the miners' huts of Montana; and in the travel of the general superintendency, it was through the connection.

At last a line of travel girded the earth—all about the Master's business, to go and to preach: the itinerant preacher, sometimes sick, oftener weary, but though "faint yet pursuing," and always ready and always willing and loving to preach, and according to his measure and more, in fact, than any man in his generation, "preaching everywhere:" all, the actuation of the Lord's command and a Methodist Preacher's experience—saved from wrath himself and seeing it impending over the heads of his fellow men—standing on the Rock of Ages and from that height taking in the whole world and looking through the eyes of Jesus, who loved and died to save it. To show the way of salvation was his loved employ—

"Which might fill an angel's heart,
And filled the Saviour's hands;"

and the manner of it Christ-like, "to seek and to save."

His supreme earthly ambition was in the fields of seed-sowing and for sowing beside all waters, and his brightest hope the return "with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him"—so, he wrote as he did of his first convert on Grundy Mission and said to his old friend, D. K. Pitman, who bore to him the tender of the presidency of a college: "Tell the brethren that I would not give up my pastoral work for all the presidencies in the land." He would not have laid aside the plain coat of a Methodist Preacher for the silk robe and rich see of an unpreaching prelate, and would not and could not be other than an itinerant Bishop. He carried the life and labors of a Methodist Preacher into every high position and every high office he filled. He loved and cherished the very name, not in vain glory, but as it was an index of the missionary spirit of the Church and the charity of the Gospel, so defined and hallowed by the heroism of Methodist history—in Marvin the itinerancy was a rival to the loves of his household; as in Dr. Newton, a life-long British itinerant, it enraptured his hope and his heart in its last pulse: "Glory to God! I am an old Methodist Preacher."

CHAPTER IX.

GRADUATED IN THE MINISTRY.

Fourth Street Station, St. Louis—The assistant preacher—Trial sermon—Dawning reputation—His work—Incidents and anecdotes—Supplementary ministerial training—Study of men—Student of nature—His theory—Sayings—Experiences—Incidents—Books—Collateral studies—"We tell one another"—The Conference curriculum—Bible-student—Habit and manner of study—His examination—Ordained elder—Official honors—Incidents—His life a copy of the ritual—Ordination vows—The sworn officer—Bishop Marvin's portrait of a Methodist preacher.

THE Missouri Conference met in the City of St. Louis, September 25th, 1844, Bishop Morris presiding. Rev. Wesley Browning was appointed to the charge of Fourth Street Church. An assistant preacher was needed. This church, with the exception of the African charge, was the only Methodist church in the city up to the year 1842, when two additional societies were organized, the Centenary and the Mound churches—swarmed from the "Old Hive," as it was spoken of in that day. In the following year another charge was formed, St. Louis South, subsequently called Wesley Chapel, and now Chouteau Avenue Church. These colonizations reduced the membership greatly at the old church; but under the labors of Rev. Dr. Joseph Boyle, who had been transferred from the Pittsburg Conference and appointed to the charge in 1842 and serving it two years, it had prospered greatly. There had been large accession to the membership and the congregation, the fruits of his eminent pulpit ability and extraordinary skill and fidelity as a pastor, as well as of remarkable revival meetings during his term. The pastoral work, hence, became very laborious—such as it had been when, in 1839, it required Silas Comfort and W. M. Daily, and, in 1841, the latter and George C. Light. It was a common saying among the members, of the one year, they had "daily comfort" and of the next, "daily light." In 1844 their supply was Browning and Marvin, in the traditions of the church in that year distinguished as—the men of prayer.

At this session Marvin preached his first sermon at Conference. It was followed by his appointment to the Station as junior preacher. How both occurrences happened it is easy to conjecture. Once he undertook, from the character of the man, to make up the history of his early training after "the manner of the rationalists," as he said. By the same method we may know how he got to St. Louis, where the Conference was held and at which he preached. The people had the opportunity and wanted a voice in the selection of the assistant preacher—Browning they knew. That sermon, we may be sure, was a *trial* sermon. Only the report of a single remark has reached these pages. The tenor of the sermon seems to have been like that of the first sermon he ever preached, at Old Bethlehem; of which a hearer still living says, he dwelt much on the "lost soul:" in the St. Louis sermon, in allusion to its condition in a future state, saying—"All I know about it is that the Bible calls it *hell.*" The reporter of the remark remembers, also, that his manner was very earnest in voice and gesture. It is to be inferred that the jurors were satisfied with the sermon and took him for their young preacher; encouraged, perhaps, also by his dawning reputation as a preacher and the emphatic prophecy of a distinguished outcome for him, made by his Presiding Elder in open Conference. His immediate successor on Liberty Circuit says: "I found his praise in all the churches and thoughtful ones already predicted for him an unusual future;" and his latest successor reports that the few survivors from among the old membership unitedly testify, that "the people universally loved to hear him preach and regarded him as 'a very promising young man.'" In representing him, after the old style, on the passage of character, the very words of Redman are preserved, recollected by Mr. Holmes, who saw Marvin for the first time at this Conference. His attention was arrested by his person and posture—"an angular, loose built form, with long, tangled hair, standing up and eagerly listening to an animated address by J. M. Jameson. 'Who in the world is that?' was asked of Caples, and answered in his characteristic way: 'Enoch, the seventh from Adam.' Presently his name was called, and another report of him was given by his Presiding Elder: 'Bishop, he is a green-looking boy, but I tell you he can preach: and if he lives he will be a *star*.'"

His biographer, then in his seventeenth year and a member at Old Fourth Street, will be allowed to claim Marvin as having been his preacher; but only for a few weeks, having left home for several years absence at school. He has no important personal recollections of him at that date, and there are few incidents collected in his notes. The reference to his work made by himself in the obituary notice of "the old Methodist bonnet," on a foregoing page, shows that he was a helper in pastoral visiting—in that instance at the house of a "Mother in Israel," such as to young preachers is often a refuge as well as resort, to obtain as to impart comfort.

There is this testimony from a member of the church of that day, Rev. John Hogan: "I heard him preach often—always with attention and interest—I hope always with a blessing to myself. The first sermon I heard from him was on the text, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,' etc. The occasion was the death of a lovely Christian woman.

That sermon was indicative of his future greatness." He is best remembered in connection with the protracted meetings and in the altar-work—the earnest and pungent exhortation and especially his prayers. In prayer, it is known, how his colleague has "power with God and with man"—then, as when he closed the funeral service over the remains of his Bishop, who had been his helper, with that remarkable prayer, as it has been spoken of. They were companions in prayer then, in the habit and power of it—the younger keeping pace with the older footsteps in approach to the Holy Presence. It is traditional that it was remarked, his very face did shine, and members used to come near to the altar and look up in prayer to see the halo upon his countenance. So Mrs. Elizabeth Avis, one of the few survivors of the old members of that year, relates it, giving instances.

This Conference year is important in this history, as the last of his four years' course of training for graduation in the Ministry. The three preceding years, on Circuit work, served special uses, such as have been heretofore indicated. The itinerant spirit was nurtured. It purified and tempered the metal that was in him. The ready and effective preacher was blocked out. In all these respects, besides the testimonies to the nature and value of such training already adduced, there is a remarkable one from the Life of the celebrated Dr. Archibald Alexander, who was a Marvin in the Presbyterian Church. The following extract from his journal reads like an entry in a Methodist preacher's diary:

> The winter was hard, and the farm houses in which I preached during the week were very uncomfortable places for speaking. The attention of the common people was awake for a considerable distance around, but they were generally very ignorant of the doctrines of religion, and my preaching was more of the didactic than the hortatory kind. I had no books with me but my small pocket Bible, and found very little in the houses where I stopped. I was therefore thrown back entirely on my own thoughts. I studied every sermon on horseback and in bed before I went to sleep, and some of the best sermons that I ever prepared were digested in this way and at this time.

Rev. Dr. Hall, in his sermon on the occasion of the death of Dr. Alexander, in comment on his career, remarks that "one of the chief external means by which he attained to his pre-eminent excellencies as a preacher was his spending several years after licensure and ordination, and during his preparation for the ministry, in itinerant missionary service, preaching in the humblest and most destitute places, often in the open air, and adapting his language and manner to minds that needed the plainest kind of instructions." This is the Methodist system of training. It will be a sorry day for Methodism if it shall ever become obsolete or materially modified. It is a striking testimony to its value that Dr. Hall would have it incorporated into the Presbyterian system, and says that it would be a good day for their ministry and Church when the performance of a term of such itinerant service shall be exacted as part of the trial of every probationer before ordination. It made the Alexander of the Presbyterians. The village preaching made the best British pulpit. Bishop Marvin was instructed in that school, also, in practical adaptation—that education of the Circuit needing, however, to be supplemented by the intercourse and experiences of his year of city life. Both familiarized him, in knowledge and sympathy, with all walks and all conditions of society. Among the books for a preacher to study, Bishop Marvin specifies—"men." He became, thus, a man of common sense and a man of the people.

Before taking him from his first country work, it may be, properly, noted that he was a student of nature. Born and reared in the country, it was his first text-book. In his traveled life, than his, perhaps, no human eye has rested on a broader or richer landscape of nature. In the divisions and descriptions of physical geography there are none upon which his feet have not stood or eye looked—all continents, the great oceans and principal gulfs and seas, the vegetation of all climates, the minerals of all mountains, the scenery of the earth or the face of the sky in almost all latitudes and in all longitudes. None have been more ardent lovers of nature and few closer observers, with constant eye and telescopic range and microscopic gaze. Here is his diary for a twelvemonth, almost every page of which bears the stain and outline of the flowers of the Pacific Coast and its mountain ranges. Every letter the writer received from him in his Western tours contained enclosure of the herbage of the plains and surrounding mountains of the Mississippi basin. He suspended the notes of Episcopal labors to note the flow of a river in Texas, or photograph the face of the ocean on the Pacific, or bound the plain of Deseret, or paint the heavens in a storm on the Mexican Gulf. He excused himself from a room-full of company for his Louisiana friends, to give to them, in the columns of their Church paper, the grand landscape picture it is of Shasta. Of soils and their productions, corn-fields and rice-fields; the wheat of California and the strange wheat-berry of Montana and the rank growth at Genneseret, in Palestine; the grasses of the Western plains and of the Texan-range; the coffee-bush of Ceylon and the tea-plant of China—wherever he went he never tired of noticing or writing about the fields of nature and the farms of the people.

How this study of nature entered into the make-up of the man and the measure of his powers, has explanation in what was with him a favorite theory, strongly and frequently asserted. He has put a succinct statement of it in these words: "Man seems to have been made for nature, or rather, nature for man. The subjective and the objective answer to each other. Not more exact is the correspondence between the seal and its own impress." His meaning was expressed and enlarged when retiring from the survey of a grand landscape, he said: "I took it with me. It has gone into consciousness to live there forever." With him it was not a transient view and not an evanescent impression. In his vocabulary—as an observer, the understanding is "bringing the facts of inanimate nature into consciousness," and extensive observation is a deposit there of "a large accumulation of the objective;" they have there "a sort of second existence;" the impressions are transmutations of the material "becoming part and parcel of yourself;" it is, therefore, in consciousness not a dead, but living thing, "vitalized in thought and taking fire with intelligence and fused into sensibility." Such expressions explain his theory and indicate how the study of nature, to an uncommon extent, shaped him in his mental and spiritual constitution, and furnished him for his work. How it cultured the emotions and not so much elevated as created the imagination, are intimated in his own words: "All beautiful things in the mind are vital with esthetic feeling;" the dead things, coming to life there, not only "form the texture of thought, *they become thought:*" as though a mountain should be transmuted into sublime imagination and the odor of a flower into a fragrant sensibility and all beautiful and grand things in external nature, not only the pattern but transformed into personal conceptions of order and beauty and sublimity.

What is, hence, common to all experience was heightened in his. Uncommonly, the Book of Nature, to his study, was a word of divine revelation; and, as an interpreter of God, its study brought the infinite Presence into every chamber of consciousness and filled his conceptions with the glory and power of the Almighty. It was a customary experience—what he wrote of a sojourn, in 1870, among the mountains of Virginia, "I had much communion with God through His works." On the coast of the other great ocean the description of a huge pile of mural grandeurs and its crowning summit begins and ends: "O, the mountains! the mountains! I had a full view, though a distant one, of the monarch of them all—Shasta. * * *

This imposing scene has helped me, I trust, to a more adequate *feeling*, if not to a juster conception of the grandeur of the Lord's House." In his walks through the laboratory of nature and his observation of all its forms and processes in animal, vegetable, and mineral life, he found and fashioned instruments of pastoral instruction and pulpit power: to embellish a discourse and to illustrate the Gospel; as in the whole of that in his volume of Sermons, entitled "The Corn of Wheat;" and as when he preached on the parable of the Sower, concerning the seed which "brought forth no fruit to perfection," the simile from the "nubbin" of corn, which is not cribbed, sent men home panic-stricken with conviction that the seed had been sown "among thorns."

The year in St. Louis was favorable to the study of books, and preparation for examination in the course of study at the end of the year. According to the recollection of the writer, his home was in the family of Rev. Dr. Boyle, who had a large and varied library, literary and theological, to which, doubtless, he had access. From his thirst for knowledge, shown from his childhood, it is easily conjectured, he improved this opportunity diligently and with advantage. He was, more than is, perhaps, commonly supposed, book-learned. During the course of the first half of his ministerial life he had collected a respectable library, not remarkably large but select, containing the classics of English literature and standard works in various departments of learning. This library was destroyed by fire occurring in the Pastor's office at Centenary Church, when he was stationed there. His library, therefore, was not extensive at the time of his death. The few books are, in like manner, a choice selection—books which contain radical knowledge and are seed-plats of thought.

His acquirements in learning were varied, and, though not in all, yet in some, were thorough and profound. He had knowledge of Latin, and of Greek sufficient for critical study of the New Testament in its original language. It was picked up, but where and when the writer does not know, except that it was before he came to St. Louis in 1855—probably, during his first ministry there, in 1844, in the family of Dr. Boyle and by his aid or that of Pollock, then in the city—both classical scholars. Among books in his library formerly, was, it is recollected, text books of the sciences and of the religion of the sciences, such as Dick's works, and, perhaps, Chalmer's Astronomical Discourses, which were, in his time, much circulated. His sermons and other writings show familiarity with heathen mythology, with history, ancient and modern; with the history and principles of art, in music, architecture, painting, and sculpture—in the sciences and arts and general knowledge, his learning, not adequate for the Professor's chair, but sufficient for the uses of the pulpit and for the intercourse of refined society as a cultured gentleman.

Among such studies and more directly collateral to ministerial education was Metaphysics. In this he excelled and was, no doubt, capable of distinguished authorship. The first chapters of his "Work of Christ" are in proof. His literary addresses invariably took that tenor of discourse; and the address, in 1870, at Washington, now Washington-Lee College, it is reported reliably, as it appeared in print, commanded the high commendation of Gen. Lee and the faculty, and was pronounced above anything heard in the later history of that literary centre. The reader may find the body of the address in his volume of Sermons, under the title, "What is Man?" Another sermon in the volume, entitled "The fountain of the Water of Life," is of similar cast. In general, his writings and preaching showed, oftentimes, the skill of the metaphysician in the portrayal of character by severe analysis of motive and clear discriminations in Christian casuistry.

After he became Bishop, such was the engrossment of his time with the demands of his office and in the fields of extraordinary Episcopal visitation and labors, that he was not often seen with a book in his hand—then, his principal literary occupation being book-writing rather than book-reading. But in all the years previously he was a student of books. Some testimonies to his studious habits in earlier years have been mentioned. They were known to all who were in intimate relations to him. Mrs. M., in the first year of married life, found a book the rival to a bride. "I recollect," she says, "his habit of constant study and meditation from the earliest date of our married life, both at home and, when I traveled with him, at the cabins of the people and even on the road in the buggy. He was often so absorbed in reading or thought, that during a whole day of travel he would scarcely speak and in driving would run the buggy against the stumps. On a playful remark once, that there was not a stump in the road he would not strike, he replied, 'my thoughts are on *higher* things than stumps.'" The pleasant spirit and the pun were, no doubt, sufficient propitiation to a wife and woman naturally patient. "He read books through and carefully," she adds, "redeeming time and using leisure hours for reading. He was pleased with his station-work in St. Louis, mentioning particularly the advantage for study, and the incentive to it, as he had to preach constantly to the same congregation. During one summer, while he was pastor at Centenary, he had vacation in the month of August, except filling the pulpit on Sundays. The week-days he spent with the family, in Warren County. He needed rest, being delicate; but, after a day's rest, he would betake himself to his books, which were solid reading, instead of visiting the neighbors or allowing himself other recreation." At that date, the callers at the Pastor's study at Centenary will remember how commonly the hand laid down a book on the table, which was, nevertheless, extended to them in cordial welcome.

Rev. Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh, now of Texas, who was a resident in St. Louis at that time and a near friend then and during and after the war in intimate relations to him, makes the following interesting mention of his student-life:

> I made a visit to Missouri and Kentucky in the summer of 1865, and on my return to Marshall I boarded for three months or more in the family of Bishop Marvin, and thereby became more intimately acquainted with the habits and home-life of this remarkable man. The first thing that struck me, as a leading feature in his character, was his indefatigable devotion to study. He ever had some important subject under investigation, and read his books as if under a state of mental excitement. His countenance and manner indicated intense interest in what he was reading. So far from assuming an easy posture, he sat perfectly erect, book elevated and directly before his eye—for he had but one—and seemed never to evince indifference or fatigue. He was for the time wholly absorbed in the subject before him. This intense style of study occupied all the time he could command and direct into this channel. When I perceived this, it was no longer a wonder to me that he was so universally read and familiar with the history and sciences that often found utterance in his preaching and conversation. He was never satisfied with merely skimming the surface of any subject that engaged his attention. He sought to fathom every doctrine and principle to its ultimate source, and thereby comprehend its force and philosophy. His reading was not confined to theology by any means. His range of thought and investigation took a very wide range, so much so that he seemed at home on any subject that was worthy of his notice.

It thus appears that, after the completion of the four years' course of study, he continued to be a student during all his pastorate—a diligent reader for a period of twenty-five years; and not wholly suspending the habit after the cares and labors of the Episcopacy were upon him. In these later years he kept an eye on the issues of the press and kept up with the current literature on all leading questions of the day. Especially, it is known and appears in his own writings, that he was well versed in the doctrines of all modern *isms* and in the philosophy of modern scientists, which had its birth or boldness during the latter years of his life.

He read books profitably, not only because with interested attention, but aided by the bent and quality of his own mind. He was a natural critic and a born-logician. What he read was not blindly accepted on trust, not even with the endorsement of a great name. In the same habitude of mind he listened to sermons, and subjected doctrine and sentiment to critical scrutiny and complete analytic dissection. It made what he read or heard a mine and not the load of ore—the metal was the more thoroughly assayed, but the lead also was followed and enabled him, as himself a creator of thought. How he thus thoroughly mastered by attesting the views of others is indicated by his remark to Bishop Pierce, which Mrs. M. recollects, "I have honestly supposed some thoughts were original to me, which afterwards I found in books I had read"—the source escaping memory, but the thought incorporated in his own imperishably. In the other view, the product of other minds was seed for a harvest of his own; in book-reading, in the same act, a student and author of ideas, as he, also, made sermons whilst listening to them. That habit is a well-known characteristic. A class-mate specially notes it as his own observation and on the declaration of Marvin himself: "He would listen attentively to the sermons of others who preached in fear of him; but instead of disparaging their performance, he was gathering items for a new sermon of his own. He said to me once, that when he heard Caples preach he frequently got the outlines for two sermons."

The incident just named introduces mention of another habit in theological study, which Mrs. M., also, notes, that "he was accustomed to talk with intelligent persons about books, sermons, and the Bible"—talking theology and over sermons, it is meant and will be best understood by Methodist preachers. It characterized their unselfish spirit and liberal fraternity in the olden times, and is not wholly obsolete at this day—this universal and equal co-partnership in plans of sermons and stock of theology. It contributed, formerly, no little to the pulpit training and theological education of young preachers. The late venerable Andrew Monroe used to relate that a Presbyterian clergyman once asked of him explanation, expressing surprise that without the training of the Seminary and under the disadvantages of their itinerant life Methodist preachers, as a class, were such good theologians as well as effective preachers: the reply was, "We tell one another."

This exchange of commodity in separate lines of study of books and texts and division of profits was habitual between Bishop Marvin and his near friends—not uncommon with him generally in intercourse with those of like mind. His record in this respect began on his first circuit with Dryden, the neighboring preacher. At the session he held of the Southwest Missouri Conference on his last plan of Episcopal visitation, he met his old friend and made a public reference to the help of his sermons in the former days, thus narrated by a hearer: "While holding the Conference last fall in Independence, he took occasion one day to remark from the chair, that just eighteen years before he had attended a Conference at that place, and then he had been preaching just eighteen years. 'Brother Wallace,' he said, 'is the only man belonging to it now, that was a member of it then. I ask your pardon, Brother Dryden, you were also a member and I recollect trying to preach two of your sermons. The texts remain in my memory. One was, 'There remaineth, therefore, a rest,' etc., and another, 'Worship God.'" "Yes," said Dryden, "and there was a third, 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss,' etc." "True," was the reply, "but, Brother Dryden, I did not try it long; I soon laid them aside and have been doing business on my own capital ever since."

That was, no doubt, his first and last use of other preacher's *plans* of sermons, written or printed; but not the last of talking over them and telling his own. It is interesting to note that, while there might have been in Missouri some saying, "I am of Caples" and "I am of Marvin," and some look-out for envious rivalry between them, they were themselves telling each other all each knew and interchanging their best thoughts and points of best sermons. There is another notable instance of this "comparing of notes"—with one whom he first met in war-times, then the President *pro tem.* of an Annual Conference, and of whom he thought and wrote at the time in his Diary, "he would make a good Bishop." It began before either was and continued after both were Bishops. With others, in his later years, the exchange was unequal, imparting more than he acquired, but gaining something; as Adam Clarke was accustomed to enter into conversation with every fellow-traveler, however obscure and ignorant, giving as reason for it, that he could talk with none who, in his sphere, had not learned something of which *he* was ignorant. In that first year in St. Louis, his ministerial associations were helpful, and ever afterwards cherished—Browning, whom he venerated; Boyle, whom he admired and loved. One classmate, John A. Tutt, was stationed at Wesley Chapel; another at Mound Church, Pollock, gifted and sweet-spirited—the first to discover Marvin, "as having sense like old-folks," and between them the bond of kindred spirits and mutual sympathy and help, in common cares and in the brotherhood of Methodist Preachers.

The course of study prescribed for graduation in the ministry is rudimentary, intended for the beginning and not the end of study, and to be accompanied by the collateral studies which have been specified in this review of the life-long and industrious student-life of Marvin. The course was more limited in that day than now; but, in general, not now than then, more thoroughly mastered. In writing of a contemporary, Bishop Marvin said, Watson's Institutes were "soaked into him." Besides the usual considerations in the premises, there was then an accidental reason for the diligent study of the standards of doctrine. In the history of the Methodist pulpit in Missouri, that was the era of polemics. Calvinism, especially in the full flower of rank Antinomianism, as represented in the Baptist pulpit of that day, had to be encountered. The large flow of emigration into the State, particularly from Kentucky, brought in the doctrines of Campbell and his disciples—then, in the full zeal of professional disputants and holding and disseminating the most heretical tenets of their doctrine: obey for believe, some Universalism, and especially denial of the Divinity of Christ and the Personality of the Holy Ghost. The Methodist pulpit of the time resounded with its ancient themes—the Godhead of the Redeemer, justification by faith, regeneration by the Holy Ghost and the Witness of the Spirit and a free and full salvation. The doctrine was proved out of the Scriptures; and the pulpit helped to proof-text and method by the Institutes of Watson and the Sermons of Wesley, by Fletcher's Checks and Clarke's Commentary.

The course of study, in its extent and character, made the sound theologian Marvin was. In only one thing, his views on natural death and in this not as of essential doctrine, did he differ with its entire teaching. It taught and fortified him in the Arminian theology. That he adopted intelligently, fully, heartily. He defended it stoutly. He preached it purely and powerfully. Of the value of the theological curriculum of the Conference and the authority of its principal text books, he had pronounced sentiments. Dogma, in general, he regarded as the very intrenchment of essential and saving truth. In his writings and in his administration, he insisted as well on the one part as the other of the Methodist Shibboleth, "sound in doctrine and holy in life." The very last of his Episcopal decisions, made in 1877, at the Southwest Missouri Conference, was in honor of the old standards of Methodist theology, formulated in the twenty-five articles, preached in Wesley's sermons, instituted by Watson, and vindicated by Fletcher. These writers, for more than an hundred years, had stood sentinel and guard over the doctrinal integrity of Methodism. He would perpetuate their Commission. Under their watch and ward, it was among his sentiments that the citadel is secure. At the public reception of the Bishops at their meeting in St. Louis, in 1870, Bishop Paine, in remarks reviewing the past, noted that there had never been in this country a doctrinal division of Methodism. For the time to come indefinitely, Bishop Marvin has said, "I do not fear a doctrinal cataclysm."

It is to be assumed, but the mention is not to be omitted, that the Bible was in his course of study—not only books about it but the Book itself, for personal searching and its uses. This was a first study in point of time and in his estimate of importance. When his habits were fixed, it is known that he went first to the Bible and after, if at all, to Commentaries. His draughts were from the spring-head at the well, rather than from the bucket in the house; at the pains of original investigation and rewarded with a fresher if not purer supply. At the primary source of truth he received deeper and more devout impressions and imparted, as he received them, with the energy of a first-handed blow. From his youth he had studied the Holy Scriptures and they were "known"—as to history and doctrine, the philosophy and the exegesis of them, entirely and thoroughly. The study was devout and, in a marked manner, reverent. The words of this Book were the "Word of God"—to him the ultimate standard. In one of the introductory chapters of "The Work of Christ" he wrote, "If a man's reason conducts him to the clearest conviction of the inspired character of the Bible, it must be the standard of divine truth for him ever after. This is my case." His natural tendency of mind was to speculative thought and, as he said, "there is a whole universe of speculative thought connected with religion." He had, however, a salutary fear of being "overbold;" and lest he should be lost in the wilderness of metaphysics, he took along with him, as constant monitor and guide, the "*sure* Word." In that, called by him, "the basis of my faith," he sought footing for theory, and "essential dogma" was his way-mark in the wilderness. "I mean," he said, "that speculation cannot stand as against the plain declaration of Scripture. One thing has been settled by me—settled for myself finally—that the Bible is the Word of God. From it there is no appeal. All speculation is at an end when *it* has spoken."

In his first year the good examination he passed, as stated by Mr. Patterson, secured votes for his continuance on trial. It called the attention of class-mates to him; and one, the reporter of the first examination, remembers that in all the rest he excelled. He passed from the list of undergraduates and was advanced to the higher ministry in Elder's orders. His parchments bore signature and seal, as Deacon of James O. Andrew, and as Elder of Joshua Soule. The ordination of Elders, it is known, is the great solemnity of a Conference session—by him its sanctity was clearly apprehended and profoundly realized. Remarkably, it was an abiding sentiment and a prevailing motive—the vows of God and of the ministry are upon me. He scrutinized closely the terms of those vows, which were familiar to his lips and thoughts before the ritual was familiarized by his ordination of others.

He held in respect and in esteem the high dignity of his calling, never ashamed of the Gospel or of being its minister—not, however, with superciliousness ever, or obtrusive advertisement of the "cloth." It is related that a company of fellow-travelers became curious to know his calling in life and were overheard by him interchanging conjectures.

He did not embrace the opportunity to announce himself. They suspected it, with their close watch upon him, by the token of the bowed head and the grateful pause and silent word of grace at the public table; and knew it, only when he stood up in the cabin of the steamboat to preach—that, not a procured but solicited service.

For the dignity of office, whether in Church or State, he had a marked sentiment of respect, and in public worship customarily prayed for "all that are in authority." Office, in his view, was a seat of honor and official position, *prima facie*, a sign of merit; but the high place was no refuge from his contempt and denunciation of the unworthy office-holder, whether the town-constable or the president of a Republic. Much as he loved Methodist Preachers he did not spare them in the application of this rule; and spared them the less, as he held the office they filled to be above all earthly dignities, and that, as a body of ministers, they honored it with signal zeal and fidelity. Symptoms in them of departure from the simplicity of a Gospel minister or the spirit of a Methodist Preacher grieved him, and sometimes tried his patience beyond endurance—then woe to the offenders in the scourge of his tongue, in those cases where the rebuke of his manner or remonstrance of counsel would be lost on them. At one of his Conferences, in the social circle a young preacher was offensively forward, fussy, and consequential. He monopolized the attention of the Bishop in particular, plying him with inquiry and adding comment concerning "the big preachers" of the Church, indicating that his view contemplated the pulpit as the showman of the preacher and not of the Cross. At length his inquiry reached to Munsey, and the young man expressed "great desire to hear him in one of his happy moods." The Bishop intended for him an opinion of the light weight of his real consequence, when he replied, "Well, sir, he could take *you* by the heels and throw you over a thousand stars at once."

Our informant adds, "he turned to me and said, I have no confidence in that young man. I do not believe he has any care for the salvation of souls about him."

In his true appreciation of the dignity of the Christian ministry and its orders and offices, he never paraded or stood on his dignity. Rather, it is to be said, that it was the merit of his character, which honored the exalted offices and high positions he filled, that there was no place in it for entrance to a sense of self-importance and the consequence of official honors. The Diary of this Bishop reads like the humble monologue of the same man on his first Circuit. The informant last quoted reports a tea-table talk, the conversation turning upon the subject of some men becoming puffed up by elevation to place and power—what has been so apparent to the public Marvin said in private communication: "If there is such a thing as the Episcopal *feeling*, I have never felt it." When the Bishop from the Empire State of the South held a conference at the old Mound church in St. Louis, in a sermon at night he preached himself happy as well as the congregation. He came down out of the pulpit and joined in the general shout and hand-shaking. A layman, who was evidently gratified by the Episcopal hand-shake, was heard by the writer of this to begin an intended remark with the words, "Bishop, you are the head of the Church;" but abruptly cut short —"No, no, Jesus Christ is the Head of the Church and all we are brethren." So, when the son of the Empire State of the West came back to it a Bishop, lips so used to another name, often, all over the country, failed on the Episcopal title—to apology, so heartily was the prompt reply, "that's right, call me *Brother* Marvin."

The great importance of the weighty office to which he was called, as an Elder in the Church of God, was, in his consciousness and on his conscience, definitely and profoundly. The manner of his life and the course of his ministry were a stereotype of the terms of the ritual. How he gave himself wholly to his office—"this one thing," the object of all his cares and the subject of all his studies; a man of constant and prevailing prayer and preaching with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; a daily reader and weigher of the Scriptures and waxing riper and stronger in his ministry with every year and to the end of his days. Every part, the things of comparatively minor as well as of superior importance in the vows, were regarded by him as alike bound on his conscience.

The vows were considered as most solemn obligations, and to violate them would be to destroy the integrity of his own character. His view is given in a case of disregard by a preacher of even advisory deliverances of the General Conference and the Pastoral Address of Bishops issued by its direction on the subject of worldly amusements and fashionable vices. As related to his vow of reverent obedience to those having care and government, in writing of that dereliction by the preacher, he said strongly: "The measure of guilt involved in a violation of ordination vows I shall not undertake to determine. For one, I should hesitate long before I could take the sacraments of religion at the hands of those who have done it." He did determine the guilt in another reference—concerning the vow which secures to the Methodist pulpit a scriptural creed and to Methodism its doctrinal unity. The venerable Andrew Monroe has publicly testified, that in a ministry of fifty years he had not come in contact with a doctrinal difficulty in the Conference, and in explanation, among other things, specifies the restraint of ordination vows, which, he says, are "as sacred as an oath at the altar of God." Bishop Marvin wrote: "As I have said I do not fear a doctrinal cataclysm in the Methodist Church. Far from it. Indeed, no preacher can teach heresy in the Church and remain an honest man." In his own view he was a sworn officer.

In this and from the first Chapter it has gone along with the narrative, how his ancestral origin, his providential history, his human and divine training, the call and anointing of God and the discipline of the Church made him what he was—the able minister of the New Testament and true Methodist Preacher.

The great body of Methodist Preachers in America have been what is popularly phrased "uneducated men;" that is, they entered the ministry with nothing more than a common school education—many of them with much less than that. Many of them have become, in the course of a few years, men of large information and ripe scholars in Biblical learning, so far as this is attainable in "their own language wherein they were born."

In point of fact, they have influenced American society, in religious matters, more effectually than any other class of preachers. The census of Methodism is the astonishment of the world. But the literal census gives only a very partial statement of the result of these men's work. The fruits of Methodist revivals abound in other churches. I have known flourishing churches of other denominations which were replenished from scarcely any other source. It is proverbial what numbers go from the "mourner's bench" (this is purely Methodist terminology) into other communions. Other churches have fallen largely into the methods of labor and the character of preaching which have been so potential amongst us. Besides all this, these "uneducated" men have revolutionized the popular theology of this continent.

On the human side the causes of this astonishing success are apparent. These preachers were men of the people. They were fresh from the various callings of life and were in the fullest sympathy with the masses. Their doctrine, in some aspects, was new and striking, and on the mere statement of it commended itself to the common sense of men. Their sermons were not burdened with unintelligible theological terms. Every word was in the mother tongue, every sentence was fully comprehended, even by the less intelligent classes. They were very ardent—their words took fire in their own hearts and went out blazing among the people. They were bold men, never hesitating to denounce the most popular vices. They rebuked sin with no feeble generalization, but a pointed and barbed shaft was driven into the profane swearer, the Sabbath-breaker, the drunkard, the man who did not pay his debts, the gambler. Theaters, balls, circuses, grog-shops, were pointed out as so many gates of hell. Sinai was altogether on flame before their congregations. Ah! these men knew where the conscience lay, and with what probe to touch the quick of it.

Then when a man fell thunder-smitten, among the crags of Sinai, with what skill they lifted him and laid him at the foot of the Cross, under the stream that dropped warm and healing from the very heart of the Victim who "tasted death for every man." Themselves knew his *power to save.* "*A* FREE *salvation—a* FULL *salvation—a* PRESENT *salvation*—conditioned upon faith—this was their theme." *Sin* they pictured "in all its blackest hue," and salvation in all its richest fullness, its present plentitude and power.

"Gaining knowledge is a good thing, but saving souls is better." This came from Mr. Wesley, and who can tell the power his words had over the early Methodist Preachers? Their prime business was to save souls, and they were all their time engaged in it, redeeming at the same time every possible moment for study. At the cabin fire-side in the winter evenings, under the shade of a tree in the spare hours of a summer day, in the saddle, they would be reading some important book. Preaching almost every day, what they had learned they put into service at once. Thus, not unfrequently, they became men of extensive knowledge—real Doctors of Theology. This knowledge came from them to the people in popular language, in the form of impassioned extemporaneous sermons.

Then, on the spiritual side, they were men of deep experience in the things of God, men of much prayer and great faith. Their word was in power. They ever heard the sound of their Master's foot-steps behind them, and His voice saying to them, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." And He *was* with them. They *felt* it, they knew it. They had wrestled with the Angel, and had power with God and with men. Each one was an Israel—a Prince of God. They were much with God in secret, and He rewarded and honored them openly.*

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*Life of Caples, pp. 52—55.

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CHAPTER X.

AT HOME.

The Conference session of 1845 at Columbia—A prominent session—Signal in Marvin's history—His majority in years and in the Conference—A Southern Methodist—A married man—The Preacher's wife—Harriet Brotherton Clark—Courtship—The vow of itinerancy—Marriage—Her history—The preacher's house—The Marvin-home—An itinerant home-farm and its sale—Debt—"Wife is financier"—Her household administration—The children—The love for his family—Diary records—Exile during the war—Recollections—Asylum in Arkansas—The Doty-home—The McGehee "Retreat"—Letter—Away from home explained—The family government—His views—Principles—Ministers' children—Training at a Methodist parsonage—Letters to his children—The Home-Altar—The House of God—Household of Faith—"Paradise of Home."

THE session of the Conference for the year 1845, held at Columbia, commencing October 1st, Bishop Soule presiding, is very prominent in the history of Missouri Methodism. At that session, under the Plan of Separation for the jurisdictional division of the old church, the Conference adhered to the M. E. Church, South. Then, also, it divided its territory into two Annual Conferences, the separating line being the Missouri River; the part South of the river called the St. Louis, and that on the North retaining the old name. The session was signal in the history of Marvin—he became a Southern Methodist Preacher, had attained to his majority in the Conference and in years, and was married, at Conference with a bride of a week. To the last named event this chapter is devoted—Marvin at Home.

Dr. Lovick Pierce says of Bishop Andrew: "He was married at an earlier time of life then it had been usual for preachers to marry; and he was one of two or three who broke the spell of location as a necessity upon marriage, which was, in my opinion, an epoch in the onward movement of Methodist itinerancy."

Bishop Andrew, singularly a man of Providence, became the occasion, both times by marriage, of introducing into American Methodism, two great changes of economy, neither of them bad—the Southern Methodist Church and the Preacher's wife. Dr. Lovick Pierce, in a memorial sermon, justified both on the ground of manifest expediency and inexorable necessity—each, what he says of the last-named, "an epoch in the onward movement of Methodist Itinerancy;" and of the latter institution adding:

> I trust that it will not be looked upon as irrelevant to the object of this memorial to say, in behalf of the first Mrs. Andrew, and of many others of the wives of Methodist preachers, that the Church and the world owe to their memory a debt of honor that never has been, and never will be, paid off. Talk as you will about moral heroism, its finest specimens will be found among the wives of our noble pioneer itinerant preachers of the Old South Carolina Conference. I think myself safe in saying, that even your revered Bishop would have been compelled to give up itinerancy in these, the mighty years of his manhood, if it had not been that Mrs. A. preferred to supplement the meager income of her husband by the earnings of her needle at midnight's weary watch, rather than see him leave his Master's work to earn in some other vocation a living for her and their little ones. Well might Solomon say, in eulogy of great womanhood: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." In the galaxy of noble women stood Mrs. Andrew; and by her self-sacrificing spirit and deep devotion to Christ and His Church, she saved her great-souled husband to the Church as one of its chief pastors. What I say I know; and I cannot parade the labors of the Bishop before you to-day for memorial eulogy and leave his faithful Amelia out; for I am satisfied that this great woman had much to do in giving us at last a good Bishop.

In respect to both of these representatively Andrew-Institutions, Marvin was a close disciple and an exact follower—both epochs represented in that week at the Columbia Conference, a Southern Methodist and a Married Itinerant.

In many things they were twin-men and had parallelism of history in both its outcome and its agencies. As Andrew his Amelia, Marvin, in his fourth year and at his first Station, found his Harriet—true Preachers' wives and truly primary electors of Bishops.

The time of his marriage was at an earlier age in years than he advised for others. His example is not safe to follow, unless, as in his case, the Presiding Elder says, "I tell you, Bishop, he can preach;" and a classmate shall note, "One thing I know, he's got sense like old folks;" and except there is in both bridegroom and bride the temper of piety and the genius of ambition, symbolized in the name of Captain Baker's boat, on which Marvin and wife traveled in going to Conference and a week after again, in going to their first joint Circuit. The trip was on the Missouri River, upstream, over sand-bars, through a forest of snags—the craft a steamboat, and its name, "John-Go-Long." Otherwise, with an early wife on board, the itinerant craft, if not soon run ashore and tied up at the bank or sunk out of sight, will have a destiny to the navigation, not of principal streams, but small tributaries—some "Crooked Creek Circuit." The ministry of Marvin, the married preacher, did not end where it began, nor stop, nor veer, nor land at any port where society was a strange people—thanks to him and to his wife! If he was rather young in years, she was more mature for her sex, his senior by nearly three years, and taken from the society of his fourth year in the ministry, with a good start in him to take her up and good culture in her not to pull him down.

On the record, there is no appearance of the Presiding Elder in this history of Courtship—with ominous words of warning against the girls, nor with the sober countenance of a privy counselor consulted about the choice He had gone through three circuits and through nearly a whole year in the Station without falling in love—the Presiding Elder, as a scare-crow, was not needed. On the other hand, he might have told Pollock his secret, and Redman, his good friend, would be gratified to hear of his good fortune; but as to advice, the substitution of another man's choice of his wife for his own, that was not the Marvin kind of independent thought and action—he had sense of his own. If, however, some have not, he would have advised consultation with the Presiding Elder or the Senior Preacher.

He needed this guardianship the less, because, it is authenticated, he never lost his senses. There are two accounts of his courtship, the wife's and his own—his, showing that he selected the wife before he fell in love with the sweetheart. That fact is his own and his only recorded history of how he courted. It was told during the free and genial talk of travelers on a Texas road, with C. as his charioteer, and riding along aside on horseback an Asbury-preacher, the bachelor Leaton, who remembers and relates it: "The Bishop burlesqued me some for not having married, winding up by saying, 'What an insipid thing this life has been to Leaton!' He then wanted to know if I had any plan for the future. I told him only in the secret workings of my own mind. I then stated a difficulty in regard to the other sex, which had always been in my way. He seemed to appreciate the situation and said, 'Marry the girl of good mother-wit.' Brother C. objected to my plan and said, 'You intend, then, to find the girl first and love her afterwards!' The Bishop replied for me and for himself: '*Yes*, and that is a very correct idea, too. When the time came that I made up my mind that it was my duty to marry, I hired a horse and buggy to go out into the country to see the girl I did marry, and on my way there I fell powerfully in love with her, and when I got there and saw her, she was a thousand times more lovely than I thought she was.'"

The conversation following drifted into sober talk on marriage and preachers marrying. The "When I made up my mind" was not on his first circuits, nor then in mind at all. Mention was made of the unacceptability of a young preacher. Marvin had assisted him in a protracted meeting and explained the cause of complaint by this: "He took the day socially. I could not get to speak to a girl or a widow when he was about." In the turning of his mind to marriage and his search for a wife, there was an element of "duty" governing the conclusions; prayed over, no doubt, but before the answer would come from his own heart rather than heaven; and watching too—that, before his eyes were blinded by Cupid. In his selection of a personal companion and preacher's wife he consulted a cool head rather than a heated heart. He testifies that he found what he sought, attracted by a good mind and sound sense and solid piety, though residing in a plain person; not bewitched by meretricious charms, but fascinated by shining virtues, which were embodied in the congenial life-time companion, the wise and faithful mother and the helper in his ministry—the woman to whom he thought it not incongruous to dedicate a volume of sermons; the preacher's wife whom he did love, and not so much esteemed as reverenced, saying, in a company of friends, towards the end of his days in review of the choice of his youth: "When I see the sacrifices which she has made for the cause of Christ, I regard her more and more as a holy thing."

Mrs. Marvin's report of the courtship attests the sober history, and discloses the wisdom of the preacher and a secret of the fidelity of the wife. The declaration of serious intentions was made at a camp-ground, and with this to be included in the covenant of marriage: "To be willing to go wherever he might be appointed." He offered himself, and she took him, as an Itinerant Preacher. They were married at the home of her uncle, Lewellen Brown, near Bridgton, St. Louis Co., Sept. 23, 1845, Rev. John Hogan officiating, and Rev. D. W. Pollock, groomsman.

The house in which they were married was destroyed by fire some years ago. The writer has often been in the large front room at the west side of the main hall, where the ceremony was performed—the parlor of his "hired house" when he was the preacher in charge of the Circuit in the year 1856. It was a large two-story brick house, with inviting approach from the road, and surrounded by ample and neatly-constructed out-buildings. The eminence commanded a beautiful prospect and overlooked the broad acres of the farm, lying at the head-waters of the streams which flow through the famed Florisant Valley. The residence was one of the most commodious and elegant in the neighborhood in that day, and the occupants of the highest standing and influence in the society of the church and community. The old homestead is all alienated, except of the farm the title to fifty-five acres by devise of her uncle's will, treating her as an own child, remains in Mrs. Marvin. She with his widowed daughter are the only survivors of the old family—the home-circle, where generous and refined hospitality used to be dispensed and preachers found a favored home and Marvin's wife was reared and cultured. In the words of the husband in the inscription prefacing his published sermons, her adaptedness and devotedness as a preacher's wife have remarkable testimony: "To MY WIFE: To whose cheerful self-denial and devotion to my work; to whose rigid economy in administering domestic expenditures; to whose ready adjustment of her wants to the exigencies of a meager support, in our earlier life; to whose careful and godly training of our children, in my protracted absences from home; and to the example of whose faith and purity of heart I am more deeply indebted, as a Methodist Preacher, than any one except our Maker can know—this volume is affectionately inscribed."

The notes of the family life at hand touch all along on the routine of a preacher's life and the demands and interests of his work. He comes back home to a joyous welcome; and goes off to the round of a Circuit or a distant Episcopal tour, not without tears in their eyes, but with no murmur on the lips of wife and children. Loving prayer goes with him and it abides at home for the absent head and idol of the house, and covering both his person and his work for Christ's sake—in these prayers the wife leading, his vicar at the family altar. There is a hush in and around the house during the hours of study-time. The Bible has been laid down on the table; he is pacing the floor—it is preparing for the pulpit: there is deep quiet and silence, except occasionally a whispered utterance of his own lips. There are numerous callers, a miscellaneous company, but they are a minister's wards or father's friends, and there is no end of patience with the door-rap or bell-pull. There is always a spare bed in the house and an extra seat at the table and both in constant use; but hospitality never tires, and there is a smile at both ends of the table.

It was hard that he should be away from home so often and so long, but the wife had in mind the itinerant vow of her espousals, and the children knew of his superior vow to Christ, subordinating all other loves. His absence grieved them, but it exalted him in their love and added to it veneration. Knowing its single-minded and earnest errand, in love and duty towards the Master, they could not and did not complain that he loved his family only less than his Lord. It was harder, that when he was at home they could see so little of him—not till the accumulated pile of letters was read and answered, and the church papers looked over, and this and that of the care of the churches attended to, and the troop of visitors come and gone, and the prolonged talks with nearest friends at an end, that often far into the night. There was patience for all this in what was well-taught and well understood of the father as a minister, one that serveth, and as chief, servant of all. They knew, too, what was never in doubt in the heart of the family, that underlying all these cares and occupations of public life, there was a broad and deep stratum of affection for them, which when it could, in a retired hour or around the table or in "mother's room," cropped out in look and word of endearment and most loving care and privileged communication.

At such times there was rich reward of patience in the pleasant spirit which diffused cheerfulness at the fireside; and at the table a share of his sociability, in the tongue of instruction and often of witty speech, and not uncared for in the fatherly counsel of the separate interview and Christian teaching of the Bible-comment at family worship. He had the children to go to church and Sunday-school; and the wife had them ready—as he expressed it—"in good time." The preacher's pew at church was not vacant; and in the pew and at the fireside, and whether of principles and habits of life or manners or dress, the mother did not hinder but helped the father to keep the vow of a Deacon before he had a family and which she heard him take upon him in the office of an Elder, when she was first his wife, so to frame the fashion of life, of himself and his family, "as to be wholesome examples to the flock." In all the scenes and relations of this family the individual lights were well ordered and regulated. There were no cross-lights; and the blended beams composed an uncommon lustre in the light of the Marvin-home.

In a conversation with the Rev. Mr. Beekham during that week together as room-mates at the North Carolina Conference, this was said by the Bishop: "I traveled fifteen years and had five children, before I received as much as five hundred dollars per year. Wife wrought wonders. She was one of the best women in the world. If we did not have the dollar to buy coffee, the coffee did not come into the house." Some writer has mentioned the startling supposition and inquiry, if all the unsupported pastors in the Methodist Israel should at the same time leave their flocks, how many shepherds would be left? In a sermon at a Conference session, heard by the writer, Bishop Pierce, deprecating the hireling spirit, said with manifest relish as well as sincerity: "I thank God that I have had opportunity to perform a great deal of unpaid service." The Methodist Church, in its general history, has lived on the soul of its ministry, preaching paid or unpaid; and has survived on their sacrifices and suffering. The spirit of the Master has kept the Itinerancy a-going—in part, how "the great-souled" men have been saved to the Church, the venerable father of Bishop Pierce has told in the story of Andrew's Amelia. When the preacher is away in service to the class, which has not paid the quarterage and don't intend to pay, the same spirit, in wives who are worthy companions of great-souled men, is left at home—to endure and to manage what a heathen poet has described as the "*res angustae*" of a Latin home; in modern and Methodist lands, "the narrow things" of the Preacher's "hired house."

Rev. Wm. Holmes has, for the first time since it occured, disclosed the following incident—singular in a Marvin history and in a member of his Church:

> "One incident connected with his early ministry I shall never forget. He had no judgment in financial matters. When he was stationed at Hannibal a member of the church proposed to him to lease a suburban house and five acres of land, and to sell him a span of horses and farming utensils, telling him that he could cultivate the ground and make several hundred dollars, and thus relieve himself of embarrassment. Confiding in the judgment of the brother, he entered into it. The result was as might have been expected. His devotion to the Church and his work induced a neglect of the farm. The year closed with a heavy debt on his hand, he was unable to meet. It so happened that I preached for him, and, in my sermon, I commented on the declaration of Paul, 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another;' being totally ignorant of the facts as above

detailed. After the service he talked with me at length about the text and my comment on it. I saw he was troubled; but I did not know the cause. On the next day I learned from many members of the church the condition of things, and many of them, not knowing the man, blamed him. That and other pecuniary matters prior to that had involved him. These matters came to my knowledge shortly before Conference. In an interview I had with Bro. Pinckard about it, he suggested that Bro. M's. devotion to his work and his appreciation of his Conference relations were such that the best remedy to prevent him being imposed upon and being crippled in his itinerant work, would be to interview him and inform him that, unless he would solemnly promise not to contract any debts without consulting and having the judgment of his official board, we would present charges before the Conference of contracting debts without the probability of paying. Bro. M. was prepared to take our advice and made a solemn promise. I don't think any one but Bro. P. and myself and Bro. M. ever knew anything of that interview. So far as I know, Bro. M. kept the promise till his death; at least I never knew anything to the contrary."*

Providential discipline and the faithful wounds of friends put a final end to secularity in Marvin's ministry, and an end to involvements of debt. The latter was accomplished by a short and sure method—he turned over the financial-bureau to his wife. "Upon one occasion," says Rev. Mr. Doty, whose house was a home during the war, "he handed me $2000 (Confederate money) and said: 'For twenty-three years I have never spent a day in secular thought. If you can do anything with it that will benefit my family, do it.' I begged him to suggest to me what to do—how to use it. 'No, I don't think about that—wife is the financier of our family. Do as you think best.'"

In the communication from his Station at Marshall, Texas, there is this further report of the look by a member of the church into the home of the preacher: "After an acquaintance with the Marvin family everybody thought them a pattern-family and would so express themselves to him He would invariably reply, 'My wife has all the credit for the well-training of my children. I have been preaching.'" The group around him at the Marshall parsonage comprised, except three dead babes, all his children—the first born, the child of Weston Circuit, in that year at Marshall, at date August 3rd, in her nineteenth year, bearing two names which represented to him the purest and deepest of his earthly loves—wife and only sister—Marcia Clark: Ada, bearing the name which he thought was the most beautiful among maiden's names, born at Hannibal: A son born at Lagrange, November 1st, 1849, whom he named Fielding, after a prince among men, the Rev. John H. Fielding, at the time, President of St. Charles College: The other children in the group born at "the Old Place," in Warren Co., Mo.—Cornelia, whom he called Nelie, and Minnie, as he called Mary, the last born, his little three-year-old girl, when he left Missouri, in 1862, for the South, and was separated from wife and children till they were met again at the dividing line between the armies, and grouped around him at Marshall.

After his election to the Episcopacy and remaining to hold the fall sessions of the Texas Conferences, the family preceded him to Missouri for the schooling of the children, and all were domiciled in the family of Mr. R. H. Pittman, the Principal of the Woodlawn Seminary, at O'Fallon. At Danville and there and in best schools in St. Louis the girls were well educated. Fielding was sent to the Pritchett Institute, at Glasgow, Mo.

The good opinion of his children at Marshall, as uniformly in all the places of his abode, was highly gratifying to him. He had great pleasure and pride in them all. Familiar visitors know in what posture of a wise and loving father he stood in the group of his children. When distant from them, they were still near—in his heart and in his prayers: at times a heart unutterably burdened and prayers agonized; as when, away in the army, he could not get a letter for long, weary months, or when the report reached him that "Home Guards" had invaded his "home" and arrested his wife. Then this exclamation, "May God have mercy on my family!" In the same Diary a Sunday entry is, "When shall I worship God with my own family again? How my mind recurred to home scenes in the love feast this morning!" The anniversary day of his marriage comes and is not overlooked: "Eighteen years ago Harriet Brotherton Clark became my wife, and no man ever had a better. Eight children, four boys and four girls, have been the fruit of our union. Three of the boys died in their infancy. The living are sweet children. Shall I ever see them and their mother again? May God in infinite mercy grant it."

There are memory-records at his homes in the South. The sick preacher is taken from Price's Camp to an Arkansas home, in the family of Mr. B. T. Crouch, who writes: "I shall never forget his prayers around the family-altar. Oh, how close he would come to the Savior! How tenderly would he appeal to God in behalf of his absent family! He talked with God." At his Doty-home, his headquarters for Louisiana and Texas, this: "The long absence from his family bore heavily upon him, but he would not tax others with his private troubles; but, to me, in the privacy of friendship, he would open his bleeding heart, and used to say, 'Oh that I could see my sweet wife and children!'" The Woodville Retreat, in Mississippi, was his abode for six months—there as much at home, he wrote, as a man could be out of his own house, with Judge McGehee's and Bro. Burruss' families, whom I count my best friends in the South—that, from his Diary and this, from their book of cherished recollections: "For six delightful months our house was Mr. Marvin's home, and from it he went out to his parochial duties, and back to it he brought the spirit of cheerful, true Christianity, day after day making us love and revere him more. He had long chats with me under the summer moon, telling of his home and children and noble wife, and often, with tears, wondering when he might rejoin them, wondering if the circle would be unbroken when he should be united to them." The writer of the above, the daughter

Mary, in the McGehee family, has furnished the following letter, received by her from Bishop Marvin. It contains a picture of life at his first Episcopal home, in St. Louis. It was written on the eve of a long absence on the Pacific Coast—then not a separation from loved ones enforced by the violence of war, but still under a compulsion not less imperative and rigorous. It is explained by his own pen why and how he could be absent so much and so long from a home he pictures so charmingly and loved so well:

St. Louis, July 18, 1868.

MY DEAR MRS. SNOWDEN: I have been now for a long time in your debt, and before going off to the Pacific Coast I must discharge this obligation. My experience is that there is nothing more pleasant than the payment of debts when one has the means. My only trouble in this case is that peradventure you may find nothing better than depreciated currency here, for I have been of late almost bewildered by multiplicity of incongruous employments, so that my head seems "all in a muss." But apologies, I believe, are never in good taste, so that you see I have already begun in *greenbacks*.

We are keeping house again after two years' vacation. I have rented a house just on the edge of town, with large grounds, quite a number of trees, and ample *air privilege*. We are in one of the best neighborhoods in the city. Expect to keep a cow—a good one—and consume home-made milk and *butter*. There are also ample arrangements for raising chickens on the place. If we choose we can raise our own vegetables next spring, and you may be sure we will choose. And yet it is a large sense in which I use the first person plural in this case, for I shall not be here to have any voice in the matter. I thought during the war that I never would again submit to any long separations from my family. But a man who has the vows of God upon him must not consult flesh and blood. The demands of the Church must be met at any cost. The grand agencies of Christianity must be kept in full vigor. The greatest achievement of life is to "work the works of God." No sacrifice is too great to be made in this high calling. No sacrifice can be more than a most unworthy response to the infinite sacrifice of Him who "gave Himself for us." Even this poor *life* were a small and unworthy offering made to him.

I was writing a sermon the other day and fell upon a line of thought which led me on to the statement—"the activities of life do not terminate in single acts, but go on to eternal destinies." How does our life appear in the light of this fact!

The fact is, humanity is never half conscious of itself until it contemplates itself in the light of the Christian faith. A man eating and drinking and making money, or even carrying on governments and studying Astronomy, is a trivial creature until his connections with God and eternity are discovered. It is only when he *worships*, and so comes into sympathy even with the Infinite, that he becomes truly august. It is there that a celestial radiance touches and glorifies him. He is not of the earth, earthy. He is already admitted to the brotherhood of the Immortals. His inheritance is in the highest places of the universe. His emotions are perpetual responses to infinite overtures of Love. He is baptized with Peace and Light.

* * * * *

I am, as ever, your friend,

E. M. Marvin.

The above letter reveals Marvin in the perfect humanness of his earthly loves and the man of consecration to Christ and the man of faith, "seeing the invisible" and living both for and in the future and eternal life. The sentiment of superior and supreme devotion to Christ, if in his history surpassing an ordinary zeal, is not zeal without knowledge, nor without scriptural authority and precedent. It is not unknown or unnatural to human affections—in the spiritual realm not less than in patriot lands to be expected, and the spectacle more sublime because in a holier cause, that a noble wife sends forth a husband to the battle field and to distant campaigns; and children buckle on his sword and proudly put the helmet upon the head of the Chieftain. His family thus understood his absence from home and other forms of fidelity in his vocation, interpreting his life in the light of his principles and not loving him less but revering him the more; nor complaining of less devotion to them in surpassing devotion to Christ, his Lord and theirs.

In the arm of the service to which he was providentially assigned, there was more of camp-life than post-duty. He did not throw up his commission on the eve of a distant campaign or on the order of battle. If it could be, his family went with him; if not, leaving them in barracks, he went forth. At the camp-fire his thoughts traveled back to a loved home. Its loves mingled with the cares and courage of a soldier's duty—on the first Pacific tour of thirteen months these entries at various dates in his Diary: "I am striving to do my whole duty and feel that it is a great privilege to labor and suffer for Him who died for me"—"I should, above all things, deplore a fruitless ministry"—"O, for a general outpouring of the Holy Spirit on this Coast"—"May the little one grow to be a thousand"—"Letter from home! all are well. Thanks to our gracious Heavenly Father!" Their portrait was taken with him and worn next his heart—looked on often and talked about. There is this incident from the seaboard of the Atlantic. It is given by Dr. Rodgers as a sample of genial humor and in it, also, a view of sober sentiment over a tender love: "I remember how, when at camp-meeting, a number of persons were talking about their children. He excited expectation by a reference to his own. My children, he said, are not particularly handsome, though they are good-looking enough; nor prodigies of brightness, though intelligent enough; but there is one particular in which they surpass any children I have ever seen. Then, by various terms of speech, he excited expectation by delaying the statement, which came at last in quiet remark—'they are so sweet!'"

Among the notes of a tour of fall Conferences in Texas, in 1871, followed by a round of Episcopal supervision reaching through the winter, there is this entry: "At Chappell Hill I am the guest of Dr. Connor, President of Chappell Hill Female College. I have been in my room but a few minutes until a message comes to me from a lady in the parlor who is anxious to see me. A happy surprise awaits me. It is my daughter. A ray of home sunshine has fallen upon me.' Amidst the welcomes on return from his long absence, were some by letter, and among them, one from the amiable and venerable Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Sargent, of Baltimore. He forwards the reply to his note, with this preface: "The enclosed is the only letter I have from Bishop Marvin. You will say it is 'a gem of purest ray serene,' when you have read it. As soon as I learned of his arrival from his foreign tour, I wrote to welcome him. In attempting to utter my joy I gave his home the name which he quotes. This called forth the sweet utterances you may see and feel on the little sheet I send you:"

St. Louis, Aug. 28, 1877.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: I am profoundly gratified to know that you are still among us mortals. I had thought it very likely that when I should return you would be already crowned. Perhaps I ought not to be gratified at the delay; yet so I am. You are still short of the goal; and if "faint," yet "still pursuing." May the peace of God be with you!

"The *Paradise* of home!" Ah! yes; you know the name of it. But was there ever a Paradise since the first that had no serpent in it? I came home to find my brother sick unto death. "The destroyer is among the works of God." But we wait for the new heaven and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. There *is* a Paradise which no serpent has entered!

Give my love to all in Baltimore who love me.

I have spent the greater part of the time at the bedside of my brother, and this day am preparing for my first Conference Session, to which I start in the morning.

With much affection, as ever,

E. M. MARVIN.

The effect of his much absence on the children when they were young and till they understood the matter, is related by Fielding in his recollections of his father:

"During my early childhood he was away from home most of the time and to me his coming was as that of a stranger. Timidly I came into his presence, and the cordial request had frequently to be turned into the harsh command to gain obedience. Until I was old enough to appreciate his love this firmness caused still greater dread and his continued absences *only increased the estrangement*.

"My weakness called forth his liveliest pity and sympathy. His letters to me while at school were filled with words of tenderness. Above all and always they warned me against every species of evil. I remember a sentence in one of them something like this—'The brightest success, if God be dishonored, is but a gilded pathway to destruction.'

"It is true that he regarded his duty to the church above every thing else, but his affection for his family was beyond expression tender. There was no sacrifice of his own comfort that he would not make for them, and yet he would even sacrifice their comfort, if necessary, to the advancement of the Church. In the family circle he was kind to all, sometimes jovial, and at times some of his witticisms were severe; but never so, if he knew the subject was sensitive."

From what has been said in regard to the judicious training by the mother, it is not to be inferred that there was an absence of paternal concern or lack of a father's influence and control. The contrary is indicated by the testimony of his son, and is certified by his wife in her notes concerning the family life—of its discipline, saying: "He was very fond of the children. He used to play with them and was approachable to them without constraint. There was with Marcia, the eldest, most freedom of approach; not so much by the two next oldest, Ada and Fielding—not in them a fear of their father but a natural timidity. In after years he thought the positive manner of his control should have been modified to suit that peculiar temperament. The children from their early years were impressed with the authority of his command. When issued, that was accepted as final and imperative."

It was in the attitude of fatherhood, as God's vicar and a wise judge and careful curator in respect to the child, that in one of his writings, these strong words are uttered: "My neighbor says, 'I will not bind my child in the affairs of his soul. He shall be *free*. He shall *choose for himself*.' This is quite taking to the popular ear. But I say my child shall *not* be free to go wrong, either in religion or anything else, if I can help it—and more emphatically in religion than anything else. I will bind him by commands, by covenants, and by all the most sacred obligations, to serve God. I will environ him with motives that he shall feel it to be unnatural and monstrous for him to disregard. I will make it in the highest degree difficult and painful for him to go to hell.''

There is the ''anything else,'' the reader will observe, in the above extract, but in it will observe, also, the fact and the sentiment, that Christian culture was his chief concern, as it is the prime benefaction of a true fatherhood. His government in the family was conducted by these three rules of administration—authority, affection, and Christian teaching; neither separately, all duly blended. The children, as they testify, were impressed as well with a sense of his love, as of his authority. He played with them; he cared for them; he educated them—love shown practically in beneficent forms, as well as in words of endearment. The due blending of all and the happy fruits of it, are seen in a picture of his home by the pen of one, Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh, who was for a time an inmate of it and is a judicious observer:

> The next thing which attracted my attention, in the home life of Bishop Marvin, was his family government. I have never seen a more complete union of affection and authority blended in a household than in his. While an air of cheerfulness and good humor predominated in his spirit and manner, a dignified firmness and decision marked his bearing, that could not be misunderstood nor disregarded by any one present. The children, naturally mild and pleasant, under the influence of such a presence, could not do otherwise than yield to its influence, conform to its spirit and dictates, and scarcely realize that they were governed at all. The genial and free spirit of the father and husband so impressed and controlled that of the children and wife that one heart and one mind seemed to animate the entire household. While the children were free, easy, and happy in the presence of their father, their love and reverence for him hushed into quietness every uprising of tumultuous mirth, and quiet delight seemed to reign predominant. General principles were laid down by the father, clear and strong, suited to the capacity of each: but the details of duty and obligation were privately and affectionately given by the mother.
>
> The ruling principle in the house, therefore, was love; pure love,

which in its very nature produces cheerful and glad obedience to every wish and desire of the ruling spirit.

This is a government modeled after that of God's over his spiritual family, where love fulfills the whole law. Love can neither think nor do evil willingly. Hence, where it holds dominion, peace, harmony, and happiness must be the legitimate and inevitable result. After much reflection and observation, I feel constrained to say that I have never seen a family more completely organized and governed on Christian principles than that of Enoch M. Marvin.

In a family so well disciplined in moral and religious principles, we may reasonably look for fruits corresponding to the teachings and tenor of wholesome discipline, both mental and moral. This fruit we have in the pure and elevated lives of the heaven-favored children of our beloved Brother Marvin. It was their custom, on being seated at the family table, before the blessing was asked, for each to repeat a passage of scripture suitable to the occasion, and one that would arouse proper meditation for the occasion; after which the father, or the minister present, invoked the divine blessing.

It is a common saying that preachers' children are worse than others. Considerable pains have been taken to test it, by a large observation and by the testimony of statistics, which show that the proverbial saying is a popular fallacy. It may be interesting and worth while to adduce the testimony:

It is flippantly said that "ministers' children are worse than any others." In some cases the relationship has given a prominence to misdoing—has made it more noticed; but, in point of fact, the statement is not true. A prominent man in the American pulpit said on a public occasion: "In Connecticut there were nine hundred and thirty children over fifteen years of age, of ministers and deacons, only twenty of whom turned out badly. In Massachusetts, out of four hundred and thirty-three families of ministers, there were fifteen hundred and ninety-eight children over fifteen years, and only twenty ever became dissipated. Here we have forty out of twenty-five hundred and thirty-five children, just two and a half per cent. of the whole number.

"I will ask any business man if he would not be glad, oftentimes, if his losses were not greater than two and a half per cent.? I undertake to say that no business has ever been so safe as that of raising deacons' and ministers' children in New England.

"If we examine Dr. Sprague's invaluable collection of clerical biographies, we derive another corroboration of our position. A hundred clergymen may be taken out of one of his volumes at random, and it will be found that, of this first hundred, one hundred sons became also preachers.

Of the remainder, the largest proportion rose to eminence in other professions or avocations. Can the same be said of any other body of one hundred men, taken at random, from other walks of life? As to the daughters of clergymen, it has been remarked by a keen observer that it is a 'passport to the highest places, and a guarantee of respectability and worth, both in Great Britain and America.' "

The household of a Methodist preacher, it is supposed, is under particular disadvantage, because the father is away from home so much. The hurt is not so necessarily, nor so much as may be imagined. In the teaching of example, what is honorable in sentiment, what is brave and sturdy in character, what is heroic in Christian consecration and pure and lovely and of good report, may be shown really and not less forcibly in the preacher's absence, if it is like Bishop Marvin's and as it was understood by his children. It illustrated a high-born humanity, and interpreted Christian virtue, and was to them an Epistle of Christ. Nor is there so much lack, as may be thought, of paternal rule, if there is a woman left at home who is fit to be a Methodist Preacher's wife and the mother of children. She is not only a partner in this business, but a competent deputy left in the office, when the head of the Bureau is away on necessary duty. There are standing rules for its government to be carried out, and they are, by the mother, in his absence as when he is present with them. Direct personal control and care are not wanting—by the authority and the comfort of letters. The following to daughters and to his son, when he was a law student at the University of Virginia, are samples:

St. Louis, Nov. 1, 1872.

My Dear Son: This is your birthday, and your name has been spoken with affection several times in the course of the day. We have just been talking about you at the supper-table, and I agreed with your mother that some one ought to write to you before the day was quite gone.

You are twenty-three years old, if I count right. How swift is the wing of time! It seems very strange to me to have three children now older than I was when I was married. Even Cornelia is as old as I was when I began to preach. If life shall be spared, I shall soon complete my half-century. The journey of life is short! We shall all very soon "accomplish as an hireling our day."

There can be but one worthy purpose of our existence. That pursuit that contemplates a result limited to time must be unworthy of an immortal being. What we may achieve, and must be done with, within the period of sixty or seventy years, is trivial indeed. Our Creator has in view for us a destiny infinitely more noble. He invites us to that contest in which the Thrones of Eternity are to be won. It gives me great joy to believe that you have long since entered upon this contest, and that you are still earnestly maintaining it. May you be girded fully for the strife during the year upon which you this day enter! Take to yourself, my son, "the whole armor of God," and "stand against" both "the wiles" and the "fiery darts" of the enemy. Let your trust be in God. Maintain the *spirit* as well as the habit of prayer, and "keep your garment unspotted from the world."

A life consecrated to God can never be a failure. Whatever may be the result of mere business or professional ventures, such a life attains to the highest end of existence. Of course I shall be rejoiced if you do well in your profession, and, if your life and health be spared, I doubt not that you will. But even if "worst should come to worst" in regard to "the affairs of this life" I shall certainly not consider that a calamity. Nothing is a calamity except the ruin of the soul. Preserve honor and truth. Keep your promise with God. Seek first the kingdom of God. Indeed you have done this as to time. Still, hold it *first* in importance.

I press this matter not because I doubt the stability of your religious character. I have had the most implicit confidence in you ever since your public profession of faith in Christ. But I have had some fear that the ardor of early ambitions might, in some measure, for a time, tend to repress the exercise of faith, and so militate against the full development of the spiritual life. I dread somewhat the effect of an undue anxiety for mere professional success, and the *eclat* that it secures. I would have you first of all things a Christian—deeply, fully consecrated to God. All else will be added as God Himself shall see the need: "for your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things."

Your ma and sisters all send a birthday kiss. Write me at once so that I may receive it before I go South.

As ever,
YOUR FATHER.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 30, 1876.

MY DEAR ADA: I have been writing nearly every day to some one, for the last several days, and to-day I feel like writing to you. It is Monday. We had a pleasant Sabbath, good congregation, and attentive. We are to have a special service at our church on Tuesday night, and then sail at noon on Wednesday. Bro. Hendrix is to preach and then we are to have the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

In the damp weather of the last few days I have taken some cold and have slight soreness of the throat, which has affected my voice considerably. But the weather is bright now, and bids fair to remain so until we sail. So you see I take it for granted you are interested in the least little matters that concern my comfort.

It seems to me that my wife and children were never so dear to me as now, that I am on the eve of a separation that is to be so great. Life, too, seems uncertain, though I have no special dread of danger on my tour. But how possible it is that we may not all live to meet again, and how precious is the hope of heaven at such a time. * * *

May God bless you, my dear daughter. I know you are striving to serve Him in truth. His grace will be sufficient for you at all times.

With more love than I can express, I am,

As ever,

YOUR PAPA.

Steamer Alaska, Lat. 30° 33', Long. 173.

MY DEAR CHILD: It is some days now since I wrote to Marcia, and since then we have had one or two of the heaviest squalls of the voyage so far, but nothing that those accustomed to the sea consider dangerous. For two days now the weather has been quite pleasant, and one consequence is we all have good appetites.

We may be said now to be in mid-ocean, being somewhat more than half way to Yokohama, being nearly twenty-seven hundred miles from San Francisco. This puts me five thousand miles from *home*. It does seem a long, long way. But God has been wonderfully good. He has preserved me thus far from sickness and accident, except a little sea-sickness for two or three days. For the past, there is great cause of gratitude—for the future, I will trust. Whatever He does must be—is—right and best.

I have had much delight in the Holy Scriptures on the voyage. Into several passages I have had a new insight—deeper and more satisfying. Bro. H. and I had our reading lesson this morning, Mat. xvi., and I know not when the Word of God seemed to sink so deeply into me—especially from the 21st verse to the close of the chapter. Peter's confession that Jesus was the Son of God probably constituted an epoch in the conscious relations of the disciples to Him. We see things more clearly after we reach a statement of them. The exalted nature of the Lord was perceived by them from the first, and they had already once, when He stilled the tempest, said, "Of a truth, thou art the Son of God." But, then, it was an impulsive utterance just at the moment when they were delivered from a great terror, and, perhaps, they were scarcely conscious of its full import. But now they were calm and thoughtful, and the statement is made with deliberation and with great formality: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," and "*from that time forth*" He began to open to them the great purpose of His coming into the world. When they clearly saw Him to be the Son of God He began to speak to them of His death. But, even then, they were not prepared for it, and poor, impulsive Peter even undertook to rebuke Him for saying such a thing. Presumptuous man! With what fearful words was he put to silence. He could not even yet savor the things of God, but the things of men. In a human light the great thing would be to live a prosperous life and enjoy a triumph over all opposition, but not as God saw. The divine glory of Christ required that he should suffer for the sins of the world and redeem His people from their sins. Only by taking upon Himself the sins of the guilty could He recover them to God. Peter could not see that, and never did until the light of Pentecost, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, came upon him. Into what a glory does the sufferer of Calvary emerge from the eclipse of shame and death. Saved millions are the fruit of his humiliation. The corn of wheat *dies*, but what harvests does it give birth to? And for us, too, the way of humility is the way to glory. The crown of thorns comes before the crown of life. The valley of tears must be trod before the mount of vision is reached. May we have grace to "savor the things that be of God!" May we be ready for all that He appoints us!

It will probably be the first of December by the time we reach Yokohama. We did hope to get there by the 25th of this month, but that is out of the question now. We will be a little straitened for time in consequence of the unprecedented slowness of our ship. But we are as pleasantly situated as could be for so long a time at sea. Officers and passengers are all agreeable, and we have dropped down to latitude 30, or near it, so that we have warm weather. We shall have to bear northward considerably as we near the coast of Japan, and then till we leave Shanghai we will be about in the climate of Arkansas. From there we shall go direct into the tropics, if the Lord will, and remain in them until spring.

With much love,

Your Papa.

Bishop Marvin has put on record his views of moral culture—its method and aim. It must proceed upon the basal fact of spiritual depravity, "born in sin," and stop not short of "born again"—inclusive of moral excellence, but culminating in spiritual regeneration; not only to fashion virtuous habits, but create the religious life, "the hidden man of the heart." In this ultimate and supreme aim, the early years are the time of best opportunity, nature then the most friendly to grace, aided by the spirit and traits of childhood. The above views preface the statement contained in the following extract from a series of papers contributed to the columns of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate:*

> True, there are facts in connection with childhood which render proper Christian training very effective.
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> The sensibilities are acute, and through them much may be effected. The young mind is credulous, and may be pre-occupied with the truth of the Gospel. Indeed, if the Christian parent makes proper use of his advantage he will intrench the truth deeply and almost unassailably in the child's mind. Then there is the power and authority of the parent over the child. Where parental authority is properly established and maintained all the early years of life are wielded by the parent. In the most powerful manner the child may be thus turned and impelled toward a holy life.
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> The Christian training which goes upon the supposition that the child is good enough without being *born again*, that proceeds upon the idea of inbred purity instead of inbred sin, may make formalists, but it can never make true Christians. The transforming power of the Holy Spirit must be felt in the heart. Nothing short of this is to be taken for true religion.
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> I have no doubt that children properly trained may often be converted at so early an age that they may not be able to analyze the acts of consciousness, nor to know the character of the emotions of the new life. Such persons are often perplexed in after years by the clear-cut and often startling experience of those who had grown to maturity in sin. Yet no matter how early the work may be accomplished, this work of the Spirit *must be done.*

His personal concern at that point is manifested in words already quoted, and in these words of admonition: "To this view of the case the Church must be brought. There is much need of light amongst us upon this subject. Our own Church needs toning up greatly. Thousands in the Church use little or no authority to turn the young, unpracticed feet of their children from the way of death. Many Methodists are incurring heavy guilt in this very thing."

His own practice conformed to his exhortation. He was sedulous to train his children in manly sentiments and womanly graces, for honorable position in society and high ambitions in life; but chiefly to bring them to Christ and to train them for heaven—their conversion to God, the burden of his soul and the agony of his prayer. She was the youngest child and the only one out of the Church, and till Minnie was converted and brought in, he could have no rest nor give her rest, and gave God no rest. He instructed and appealed to her in letters. "I spoke to her directly," he says. He talked with God about her. At last he greatly rejoiced over her. His cup was full—the whole family a household of faith.

This history of the last conversion in this family indicates one of the means of it, the least practiced and the most effective—direct personal appeal. It had a suitable introduction, prefaced by a godly example and the godly discipline of the household. The worship of God was an ordinance of family life. The Bible, preached in the pulpit, was read and expounded at home. There was among the voices in the house the song of praise, which is heard "in the tabernacles of the righteous." To home-culture there were added the ordinances and worship of the sanctuary—the baptismal rite and covenant for them, the Sunday School and the sermon. When he was judge for them, they were church-goers, not sent, but taken; made to go, it may be, at first, but going afterwards in the easy path of habit, and at last happily by choice. By this discipline they were brought into the Church and kept in it. This the latest saying concerning his children and on his last Sunday on earth: "Is not this the Lord's Day?" inquired of the wife, and to her affirmative reply saying, "Have the children gone to Sunday School?" It was the customary Sunday thought and the thought of his heart, when the pulse beat high in young married life and then, in the evening of days, when the shadows were falling on his hearthstone.

Dr. Lovick Pierce, in the introduction to the Treatise aforementioned, remarks: "I have said that children spoiled in the nursery can seldom be mended in the sanctuary. And it is equally true of them, that if they are well molded in the nursery and well-finished in the Sunday School, it is hard to spoil them afterwards." Bishop Marvin has signalized the same methods: "There is much shameful neglect of children by the Church and by Christian parents. The best possible results of Christian training are rarely realized, for the reason that the training itself is imperfect. A thorough course of training, where there is a due blending of authority, affection and Christian teaching on the part of parents, and the proper care and influence on the part of pastors, with prayer and faith, would breed up a style of Christians now rarely seen among us."

This joint ministry—the Christian home and the Church of God—was effectual to the salvation of his house. As an end specifically proposed and wisely and ardently pursued, by command and covenant, by the constraint of all forms of obligation, and by the environment of all possible motives, his supreme desire and their chief good were realized—at the head of a Christian family. In that attitude he appears grandly. In that character of his house, he most cherished it and found the name for it—"the Paradise of Home." It has been written truly and eloquently, "And that home, whether it be a king's palace or in a slave's cabin, where Jesus is the Lord of all hearts, and the pattern of all lives, is most like heaven of all places in the world." With the same admiring view he looked upon such a home at the East Texas Conference, in 1870, and enjoyed his sojourn in it: "On Tuesday morning I took leave of my friends at Carthage. At Jefferson I had been with old and tried friends—Bro. J. C. Murphy and his family. Here my host and his family were strangers to me. They had been members of the Presbyterian Church in Georgia, but found themselves here remote from their own people, and after some delay had, during the past summer, united with our Church. During the week of my sojourn under their roof I became warmly attached to both parents and children. One special ground of esteem was the fact that the children were properly governed. There was no severity, no harsh punishment, but sustained and uniform authority, quietly and calmly asserted on the part of the parents, mingled with the most tender affection. On the part of the children there was, *of course*, obedience—ready, willing, cheerful, pleasant. Why is there so little of this sort of family government in our country? It is a thing so lovely in itself, so conducive to happiness and good character among children, so honorable in parents and honoring to God, that one would expect to find it a prevalent thing in Christian households. The oldest child of the family, an intelligent little girl eight or nine years old, made a profession of religion during the Conference. We parted in tears. May great peace abide upon this house."

The description pictures his own home and its blessedness. The benediction of peace was in it, and on it, pronounced by human lips and commanded from heaven—"He blesseth the habitation of the just."

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CHAPTER XI.

HANNIBAL STATION.

Conference of 1846—Stationed at Hannibal—A second year—The first station—His advancement—In the order of the Church—On his own merits—Humility—The connection of Weston and Hannibal appointments—Home and work at Weston—Mrs. Marvin's recollections—His own—Came to Hannibal in debt—Ministerial support—His creed—His experience—Sacrifice and exaltation—Default exemplified and reproved—The Caples-Marvin warning—Financial embarrassment at Hannibal explained—Deliverance—The later wisdom and better rule—The wages and work at Hannibal—Bishop Paine's recollections—The post of honor—The stages of his public life—Hannibal Station an epoch.

MARVIN was stationed, in 1846, at Hannibal, where the Conference was held, commencing its session September 30th, Bishop Paine, presiding. He was returned to the charge the following year at the session held at Glasgow, commencing September 29th, under presidency *pro tem.* of Andrew Monroe, Bishop Capers not having arrived till near the close of the session. The Hannibal appointment was epochal in this history. It was his first station and a chief charge—at the time the post of honor, as it was the most delicate and difficult work in the Conference that year. He is going up on the scale of reputation and influence. Some of the incidents of the advancement are in further revelation of his ministerial character and illustration of his itinerant career.

This was the first instance of a return to the same charge in a successive year, having, theretofore, passed through five years in as many different pastoral charges, and all of them circuit work. It was according to the custom of the time, and in "the wisdom of the fathers." The pastoral work and administration did not suffer during a second year at the hands of a young preacher, under press of the demands of the pulpit and the exactions of the study. The advantage to the preacher was realized in a stouter physique, a fresher and stronger spirit, better general culture, a broader theology, and, at the end, a more varied and vigorous pulpit. It entered into the training of the man, the divine, the preacher Marvin was, when ten years later he had a stouter physical constitution, than when he began his ministry; and had courage to take up the glove thrown down by the most polished champion of the Catholic faith in St. Louis at that time or since, and ability to poise and hurl a victorious lance; nor wanting in ability nor in moral as well as intellectual stoutness, to hold the affections of the Church and the audience of an increasing congregation, in the same community and in its principal pulpits for a successive duration of seven years, and could have done it a lifetime. He did not go up too fast—not the glare and spurt of a meteor, but the orbit of a planet. The advancing curve was projected on a line to reach a zenith, distant but high in mid-heavens. Thanks to bishops who were next in the succession from Asbury, and to Paine who had been a traveling companion of McKendree, and Capers who was joined with Andrew in the Southern Methodist line of Episcopacy, for the appointments which did not allow at first a second year at the same place; nor send Marvin, in his early ministry, to the "chapel" of a suburban charge rather than to the free range of a wide circuit. It did much to make him the colleague of Methodist Bishops and a compeer anywhere along the line, from the first to the last. He trode in their steps as well as in the path of the appointments they made, and reached their eminence.

His going up as an itinerant, besides what has been named, "slow, but sure," was in the way of Providence, as that is found in the order of the Church. "I never," he has said, "asked for an appointment." He had been for five years in the extreme northeastern part of the State at various charges and did not consider it an exception, that, in 1851, he requested to be sent nearer home, to look after a sick sister and aged parents; not then asking for a particular place, and then, going to an ordinary circuit—never, in cupidity for larger pay, nor in carnal ambition for a chief place. At last, he had good support, and none have served more responsible work or filled higher offices; but in the record there is no fact and none of the arts of place-seeking. In the history of this great man and in his great history, we do not find in the least these little things—little, not in the sense of a slight blemish or a pardonable weakness, but, as he thought and has said, contrary to the oath-vow of ordination; and in the ecclesiastical relations of a Methodist Conference and the law of the community, he thought and has said, also—false to brethren, the preachers who are true to the itinerant economy of appointments and its doctrine of providential direction. He thought, moreover, in the lowest view of "place-seeking," that it was unworthy of a high soul; and in the gravest view of it, as contrary to the humility of a minister of Christ, who taught his first preachers by the object-lesson of a child "set in the midst of them" and set the example of imitation, as himself "meek and lowly in heart." That instruction was given when the first preachers disputed by the way who should be greatest in His kingdom. There is another history, true because inspired, of intercession with the appointing power by partial friends, "the mother of Zebedee's children." There is nothing of this, or of any phase of ambitious or mercenary self-seeking in the Marvin history.

In his up-going, there was first, to use his own expression concerning the way to distinction, the "timber" to begin with. The ascent was by study, by piety, by consecration, by a single eye—on his own merits. In his course there was good sense and humility. He had wisdom and patience to wait. Presiding Elders know more than is often known to the preacher about the sentiments of the people or even sometimes of his own calibre. Bishops know all that Presiding Elders know, and sometimes more. When Marvin went, as he was sent, to an advanced work, he was not unacceptable and did not break down before his term was out—going up, as on a ladder, in real distinction, round by round, with support always under his feet; and escaping the inevitable ultimate fall of the pretentious preacher, ambitious beyond his merits and soaring above his capacity; appearing suddenly and strangely in mid-air, suspended on nothing.

It belongs to this connection of remark to add the comment on his history, that in church elevation he was not "exalted above measure." As a true exaltation, if on a ladder that leans against the sky, there was, in imitation of angels, descending as well as ascending, when it was required or needful in his ministry as an angel of the churches. His appointment to Hannibal Station—the chief appointment at that time in the Conference, and which had been filled by Light, and Linn, and Lannius—was followed by that to Monticello, an average circuit. Andrew did not think it was degrading Marvin to send him; nor Marvin that he was degraded in going. The next appointment was to Palmyra Station and the next to St. Charles Circuit—with graceful movement up and down on the rounds of higher and lower place, and going with equally ready feet to and fro between circuits and stations. The record is invariable that he had revivals at all his charges and left the work better than he found it. In that, right-judging men will locate his real honor—to project original lines of enterprise, for survey and occupation of regions beyond rather than what satisfies an ease-loving and slothful spirit, "another man's line of things made ready to hand." When the reader comes to see the Diary records which contain his communion with himself, it will appear both how humble and devoted he was.

He came to Conference at Hannibal with a well established reputation as a good preacher. The fame of Weston Circuit nominated him for Hannibal Station. The Rev. C. I. Vandeventer who has ample opportunity of information, testifies of the circuit, that "his name and memory are cherished with uncommon devotion by the older and younger members of Methodist families still remaining, as well as by others." Mrs. Marvin reports the following account of their work and life at her first entrance on the itinerancy at Weston Circuit: "William Ketron was the Presiding Elder and the assistant preacher was George D. Toole, who afterwards went off to the Baptists. The circuit covered a large extent of territory. In the round he was away from home two weeks at a time. On coming to the circuit, the boat reached Weston Landing in the night and we went to the hotel. The next day we were received and cared for by the family of General Ward during a week or ten days, till a boarding-place was obtained. It was at Mr. Risley's house, and was our home for the winter and a pleasant one. Mr. Marvin invested our means in the purchase of a small farm, a mile from Weston. It was our summer home. George W. Gist was our near neighbor and rented and cultivated the land. He was the father-in-law of Caples, and the family were highly cultivated and refined. His wife's mother was noted for piety. They were excellent and agreeable neighbors. During the winter there was a pleasant revival at Weston and some were added to the Church. He visited that winter the town of St. Joseph and held a meeting there. I accompanied him, and we were guests of John F. Carter, who was subsequently a member of his charge at Centenary and is now residing at Chicago. The weather was intensely cold; but the meeting was successful. In the summer he held a camp-meeting on the circuit, assisted by Caples. He received very meager pay, and our support came out of our own means, as long as they lasted. The farm had to be sold to pay debts contracted for living. After paying debts, the net proceeds of sale amounted to only three hundred dollars.'' He came to Hannibal Station in debt. Here is the Quarterly Conference record of his receipts: January 10, 1847, $20; March 9, $2; June 21, $20.65; August 29, $47.37; total for the year, $90.02. This exhibit points the inquiry and wonder, how he could by possibility, or would by choice, maintain the itinerancy. It was not done without such disinterested devotion as Mrs. Marvin records, and such straits and trials as Mr. Holmes has narrated. It has explanation, in both views, by his sentiments and practice in regard to ministerial support.

What he said of a friend was true of himself, that his itinerancy was not conditioned upon the fidelity of his pastoral charge in doing its duty towards him. He was careful first and concerned chiefly to do his duty towards the Master who had called him. He left Stewards in respect to their fidelity, and the Lord's people in respect to his support, to acquit themselves of responsibility to the same Master, who had alike commanded him to preach the Gospel and laid upon them the obligation of care that he should ‘‘ live by it.'' His itinerancy was anchored on that ordination of Christ, the Lord of all the servants. If there was scanty living it was a call to ‘‘ endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,'' not a discharge from the service. If the living was too scanty for subsistence, it was decided in the consultation at the hearth-stone, our ‘‘ own means '' must go rather than our itinerancy shall stop. When ready cash was all gone, the real estate was converted into currency and went too. When there was nothing left but the conscience of the Church, and that was dull and slow, he did not impeach the fidelity of Christ. In the stress of circumstances the anchor did not break its cable nor drag.

Such was his creed. It was verified by his experience. His immovable trust was justified. The subsequent history furnished a modern answer to the Lord's ancient challenge of faith—"Lacked ye anything?" Even when faith seemed to be defeated, it was only tried, and was "found unto praise." In the school of trial it was learned what ennobled an apostolic ministry, "how both to abound and to suffer need." The Pauline patience was patterned after and practiced, "enduring all things for the elect's sake," and among the things, "in necessities." It was fortitude and charity surpassing stoicism, and superior in kind and measure to the best philanthropy of the world, which builds asylums for the afflicted and, Howard-like, makes an itinerancy of the jails of Christendom. It is a low-bent eye which does not recognize the loftiness of fellowship with the sufferings of Christ, and see in the coarse-clad and needy preacher, not the portrait of a pauper, but a picture of the hero—a spectacle to command admiration, not to excite pity. Does Marvin in his grand life appear in any scene grander, than when he is signing the deed of transfer of his home rather than to part with the credentials of an itinerant Methodist Preacher? It appears the grander in the light of Christian meekness which utters no murmur. Uttering no word of reproach or complaint, "that the ministry be not blamed," is a kindred glory of his Christliness. He is even forward, as it has been seen, to find excuses for the shortcomings of the Church in the failure of his support. Five years before, Caples was his predecessor on Weston Circuit. He received more than Marvin—$105. By no miracle of economy, says his biographer, could a family subsist on that amount, and without private resources debt or actual starvation was the inevitable alternative. Debt was the consequence, and location. The rest of the story has been already told on a former page. He cut cord-wood in the bottom above Weston to get out of debt. In that clearing he cut out the path of return to the itinerancy. "I thank him for it!" is the earnest word of Marvin's admiration of Caples, the wood-chopper.

Bishop Marvin, however, did not excuse but reprobated a delinquent church. By so much as the sufferer is exalted by the sacrifice, the responsible authors and willing witnesses of it are dishonored. The remark is not intended as special animadversion upon Weston Circuit. The default was not solitary then, nor unknown now. Bishop Marvin has offered palliation for their failure in the personal needs and emergent circumstances of the people opening up a new country. But even the generous Marvin has said in connection with the Caples-history: "Yet an enlightened conscience in the Church would have turned an amount to Christian uses sufficient, at least, to keep the preacher's family above want. Intelligent faith would have seen in Christian agencies a prime necessity. But this high ground had not been reached by the Church. So this preacher, popular as he was, was starved out." So was his successor in 1846-47, so far as the Church was concerned. Marvin's wife paid the Quarterage and board-bills during the winter, and the sale of his home paid the debts contracted for living during the summer. The record is: Caples $105; Marvin $90.02. The former had no private means and "could not see his family perish" and located. The other had something of his own, or rather his wife's, and the Church made him spend it. If there is severe indictment, it lies in the history and not in the word of the Commentator. As to the question of ability, it is true, in the general fact, an unsupported ministry does not lie in the fact of an unable Church. In the Northern branch of the Methodist Israel alone, its wealth has been estimated on reliable authority, at five hundred millions of dollars; and in various computations, it has been shown that the half of its income would suffice in a few years, over and above the support of the Gospel in every town and hamlet in America, to map the heathen world into circuits and stations. In the Southern Church the statistics are of similar import.

A Southern Methodist Bishop, looking over the whole connection and accustomed to travel with his eyes open, attributes an impoverished ministry, in like manner, to other causes than the poverty of the Church. Of one of the two instances to which he refers, he writes: "In two notable instances the fathers of American Methodism ate sour grapes, and the teeth of their children are set on edge. The early itinerants were mainly bachelors. Marrying and locating went together as the rule. The country was in a condition to pay but little—the preachers needed but little. This was well—providential, in the beginning; but evidently it could not so continue, if the Church was to have development and continuance. It was an incident of the times. The mistake was in defending it as a principle. Assailed by enemies on every hand, they made a virtue, a boast, of this temporary expedient, and justified it on too broad a ground. It came to be understood that Methodism was not only a true gospel, but a cheap one. The idea of a paid ministry was synonymous with that of a mercenary ministry. Dearly have we answered for it. Like all errors, this one had to be corrected, and slow has been the process. The *boomerang* has been flying back in our faces for forty years, while the Methodist Church has been trying to get on the higher ground of God's ordinance, that they who consecrate themselves to the preaching of the Gospel are entitled to live by it. Old members there are who persistently reckon what they contribute to the support of their pastor as a gift, a charity. Conscientious congregations do not scruple to settle with him at fifty cents on the dollar."

The vicious practice which Bishop McTyeire notes in the above extract, and his word of admonition, are contained in the significance of the Caples-Marvin experience on the Weston Circuit. The destructive missile he mentions came near striking down two of the most polished and stately pillars of Missouri Methodism. The one was for a time actually displaced by the hand of withholding more than is meet, but restored by the brawny arm of the wood-chopper. The other stood, but on the foundation of his own faith and generosity, supplying out of his own means the lack of the Circuit. Their history stands in protest against starving out preachers. They stood, but every preacher has not the manliness of Caples and the invincible devotedness of Marvin. There are wives to be cherished and children to be fed. "A man cannot see his family perish." As to the skill and help of the housewife at the Parsonage—the one had an unadapted wife; and of that of the other, it is to be noted that all preachers' wives have not the heroism or the aptness of Andrew's Amelia and Marvin's Harriet. There is a minimum in support which no housewife can manage, and an alternative between lack and location that reaches a point where the preacher is not free to choose, and is compelled to succumb. "Duty," said Bishop Marvin, "to a man's own family is paramount. Their claims stand first. Failure here is worse than infidelity." To compel the location, what is that?

The financial history on Weston Circuit sent Marvin to Hannibal Station in debt, and made the financial history there which has been narrated. In sheer justice, the latter history must be viewed in the light of the former. It will be modified by it in such ways as to change the features in which it may appear in Mr. Holmes' narrative, and relieve the fact of debt from imputation even of culpable carelessness, or any reckless imprudence. His reputation as a financier is even retrieved by the facts. How could a Rothschild financier the living of a family for a year out of ninety dollars and two cents! He went in debt, but he had expended all his own ready cash first. Then he had to buy on credit as a necessity for necessaries of life, because, as the account shows, he had received from the Circuit three months after Conference, in January, only twenty dollars; and from that time till the following March, only two dollars more. He had to wait more than three months longer for an additional twenty dollars and sixty-five cents. The final payment at the last quarter reveals, by the rule of contraries, another reason for buying on credit. He depended on the faith and conscience of the Church to be able to pay out.

His expectation was disappointed, but it was not unreasonable nor imprudent at the time. It was his first year of married life and itinerant experience in the support of the preacher's family—at the beginning of his ministry and not so wise as when, at a later date and from experience, he found out what "allowances" meant, and that only "receipts" from quarter to quarter can be safely made a financial basis of expenditure; and if at all based upon anticipations of the final quarter, the calculation must be heavily discounted, if the preacher shall leave his charge out of debt. But he was confiding and did not learn this wisdom for some years —not till he had passed through several pastoral charges. By the time he reached Monticello Circuit, in 1848, he understood it. There it was proposed that he should report to Conference the preacher's salary paid in full with promise of payment after Conference; but with nobody bound in particular and only the Church in general, he refused to do it, in words, strong but his own—"I am done telling lies." He was misled at first by an untutored confidence in the Circuit-revenue and fell into the ditch of debt. At no time, however, did his debits exceed his ability to pay and extended only to the inconvenience of timely payment. The sale of his home at Weston was ordered when he left, but the proceeds of sale were not at hand till some time after.

The hard experience, as Marvin endured it, has some beautiful lights in relief of a dark picture. His meekness has been mentioned. His attitude towards the matter of ministerial support is well defined and strikingly pictured in his own words given below. It is a beautiful spectacle of faith standing erect on the promise of Christ. His trust copies the picture of confiding John leaning his head on the bosom of the loving Lord. His dependence first and last and best was in prayer challenging the fidelity of the Master—that a better collector than Stewards and a surer purveyor than Circuits. The picture and the posture are portrayed in these words of testimony and trust and tried and triumphant peace:

> One who has much to do with the affairs of the Church sees everywhere how much use there is for money in the service of the Master. Certainly the prediction that the "gold of Ophir shall be His" has up to this moment had but partial fulfillment. In almost every community the work of God is embarrassed in a greater or less degree by the want of adequate material resources. A brother remarked in my hearing, some time since, that in our country the prospect seemed all the time to be that the preachers would be starved out, and yet all the time, somehow, they get bread. It has almost the appearance of a continual miracle wrought in behalf of the Gospel and of the salvation of souls. Every year the preacher thinks if things get no better he must locate, and yet at the end of every year he determines to try it again. . . . .
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> God fulfills His promise. The faithful men who do his work are fed. They carry their wants to Him, and He, their "Father, knows that they have need of these things." He charges Himself with the wants of the wives and children of the men who toil in His harvest fields.
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> What a blessed privilege it is to carry our temporal needs to God in prayer. "He careth for us." What peace comes upon us from those words! Why should not the man whom God has called away from secular avocations and set upon the work of the ministry trust Him for bread? What is there unreasonable in the faith that God will "supply all his need?"
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> I believe it, and this my faith gives me great peace. It brings wonderful rest. The man who is truly called of God, and does faithful service, has the right to look to God for food and raiment. His faith may be sorely tried. He may see himself drifting into extreme want, yet let him only be faithful and see what God will do!

To that creed of his confidence and wisdom of his plan, he has given the personal testimony—"Christ has never failed me yet." In the last year of his life still another word of confirmation is given, recorded in his book of world-travel, when he was most a wayfarer and wanderer from home: "As our steamer approached the wharf, our eyes were cheered by the sight of Rev. J. W. Lambuth and his little son Willie, approaching to welcome us and conduct us to their hospitable house, which was to be our *home* in this distant region—this strange world. Ah! what an old-time, Methodist welcome was in the face and voice of our dear Sister Lambuth as she greeted us on the veranda, and how fully has the first tone of the greeting been followed up from that moment of meeting until now! Blessed be the name of God for all the sweet charities and endearments of Christian life and hospitality! Our Saviour promised to those who should forsake houses and lands and homes for the Gospel's sake, that they should have a hundred-fold, even in this present time—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, *homes*—and I hereby testify that He has kept His word to me. In America, in Japan, in China, He has made the promise good. He pursues me with His mercies even to the ends of the earth."

The hard experience, likewise, as Marvin was exercised by it, had some indemnifications. It was the training of a true and tender shepherd; as the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls was qualified, coming down to our nature and the place of want and woe for touch to a feeling of infirmities. What he said of his fellow-sufferer on Weston Circuit was true, likewise, of his own heart and history: "The poor were never overlooked by him. At one time he was himself, to use his own language, 'in poverty bordering on want.' The houses of such, he never shunned. Perhaps his own poverty was part of the training by which God prepared his heart for the pastoral office. Possibly it was a better training than a course of Divinity would have been.'

In the interchange of circuits and stations on the list of his appointments, and the upward and downward movement on the scale of salary, he had learned the wisdom of contentment with any place and how to be full and to be empty with varying pay. He thereby escaped serious damage he himself describes: "The danger I dread is not in the hardships of the preachers. But as the Church prospers here and there a wealthy congregation supports its pastor handsomely. The pastor and his family contract habits and tastes of expensive living that make the prospect of a poorer charge unwelcome. Are we not in danger of getting a class of men in the Conferences who will be seeking the best places and, it may be, using influence to get them? It is whispered, now and then, that there are such men already among us. That cases of the sort are to be found, I am not prepared to deny. That they are numerous, I do not believe. On the contrary, from wide and close observation, I have the conviction that the body of Methodist Preachers is sound to the core. Nearly all the preachers in any given Conference hold themselves ready to go wherever the Bishop, when informed as to their circumstances, may, in his godly judgment, deem it right to appoint them. Now and then, only, one refuses to serve a work where he sees prospect of insufficient support; but the cases are so rare as scarcely to require mention. There is not wanting even now, the mind that was in Christ, the mind that was also in Mr. Wesley—the readiness to accept not only toil, but, also, poverty—even the deepest poverty—if the Master's name and cause require it. Only men who count it an honor to suffer with their Lord in the work of saving souls from eternal death can either preserve the itinerant system in its integrity or perpetuate the Wesleyan revival."

It has come down to this time, through Mrs. Marvin's recollections, what was his allowance at Hannibal Station, and how it was made. "In fixing the allowance, one of the stewards said the table expenses of his family of three persons cost six hundred dollars, and he thought that was a sufficient amount for the expenses of the preacher with a wife and one small child. His view prevailed. Living at that time and place was cheap. Compared with later years, that allowance would be as much as ten or twelve hundred dollars. The claim was ultimately paid." The Church determines the preacher's living, its style and convenience. The rule of estimate at Hannibal was just and sensible—living like the people live, not the richest nor the poorest, but like the average family. The final payment was well, but it would have been enhanced in actual worth and far more in satisfaction, if it had been current instead of "ultimate." When it is irregular it means discomfort or debt, as has been seen; and seen, too, what that means.

The final quarter of a Methodist ecclesiastical year has many a record of disaster—disappointment in the financial outcome and with it, broken ministerial commissions and ship-wrecked reputations. There is no intended dishonesty on the part of the preacher, but only too great confidence in the financial "ultimate." He is blamed, nevertheless—at the delinquent pastoral charge, leaving amidst the clamor of creditors and followed by it into every subsequent charge and at last pursued by it to the Bishop's room and to the Conference floor, where he is hackled as a criminal, and discounted on the list of appointments as a suspected character. At the late Atlanta General Conference the preachers in the unfortunate debtor class were alluded to in severe remark, pending the proposition to restore the old question in admission into the Conference—"Are you in debt?" A lay delegate from North Carolina defended the injured preacher, laying the discredit at the door of the defaulting circuit, which had, directly or indirectly, promised a support and failed in the performance. He was a lawyer and even in a voluntary system of ministerial support found an implied, if there were no express promise, in the common law rule of "assumpsit," as for service had and received. He could see no justice in discrediting and degrading the preacher, whose offence was a mistaken reliance upon allowances, supposing them to be endorsed by the integrity of the Church of God and representing a Christian conscience. The lawyer and layman laid the lash rather on the sluggish steward and the laggart circuit.

On this subject, it may be profitably repeated, the later Marvin-rule is the only security for the comfort of a good name and the life-tenure of ministerial office—to flee debt, which can be done surely only by not buying on credit. Wise and experienced preachers know that what is ultimate, in its nature and as is exemplified in circuit finances abundantly, is, also, indefinite and uncertain. Their hope and expectation of the last quarter are regulated accordingly and so are their family expenses. There is, therefore, in the intervening quarters a history of lean living and vexatious cares. The comfort of the salary paid at the end is half lost in not being paid during the progress of the year. What may be the disadvantage and discredit, alike to preacher and people, of insufficient allowance and irregular payment of it is detailed in the following extract from a leading magazine published in this country. It presents the view which the world takes, and which it may be profitable for the Church to know and to heed:

> If a man is fit to preach, he is worth wages. If he is worth wages, he should be paid with all the business regularity that is demanded and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community who works harder for the money he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man—in whose work the community is interested — to whom regular wages, that shall not cost him a thought, are so important. Of what possible use in a pulpit can any man be whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and dirty economies? Every month or every quarter-day, every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation to anybody, he can preach the truth with freedom,

and prepare for his public ministrations without distraction. Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or more disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. The office of such a man does not rise in dignity above that of a court-fool. He is the creature of a popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due to a man who devotes his life to them.

Manliness cannot live in such a man, except it be in torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to him.

Good, manly pastors and preachers do not want gifts; they want wages. It is not a kindness to eke out insufficient salaries by donation parties, and by benefactions from the richer members of a flock. It is not a merit, as they seem to regard it, for parishes or individuals to do this. It is an acknowledgment of indebtedness which they are too mean to pay in a business way. The pastor needs it, and they owe it, but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place him in an awkward and false position. The influence of this state of things upon the world that lies outside of the sphere of Christian belief and activity is bad beyond all calculation. We have had enough of the patronage of Christianity by a half-scoffing, half-tolerating world. If Christians do not sufficiently recognize the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his just wages, and to assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world, they must not blame the world for looking upon him with a contempt that forbids approach and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friends, and the religion he teaches at the price its professors are willing to pay in a business way for its ministry.*

In Mrs. Marvin's recollections of the home and the work at that charge, it is added: "Mr. Marvin was well pleased with Hannibal Station. It was a pleasant place and we had a pleasant home. Rev. Jacob Lannius was the Presiding Elder. He was an earnest laborer and an eloquent preacher. We boarded at his house one winter. The population of the town at that time was about three thousand. There were Presbyterian, Baptist and Episcopal Churches, holding regular services. Ours was the leading church. The house was a good brick structure and the congregations were generally very good. The membership was large, and among them some of the old and most prominent citizens of

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the community. I was sick much of the time, and the members and people were very attentive and kind. Mr. Marvin held successful protracted meetings at the charge. Quite a number of the young people joined the Church, many of them still living and faithful to their vows. Outside of the charge he assisted at various meetings, particularly at the camp-meeting, which was held annually on the Hydesburg Circuit, adjoining the station. Among the converts of that meeting was his sister, Marcia." His pastorate at Hannibal was highly important and was signally successful. His return there in all subsequent years as a visitor to their pulpit and their homes was always hailed with joyous welcome.

The significance of his first-station work, in some respects, has been already indicated. It is further shown by the circumstances under which the appointment was determined, as related by Bishop Paine who made it:

> My acquaintance with Bishop Marvin began at the first annual Conference, in which I presided as Bishop—1846. It was the Missouri Conference, held in Hannibal, and was the first after the Pittsburg General Conference. The separation line had been agreed to, leaving the appointments on the border at liberty to select between adhering North or South. The process was going on all along the line. Missouri was a border Conference, and Hannibal was a station immediately upon the line. The community, and especially the Methodists, were divided as to their preferences. Dr. John H. Linn, the incumbent of our Church in that station, by his wise and conservative influence, had so managed as to hold the elements of disruption in comparative repose, so that a majority of our members were inclined to remain in the Southern organization. But Dr. Linn was to be transferred to another Conference, and who should succeed him was a question of intense anxiety and universal inquiry. David W. Pollock was in charge of Palmyra, a station a few miles above, and he, too, was to leave the Conference. To fill those stations with the right men was very important. The former place, especially, claimed our most earnest and painful solicitude. Wm. M. Rush was presently substituted for Pollock; and, after frequent consultation with the Presiding Elder and a hearty nomination by Dr. Linn, Enoch M. Marvin was appointed to Hannibal. He had traveled five years, had been ordained Elder with Pollock and Rush at the previous Conference, was reported as a devoted, studious, and successful circuit preacher. His *preaching power* and *general reliability*

for delicate and difficult work were emphasized. I need scarcely add that the appointment seemed providential, and was repeated next year. The Church was quieted and established, and its membership largely increased.

Hannibal Station was an era in his history. The student of his public life will find it defined by distinctly marked stages, almost equally divided by decades of years, and each signalized by a prominent providential event in the advancing course. The second stage was at his accession, by regular appointment in 1856, to the pastorate in St. Louis—in the midst of conditions of central influence at that great commercial metropolis and taking hold of agencies which had reach to the wide bounds of the Mississippi Valley. The third stage was approached by the path of his army-life and ministry, and was reached when, in his absence, he was made Bishop, at New Orleans, in 1866. The first stage began at McConnell's house and culminated at Hannibal Station. There we find him a rising preacher and standing at the entrance of various lines of advancement to the position of a representative Churchman.

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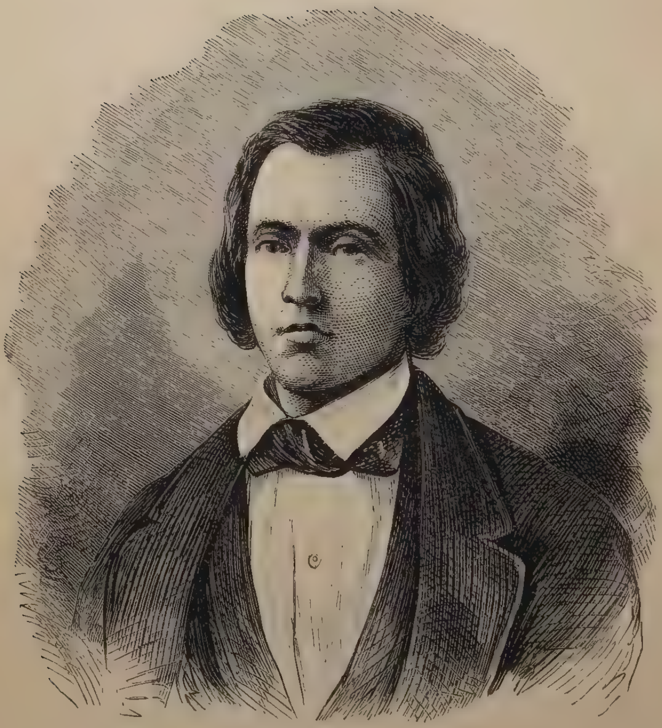

REV. ENOCH M. MARVIN,

AT THE AGE OF 23.

CHAPTER XII.

ECCLESIASTICAL RELATIONS.

Relations to other Churches—History and governing principles—The Churchman and Christian—As a controversialist—Relish for controversy in youth—Mental idiosyncracy—Incident to the times—His controversial record—A popular leader challenged—"Joining the Campbellite Church"—An unique speech—His second rule of denominational fellowship—Undue multiplication of sects—"Hardshell sermon"—His true Catholicity of spirit—Relations to the Methodisms—Episcopal Methodism, separation, strife, reconciliation—His record—A Southern Methodist.

"WHEN I was a younger man I used to relish controversy," was Bishop Marvin's reply in comment on a request to preach on the subject of baptism, at Marshall, Texas, during the war. In an introduction to a controversial book on the same subject, he expressed the sentiment of his mature years: "What with the heresy of baptismal regeneration on one side, and that of anti-pedobaptism on the other, there is need for a wide-spread presentation of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' Controversy for its own sake is undesirable, but when the interests of truth demand, it is not to be shunned. The incidental ill-feeling that may arise is to be regretted, but we must 'contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.'" In the itinerancy of his latest labors the following sentiment is recorded. Turning a farewell look upon the Mission fields of the world which he had been exploring, his last pen wrote: "For myself, though there is so little done by the Methodists of either hemisphere in this particular field, I rejoice greatly that the work is in hands so truly and deeply evangelical. The presence of God is with the American Missionaries in Eastern Europe and Western Asia. My fellowship with them I have felt to be as unselfish as it is deep. If they do not advance the glory of my particular church, they do what is the only vital thing—they advance the glory of Christ."

The above extracts contain the governing principles and indicate the history of Marvin's relations to other churches. He recognized the substantial unity of the Church in the midst of diversity of creeds and forms of polity and worship, and adopted heartily the catholic spirit with the formal dogma—"And I believe in the Church of God." In personal fellowship, he took to his heart all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. In ecclesiastical relations he cordially churched all denominations holding to Christ, the Head, in essential doctrine, "as the truth is in Jesus." With these sentiments of personal charity and denominational liberality, he carefully and wisely discriminated a spurious charity and an unprincipled toleration. He loved God and therefore, "his brother also." He was a zealous churchman, but, also, a true Christian; according to the Wesleyan proverb, a genuine Methodist and therefore not a bigot. "So Christ is preached and ye believed" determined and regulated his intercourse and co-operation in the brotherhood of the ministry and in the community of sects. But he was a Christian teacher, "set for the defense of the Gospel," under inspired instruction "to hold fast the form of sound words," and under ministerial vow to "banish and drive away all strange and erroneous doctrines." That made his history as a controversialist. This history touches at all stages of his ministerial life and is marked by peculiar incidents and contains a distinguished record.

The "relish" for controversy in his youth, of which he made mention, was a mental idiosyncracy, rather than an æsthetical sentiment. As kindly and gentle as a child, and with the spirit of the peacemaker, his mind was analytical, with natural scent for the discoveries of sound philosophy and enjoying the exploits of a discriminating logic. So far as the relish may have been tinctured by denominational rivalry and may have touched the tone of his spirit, it was an incident of the times in the years of his earlier ministry. They were times of ecclesiastical warfare. The spirit of controversy was in the atmosphere of the churches. The pulpit was rigidly doctrinal and the manner of it polemical. His associations were with soldiers in camp or on the battlefield, fighting at their side and talking over the war in bivouac. There were then frequent single-combats, as in the Caples-Lard debate at Brunswick and in another at Hannibal between the same Methodist warrior and Dr. Hopson of the Campbellite camp. At the latter Marvin was present, the prompter and second of Caples. In his description of it, there is evidence of the eagerness with which he entered into the public interest, from the beginning forecasting the issue of battle, comparing the mental stature of the antagonists and the quality of their weapons, whether heavy ordinance or small arms. The military terms of his description are brought down from the common speech of those times. In a notable instance, indeed, the controversial discussion was conducted by the use of an allegory constructed from the tactics of war and the bulletins of a campaign. Missouri readers will recognize at once the allusion to the Caples-sermon at Savannah in reply to Elder Hudgins of the Campbellite pulpit, the tradition of which is preserved and rendered with such vivacious narrative by Bishop Marvin—in it, the alliance of the "Greeks;" the pursuit of the fleeing enemy to "the fords of Jordan;" the "rout" at Enon; the skirmish at the "puddle" in the desert; and the final defeat in the overthrow at the "tombs."

The foregoing references indicate the history and spirit of those times. The old controversy of the earlier Methodism with Calvinistic theology had not wholly subsided; but it was almost entirely superseded by the contest with the new-born creed of Campbellism. The tenets and methods of its pulpit have become greatly modified and improved in this day. At its first appearance the sect was an ecclesiastical Ishmaelite, making war on all others. It was exceedingly presumptuous and disputatious, and the manner of its warfare coarsely abusive, dealing often in ridicule which was not only irrreverent, but little removed from sacrilege. This tone and tactics of its pulpit explain the fact of antagonism and the manner of dealing with the foe in peculiar modes of defense and attack. The issues were grave and vital—not of form, but substance. The immersion controversy was involved, but the field included the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and vital facts of Christian experience. Creeds were rejected and denounced and without a standard of doctrine or tests of orthodoxy, each pulpit was a law unto itself, and in its ministry and membership the sect in that day was a reservoir of almost universal heterodoxy—here and there in the Chamelion pulpit, Unitarianism, Universalism, no divine Christ, nor personal Spirit of God; and in all pulpits alike, baptismal pardon and regeneration and no experimental religion, which was not only discredited but carricatured.

Methodism, especially, was the natural enemy of the new sect and the most formidable. The gravity of the heresy and the zeal and audacity of its propagation thoroughly aroused the Methodist pulpit, and there was a general call to arms to contend for the citadel of the Christian faith. The contest was earnest. Its spirit was elevated and higher than the zeal of denominational partizanship. Bishop Marvin has illustrated it by an incident in the ministry of Rev. George W. Bewley at Richmond, where the great fact of the Divinity of Christ was habitually assailed in pulpit ministrations and street talk. He was in feeble health, laboring under pulmonary disease for years. While preaching a small blood-vessel was ruptured. The spectacle of a bloody handkerchief excited the congregation to tears and impressed the truth. He went on with the sermon. "Redman, sitting behind him, sprang to his feet, seized his arm and begged him to desist, for he preached on as if nothing had happened. Rousing his slight frame with the strength of a lion, Bewley pushed his friend aside, exclaiming 'Let me alone; I would rather die defending my Lord and Master from these aspersions than in any other way.' "

Marvin, in his early ministry, was the companion of these men. The noted pulpit-men were by eminence controversialists and, in general, the pulpit was put by the controversial history of the times in the attitude of both teaching and contending "for the faith once delivered unto the saints." What signalized the ministry of Redman, his first Presiding Elder, it is stated in his obituary, was his doctrinal preaching and his controversial skill. In the last words of Jacob Lannius, his Presiding Elder, during his three years pastorate in Northeast Missouri, in 1846-49, the same fact is noted —"I have preached the true doctrine. I have defended it earnestly." The senior preachers, the models and guides of the young preachers, were employed and distinguished as defenders of the faith and champions of Methodism. He imbibed their spirit and joined the army in the field. He is soon in the thick of the fight, and in his sixth year, a captain of the host. When he was at Louisiana he held a public discussion with Elder Modisett, a Baptist Minister, on the issues of the controversy on baptism. Similar discussions in notable instances of pulpit rejoinder to the assaults of Immersionists, occur in his army ministry. The most signal of such occasions was his public debate with the learned and eloquent Smarius, the Jesuit Priest, at St. Louis, on the questions of complaint and protest against Romanism.

In the Campbellite controversy he took an active part. He was in contact with it from his earliest ministry—rife in Central Missouri and extending across the Northern section from the Missouri River to the Mississippi. When he was at Monticello, in 1848, his circuit embraced one of the strongholds of the Reformers, where their College was located and their leading champion ministered. He challenged this popular and powerful leader. The incident is well known in Missouri, remarkable as showing both the brave warrior and the skillful strategist. Accounts of it have been furnished by several contributors; the following by Rev. W. W. McMurray. He has taken it down from the lips of eye witnesses of the singular occurrence—so singular that the story is known, under the title, "Marvin joining the Campbellite Church:"

In the years 1848 and '49, E. M. Marvin was appointed to the Monticello Circuit, Mo. Conference. Among the many interesting reminiscences of those two years, I have collected from the old pioneers still living and some who have recently departed, is the following, which occured perhaps in the fall of '49, at Monticello. Elder D. P. H., an eminent man and successful in the then "current reformation," visited Monticello and held a meeting of several days continuance. He was in his prime, and no one of his brethren excelled him in the skill and success with which he presented his cause. Many were added to their number, some from other churches, until this last feature with many church-members became a mania. The speaker made special effort in this direction, giving great prominence and plausibility to the plea: "Come, unite with us on the Bible; throw away your human creeds; let us be one," etc., etc. This had great effect. The excitement was intense. Young Marvin, now in the eighth year of his ministry, had been closely observing the drift of affairs, and concluded that he would puncture the bubble that he saw was deceiving some. The services were being held in the Court-house. It was at night; a large audience present, and excitement on tip-toe. The text was that most perverted of all others on this subject—Eph. iv. 5 —"One Lord, one faith, one baptism." The speaker closed amid the most intense interest and the most plausible presentation of his theme of "union on the Bible without a creed." "All could stand on this platform; all could not stand on a creed." The invitation was given to join by coming forward and giving him their hand. No sooner had the congregation arose and the singing begun, than Marvin walked deliberately forward and gave his hand to the preacher. An enthusiastic sister could not contain her joy, and audibly exclaimed, "There goes the preacher; we've got the preacher." The singing over, the speaker said, "Are you in earnest, Mr. Marvin?" Marvin replied, "Never was more candid in my life, sir!" The speaker continued, "Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" "What if I do, or do not?" was the reply. "Well," said the speaker, "we demand assent to that question before baptism." "Didn't come here to be baptized or swallow a creed," said Marvin; "came to 'unite with you on the Bible,' and the first thing I meet is a creed; and now you prate about baptism, when that in my case has already been administered." Imagination can well fill up the effect the scene produced upon that audience, never to be forgotten. The meeting was to close that night, and it did; but not until Marvin had informed the speaker that he proposed to review his sermon and the current reformation, and would like for him to remain and assist in the discussion. The speaker replied that he would if Marvin would go to Palmyra, "where your Brother Lannius and our Brother Creath live, and where we can have access to their libraries." "No," said Marvin; "I am set for the defense of Methodism here; Lannius can take care of it there. Here it has been attacked; here it must be vindicated." After some further remarks in a fruitless effort for discussion then and there, Elder D. P. H. closed the meeting, and departed for his home in Illinois next morning. Then for several evenings in succession the current reformation got such an airing from this young David of the Methodist Israel as, I presume, it seldom, if ever, received.

There was another rule which governed his sentiments towards other sects. "No Church has any right *to be*, unless it stands for something. It must embody and conserve some truth, some principle, some great matter of Christian interest that no other church does, or it has no just title to existence. It must be charged with some portion of God's work that no one else is at hand to do, and that no one else can be trusted with; or its presence among the churches is an intrusion and an impertinence." What thus distinguishes and justifies the existence of a church, must be, he says, "some principle vital to the Christian commonwealth;" the separate organization representing "some truth of high value in the ecclesiastical constitution and of which it is the *sole* custodian.'

The appositeness of this rule and its application had practical illustration and call for its exercise in the new country, where he labored in his early ministry—not, however, common to a new country exclusively. The tendency to divisions of creed and party lies in human nature and belongs to all ages of the Church and to all conditions in society. "One fact," he wrote, "is apparent in all ages, and yet men seem not to have been duly impressed with it up to this hour: that is, that no amount of mental training or culture can guard a man against error. The most gifted and highly educated are just as liable to embrace erroneous creeds in religion and ethics as the most ignorant. The falsest and most disorganizing and most debasing doctrines have not wanted for accomplished advocates."

The sentiment finds corroboration in the statistics of sects—in these: The Rev. Edward N. Kirk has stated that in the Western Reserve, in Ohio, in 1848, then called "the New England of the West," there were no less than "forty-one sects, all professing to believe the Bible." That in a new country; and this statement concerning one of the States in the original New England, noted for its colleges and its social culture: "It is obvious to every stranger, who visits the Northern States, that in them there are many sects of religionists. In Rhode Island, for example, small as it is (in a population of not above one hundred and fifty thousand souls), there are said to exist Congregationalism, old school and new; Episcopal, high and low; Unitarians, transcendental and orthodox; Methodists, protestant and episcopal; Quakers, Hicksites, Wilforites, Gurneyites; and Baptists—Calvinistic, freewill, Christian, seventh day, six principle, and a few Ironsides, or 'all will' or 'Hardshells,' as they are called South. Then, they have Swedenborgians, Roman Catholics, Universalists, Nothingarians, Infidels and Atheists, and recently one Presbyterian Church."*

The above exhibit is, also, in illustration and justification of the Marvin-rule in regard to the minute subdivision of sects—not only of the absence of his respect for them, but, also, the wit with which sometimes, in private circles, he would lash them. More widely than in Missouri, perhaps, his "hardshell sermon" has been preached to select audiences—its subject, the "*schemes*" of the Great Apostasy, an educated ministry, Sunday schools and missionary societies; the text, "that there be no *schism* (schemes) in the body;" the treatment, only Marvin could render it, and the "holy tone" cannot be put in type. Through him, it is known, the "Hardshell" Gospel has been preached at the ends of the earth—once on a canal boat in China. Not anywhere did he preach it except to an "elect" company; and in China he chided himself that he could be merry in the midst of heathenism, though not over the Western superstition. Indeed, he found an identity in respect to the matter, in heathen as in Christian systems—in America and at Madras—here the Hardshells, and there, the Nosers or Horse-shoers, as it may be variously written, according to this note of observation in his Book of Travels: "People here indicate their faith by wearing a mark. Sometimes it is a spot just above the base of the nose; sometimes a trident extending upward from the base of the nose, the outer lines white and the central one brown. This trident is worn by Brahmans, and there are two forms of it. In one form the lower extremity of the figure makes a regular curve, like a horse-shoe; in the other a little point extends downward from the extremity." What is added emphasizes the parallel in general: "These different forms represent differences in doctrine—slight, very slight, differences, a venerable wearer of the horse-shoe told us; but when the two parties meet in the temple they sometimes make the walls resound with the vigor of their angry reproaches and recriminations." His sober view upon the multiplication of sects has been already given. It is indicated, likewise, in the following reference to the mode of baptism, how narrow as the basis of a sect and what the folly of the clamor over it: "I do not care to make a quarrel with any one upon the form of an ordinance. Others may hold their own views as to the *mode* of this one; I shall seek no controversy with them. I might repel an ungenerous assault upon my own views; but I will not be responsible for rending the body of Christ upon such a question."

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*Philosophy of Sectarianism. 1858.

He discriminated denominationalism by the two rules named—an authorized charter of existence and the judgment of true charity, not as a weak personal sentiment, but a divine principle, its model at the Cross of Christ: "Mercy and truth meet together; righteousness and peace kiss each other." In a spurious charity, to embrace error on an equality with truth would be, in his view, criminal; and a complicity in absurd and injurious folly, to give countenance to unauthorized sectaries. With such boundaries to toleration, in ample limits he lived and moved among the Churches with broadly evangelical sympathies and a true and genial catholicity of spirit. It was in accord with natural traits—a man of heart and a brother to humanity.

In its character, the controversial spirit, as he controlled it, did not degenerate into personal spleen; contending sternly against error, but with no spite towards its personal representative. It did not, in its history, invade or disturb the circle of his friendships. In point of fact, some of his chosen friends and closest companions were among those who would not extend to him formal fellowship at the communion table. Among the churches, it is known how Christians of all creeds and orders loved the man, admired his pulpit, and welcomed him to their altars of worship and seats of instruction. At home and abroad, the pulpits of both hemispheres and in many lands and of many sects, he has filled—on occasion, one most inaccessible to a preacher among the "sects" and to a Methodist Bishop. He has told it in a vein which shows how the churchly prejudice, irrepressible even at Jerusalem, amused rather than annoyed him: "The Rector of the Church, a converted German Jew, made an announcement that interested me. It was, as nearly as I can recall it, in these words: 'There will be a *meeting* in the lecture-room of this church, at half-past seven o'clock this evening. Bishop Marvin, of the Methodist Church, in the United States of America, will deliver a lecture. The regular evening service will be suspended.' This Rector is a delightful man, full of the love of Christ, but trammeled by the exclusiveness of his Church. He would have had me to preach in the main audience-room, after reading the service himself, but our Consul had told him that he thought I would enjoy it better to occupy the lecture-room, and do things in the Methodist style. So, at the appointed hour, I met a crowded audience and *lectured* on Rom. iii. 31." He heard the resident Bishop preach from the sacred desk in the main-room in the morning, having no prejudices to overcome and saying of him, "he is now a very aged man, deeply evangelical and ready for his change." He enjoyed the lament of the sermon over "the ritualistic follies" the good Bishop saw creeping, he said, into "our beloved Church."

In like history with the inaccessible pulpit, how his personal fellowship overleaped the close-communion barrier occurred at the English Baptist Mission at Calcutta, in the person of Dr. Wenger, one of the oldest Missionaries in India: "If I had been with an Apostle I could scarcely have venerated him more. Noble man! his work will soon be done; but a glorious crown awaits him." Whether in personal fellowship or official intercourse, he was a grand representative of the true brotherhood of Christians—a catholicity of spirit, broad as the world he traversed, and girdling the earth with the joy of the Eucharist, the holy communion: "We took coffee early and walked out along the lake, by the summer house of the last of the kings, around the temple of Buddha to the foot of the mountains, and then down the street to the Wesleyan Chapel. We fell in upon the hour of Shingalese service, conducted by the Rev. Elias Paul Fonseka, the native pastor recently ordained Elder. At the close of the service he proceeded to the administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Our hearts leaped within us for joy. We had participated in this feast with the native Church in Japan and in China, both at Shanghai and Soochow, and now it was spread before us in the very heart of Ceylon. We approached the table with the lay communicants, and with them took the bread and wine at the hands of the pastor, "in remembrance of Him." It was a hallowed moment. I never *felt* myself nearer to the Cross. I never felt more deeply the love of God and His people. These men, of another hemisphere and of another color, were one with me in Christ Jesus, and I was one with them in heart though I had never before seen their faces. I felt, indeed, that,

'Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy-seat.'

The congregation was small and the communicants few, but He made good His promise and was 'in the midst of them.'"

In his relations to the various branches of Methodism, there is a peculiar history. Towards all other forms of it in his own country, except for a time towards the M. E. Church, he was strongly affiliated in sentiments of esteem and sympathy. Towards that Church there were relations begun and, happily, ended in peaceful brotherhood, but with an interval of wide alienation and violent conflict, in which he was pronounced and prominent.

His relations to the subject began at the session of his Conference in the fall of 1844, held at St. Louis. It was his third year in the ministry and he was young in years, in his twenty-second year; but he gave earnest attention to the subject from the beginning. The speech of Mr. Jamison at that Conference, heretofore mentioned, was no doubt on the question pending resolutions to send delegates to the called Convention of the Southern Church at Louisville. In this large Conference there were only thirteen in the opposition, headed by Jamison, who was a man of commanding ability and of high character and standing as a preacher. The import of the occasion raised Marvin from his seat. He is seen standing up on the floor of the Conference-room, an eager listener to the discussion. The action taken was well considered. What of its purport belongs to this connection is chiefly that it did not contain the fact nor spirit of schism. It was understood and expressed in the resolutions that separation was authorized, and at the same time, declared that it was not desired but deprecated, except as a last resort for security under the protection of law and for the preservation of Methodism in the slave-holding States. Marvin was represented at the Louisville Convention. Its action was approved and accepted by the vote of the Conference at its succeeding session at Columbia. Besides the corporate vote, there was individual action by each member, adhering North or South. On the call of the roll Marvin was written down a Southern Methodist. The transactions at St. Louis transpired under the eye of Bishop Morris, who remained in the Northern branch of the divided jurisdiction. His name to the record of the proceedings expressed both his official and personal sanction to their legitimacy, and their binding authority was subsequently proclaimed by him in terms and recognized in his Episcopal administration. The old preachers of the Missouri Conference still remember the stirring address of Soule at Columbia on the morning of adjournment. His clarion voice and ponderous utterances still ring in their ears—the Northern man and Southern Bishop sending out one of the very first band of Southern Methodist Preachers to their old work under their new name, and assuring them of the soundness and superiority of their Methodism and the sanction to their Ministry, both ecclesiastical and divine.

Marvin, likewise, had early connection with this question in his pastoral work. It was at issue, though slightly, on Weston Circuit. His appointment to Hannibal Station by Bishop Paine, it has been seen, was as representative and guardian of the Church on the issues of the division. At his next charge, on the Monticello Circuit, by instruction of the Presiding Elder, he took under his care the Methodist Society at the city of Quincy, Ill., which had, under the plan of separation, sought connection with the Southern Church. There his ministry was highly acceptable and successful, and the Church was greatly strengthened by large accession to its numbers. With what prudence and success he discharged the special and delicate trust at Hannibal, Bishop Paine has testified.

The sentiment of Missouri Methodism was eminently conservative and the peace and order of the Church, with only here and there insignificant disaffection, were remarkably preserved, till the action of the General Conference of the M. E. Church, in 1848, at Pittsburg, was taken. Upon that action, in the rejection of the fraternal delegate of the Southern Church in the person of Dr. Lovick Pierce, Bishop Marvin adopted the law of non-intercourse thus initiated and held it strictly till the rejection was recalled by the overtures at Louisville and reversed by the official recognition of the same Southern messenger at Baltimore—singularly preserved in life to extreme age, in the connections of his own name and delegated office to signalize the happy close as he had stood related to the unhappy beginning of the most remarkable ecclesiastical contest known to the history of the American Church.

With a broad catholicity to embrace the Church universal, he was, nevertheless, a decided Methodist. Among the Methodists, he was a pronounced Southern Methodist. That sentiment was put in a characteristic saying, reported by Gen. Clinton B. Fisk: "In my last interview with him, just before his departure for the South, at the close of a service at Centenary Church, in a little conversation we had, he said: 'You are of the Methodist Episcopal Church: so am I, with a handle to the name—*South.* I shall hold on to the *handle.*' "

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CHAPTER XIII.

FROM 1848 TO 1853.

The Conference at Weston, 1848—Monticello Circuit—The Circuit Preacher—As a revivalist—A remarkable conversion—Pastoral fidelity—"Good news from Aleck Smith"—The disciplinarian—St. Charles Circuit—In the social circle—His temper and bearing—His junior preacher—A round on the Circuit—Palmyra Station—Bereavements—His family settled at "the Old Place"—St. Charles District—The Presiding Elder—In Quarterly Conference—At Quarterly Meetings, "in order to preach"—The Danville meeting—Remarkable sermon—Richard Bond—His administration—The lambs of the flock—Testimony and tribute—Louisiana meeting—A pastoral visit and thrilling incident—In the Bishop's Cabinet—Pastor of preachers—Presiding Elder tutored—The prophecy of his Presiding Elder's record.

THE session of the Conference for 1848, held at Weston, was a pleasant occasion to Marvin. The general summary of the ecclesiastical year was gratifying. In spite of the Northern agitation and its increased vigor during the year, the return of numbers showed that the Church had been preserved from any serious inroads. There were no cases of discipline, no deaths and only one location; their ranks strengthened by the accession of nine received on trial and seven into full connection. Among them were some with whom he had intimate association in labors and personal friendship in after years, and some were his "boys" when he became Presiding Elder. He was there at his old charge, the hospitalities of the place heightened by happy reunions with old parishioners and loved friends. The religious services were enjoyed the more in the new church edifice, he had projected before he left the Circuit two years before. The Bishop was Andrew, who had inducted him into the full itinerant ministry and given him his first ordination. On the list of appointments he was read out to Monticello Circuit. He was returned to it the year following by Bishop Paine, at the Conference held at Fulton, commencing September 26th. During his membership in this Conference, his chief pastoral labors were in Northeast Missouri, principally along the river counties of the Mississippi and extending to its southern boundary line at the Missouri River and westward on its north bank in several counties. Within these limits he continued his labors by appointment to the St. Charles Circuit at the Conference of 1851, held at Fayette, September 24, Bishop Capers presiding; and as Presiding Elder of St. Charles District, to which he was appointed by Bishop Paine at the St. Joseph Conference, October 6, 1852, and reappointed to it September 28, 1853, at Palmyra, by Bishop Andrew.

Nearly one-third of his ministerial life in the ordinary pastorate was passed on circuits. He had decided preference for that work. All through life and when he was a Bishop, he has declared his choice on a list of appointments would always be a three weeks circuit. He was accustomed to magnify such a charge—the life in the country, the study on horseback, the hospitable homes, the simplicity of social conditions, the good common sense of the people and in scriptural knowledge especially the superior intelligence of the congregations. All this he relished, together with the greater freedom of the pulpit and commonly the greater appreciation and prevalency of the Gospel and the unconstrained altar work, winding up the year with the round of protracted meetings and the general rally of the Circuit at the camp-ground. He loved this work and had adaptation for it and great success in it. Perhaps the largest number of the sheaves over which in his now gathered harvest he is rejoicing, were reaped at the country basket-meeting and the camp-ground of the Circuit. Some of the best work of his ministry and brightest chapters in the revival history of his pulpit belong to his Circuit life—notably, on the Monticello charge during his two years there. One well advised, Rev. Mr. McMurray, has given the following general statement of his work on that Circuit: "To Marvin, perhaps, more than any other man under God, does Methodism owe its commanding influence in Lewis County. During his pastorate on the Monticello Circuit a meeting of remarkable power and lasting influence was held at a school-house, about six miles west of Lagrange. From this beginning grew the Liberty Church, a centre of godly influences ever since. And other churches have been built in neighborhoods contiguous, forming now the greater part of one of the best circuits in the Hannibal District, Mt. Olivet." Canton and Lagrange were appointments in the Circuit, and subsequently were erected into Stations and served by preachers among the best in the Conference. Quincy was finally abandoned, but the Church had a season of great grace and refreshing under his preaching. In the two years' history at Monticello he appeared first most prominently as a revivalist. In the instruction of his history, which in these pages goes along with the narrative, his method may be inferred from these words of counsel to the preacher from his own pen, on, as he states it, how to promote a revival:

> I have thought that a few suggestions on the topic given at the head of this article might be useful.
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> 1. Let the work begin in his own soul. Let him bring himself to judgment. Let him probe his conscience with such questions as these: Am I right with God? Are my motives right? Do I, indeed, seek the glory of God? Have I no motive of pride or self-seeking in what I do? Do I *feel* the danger of souls? Have I daily deep communion with God?
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> If the result of this self-examination be not satisfactory, he will know the remedy. Let him humble himself under the mighty hand of God. It would be well for him to communicate freely with some of the most spirit-

ual of his church, and seek the help of their prayers. Let him make time every day for special prayer until he feels that he can and does prevail with God. But no half-work must be done. God must be honored by a whole sacrifice. Nothing must be kept back. A full consecration must be made, and he must be ready for the will of God, even if it should lay him low. He must be ready for dishonor, if by that means God may be honored; ready to be counted as the filth and offscouring of the earth.

2. Let him lead the Church into a higher life. I say *lead*, for he cannot drive them. He must not *scold*. There may be occasions when, if his own soul is right, he may rebuke with authority. But if he is, as he should be, the spirit of scolding will be wholly absent there. In the spiritual life he must be on advanced ground and *win* the Church to a more entire devotion. He may constrain them by the love of Christ. The work of Christ is not to be done in an official way. It must be the result of constraining love of God in a man's own soul.

Nor must this work of bringing the Church nearer to God be done in view, simply, of *immediate revival effect*. I have often been pained to see what seemed to be mere management for effect. This is not the true spirit. It is not just that we may have a revival now that is the true motive; but that we may be the Lord's forever. That we may be holy, the servants of God without rebuke to the end of our lives, must be the object in view. Not that the conversion of our friend is to be left out of sight. By no means. But we must beware of falling into a mere paroxysm of piety for a revival occasion. We must look to a sustained and permanent consecration.

Let God send the revival while we are thus in the attitude of waiting to know and do His will. *We* will be nothing. God shall be all in all.

Whenever this spirit pervades a Church there is a revival ahead.

Comment would enfeeble the above forcible statement of the philosophy of the genuine revival, which, in its history, Marvin has said, every true Methodist Preacher takes with him when he goes to his work—"the revival is in him." As not in his words, there was not in his practice resort to the tactics of sensationalism in any of its forms, neither in the drill of the congregation nor artifices of pulpit and choir. "A true revival is never gotten up; it always comes down," he said, in exposure of such practices and in rebuke, that it was solemn trifling and an ultimate damage. The word preached was his weapon, and an unction of the Holy One. A meeting he held at Cottleville, after several days had passed, was barren. The two preachers stood at the fork of diverging paths. "You go up that path and I will go up this," it was said. It was for prayer and communion with God. "That morning Marvin preached as I never heard him preach and the power of God was in the midst," says the other preacher, who filled the pulpit at night. Both had seals to their ministry—among them, one cured of scepticism and filled with joy in believing. There are multiplied examples of the efficacy of his pulpit and altar prayer, prevailing with God and with men. He used singing freely, but not with contrivance and artful device—it was a spontaneous soul-burst, adding to the word of the pulpit the Gospel of Song. In the above extract it is indicated, what was the tenor of his preaching—both "to kill and make alive." He had use for the law "as a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." In the terrific imagery of his speech Sinai was still ablaze and the bottomless pit sent up the smoke of torment. The Cross itself was interpreted as a surer and severer token to the unbeliever of wrath revealed, declaring God's righteousness. In due time Christ is disclosed, as he said it of a revivalist of like mind and method of pulpit, "finding the sinner smitten and helpless amidst the crags of Sinai how tenderly he picked him up and laid him at the foot of the Cross."

In view of contrary methods prevailing in his last years, it is known how pointedly and earnestly he insisted both in public and private discourse, upon a rugged and penetrating repentance to prepare the way of faith and salvation—strongly deprecating the snare of Antinomian laxity, as described in the quaint words of Rutherford: "They get Christ for as good as half nothing and never had a sick night of sorrow for sin. *This makes loose work.*" His was the thrust of a deep wound, nor was it healed slightly. How he dreaded, also, the false and bastard foundations of sacramentarianism in all its forms and the partial healing of the half-way converts who make half-way Christians. He guarded this point closely and proclaimed, in constant and earnest admonition—"Ye must be born again." He feared, and said he quaked in fear, that many in the Church knew nothing of conscious pardon and personal regeneration. He was tenacious of the Methodist "mourner's bench," as it was a symbol of deep awakening and pungent contrition. Church life must be begun right and whole-hearted conversion *at the start*, were maxims of his altar-work. His preaching was toned by his faith—it was intensely realizing. Heaven and hell were realities. There was in himself the shock of startled sensibility as he saw the danger and doom of imperilled souls. His faith realized for them, too, the possible glory of immortal crowns and longed for souls as jewels in his own. The vision of his faith was amazing. It had uncommon power of witness to things not seen. The love of Christ and souls was identical in his heart and turned his ministry in search of the neglected and outcast, in hedges as in highways. He had confidence in his Gospel, its power to save the chief of sinners and to save unto the uttermost.

All this characterizes a ministry of the Gospel, if a true one—his, pre-eminently; in combination and fullness the wisdom of the sound divine joined to the spirit of the evangelist. He longed and labored, prayed and preached for revivals, and he had them. They were powerful because genuine and the fruits permanent and reproductive. The school-house at Liberty appointment is too strait and is succeeded by a commodious house of worship. The place has been the headquarters of Methodism ever since in the new Liberty Circuit. In the adjacent places classes are created and enlarged for another circuit in the following year. Still further, out of the original territory successors find foundations laid and remaining for two stations. That is good circuit work. It is the way Marvin subdivided the large territory he traveled, with absence from his family several weeks at a time, into compact and convenient work. It was by joining many to the Church who were also "added to the Lord"—the engineering of revivals rather than the purse of the Board of Missions. He has singled out one of the converts of the great meeting at Liberty to exemplify the work of conserving the fruits of revival—supplementing the zeal of the altar by the fellowship of true brotherly love on the part of the members and on the part of the minister, following the preaching of the evangelist by the tender and faithful care of the pastor. In this he was always careful and painstaking—his labors not over with the close of the meeting, but new and more arduous and delicate work just begun. In the case he mentions, the zeal that put a helpless soul on its feet kept it from falling. It is a thrilling narrative and adorns and points a passage in one of the most admirable discourses of his Volume of Sermons. Smith was one of his most prized converts. The story of his salvation was often told and put in print that it might be more widely known and not soon die out in the memory of the Church. It is committed to this page, also:

We were holding a protracted meeting. At one of the morning prayer-meetings a man whom I had never seen came in after the service had commenced; he was a miserable-looking object; his dress was of the coarsest material, very scanty and very much worn; he had on neither coat nor vest; he entered with a sort of stealthy movement, and slunk into the remotest part of the room, crouching down rather than seating himself. After the meeting closed I went with one of the class-leaders to dinner. As we rode along, he said with much feeling, "Verily, I am guilty concerning my brother," and then proceeded to tell me about Aleck Smith. He had never been seen at church before; was a dissipated man, addicted to low vices, and had been repeatedly under suspicion of petit larceny. "I felt," said he, "that I ought to speak to him on the subject of his salvation; the spirit of God must be at work with him, or he would never have come to the meeting; but his character is so bad that I thought it would scarcely be worth while to approach him. Yet I know he is under conviction; his countenance shows it. My conscience condemns me; I have done wrong, I have allowed an opportunity of doing good to pass. If God will forgive me for this I will see this man, if I have to go to his house." But at night Aleck was there again; he came in early, and got back into a corner. Throughout the service his head was bowed; he was weeping. No sooner was the call made for those who desired to seek God than my good brother, mindful of his pledge, and in earnest to save a soul, made his way to the miserable man, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Aleck, come and go to heaven with us." Can you question the result?

The next morning the poor, contrite penitent came and brought his family. The drooped figure of the wife walking up the road, in her faded, limp dress and limber sun-bonnet, I can never forget. With the three daughters—the eldest verging toward young woman-hood, shabby and shamefaced—these parents came; a group as woe-begone as could have been found in twenty miles. The long-suffering wife was but too glad to join company with her husband in the new life; and the susceptible children—of course they would follow. At the end of the service my faithful class-leader, who had come with his family in a two-horse wagon, said, "Aleck, come bring your wife and children; get into my wagon, and go home with me to dinner." Ah! what a stroke of policy was that! But the man of God had no thought of policy—it was the pure prompting of love; a generous heart is the most consummate strategist in the service of our Master. Poor Smith! it was the first time any man of respectability had invited him to dinner for many a year; and as for the children, they had never been inside of a decent house.

You ought to have seen that family three months later. What a transformation! It was life from the dead in more respects than one. But there were sinister predictions enough about poor Smith. "The Methodists have taken a tough job this time; they'll have one backslider now, for certain; the fellow will be drunk in less than six weeks, and stealing somebody's pigs, too!" Perhaps the prophets of evil would have been glad to see the benevolent labors of God's people defeated; but the poor sinner that had sought shelter in the fold had fallen into good hands. If he had come into a fashionable and worldly church, probably the worst predictions would have been realized; he would have found no efficient sympathy, no helping hand. Truly, he had reason to thank God, for the lines had fallen to him in pleasant places; these simple-hearted men said, one to another, "We must take care of Smith; we must keep him out of temptation; we must give him work at fair wages, to feed his family, and to keep him from his former associations." "Yes," says one, "I want a hand for a few weeks; I will employ him immediately." From one to another he went among the brethren that year; the next he rented a little farm, and soon found, what he had never before dreamed of, that he, *even he*, had it in his power to put his family on a good footing with the respectable people of the neighborhood.

I never knew a more faithful man. He lived in good odor for some time; but I confess I trembled for him when I heard he had started for California; would he have strength enough to stand when separated from those friends who had held him up? But good news came from him on the plains; he was the only man in the train who had family-prayers in his tent, night and morning; no fatigue, no stress of camp duties, could induce him to omit it. Later still, good news came back from Smith—the best news of all—he had been released; from the foot of the Rocky Mountains he had gone to be with his Lord forever. He died praying for his family, and blessing and praising God—"a sinner saved by grace."

With such grace and power of the Gospel Church and culture and care of the Christian brotherhood, there will be great revivals and true ones—fruits that shall both abound and abide Monticello was the Pentecost of his Circuit-preaching.

On the St. Charles Circuit the Rev. S. W. Cope was his colleague. From a full narrative of personal recollections the following incidents are taken. Some of them exhibit Marvin in the social circle, characteristically. What is not easily done, he did—to strike the dividing line between sour godliness and chaffy lightness. Where it is most difficult to do it, he kept the path—on the Circuit with the more frequent and freer gatherings of preachers and neighbors at protracted meetings and in the intervals of the Church services, and especially, with its country town and village store. The incidents in the narrative are samples of his genial spirit living in and not disfiguring a saintly character and a sober calling.

Brother Marvin's first appointment for the town of St. Charles was announced in the county paper. On the corner of the notice was written for the amusement of the Editor, "The ugly man." The Editor for the amusement of his readers put these words in the midst of the notice in brackets: "The Rev. E. M. Marvin (the ugly man) will preach at the Methodist Church to-morrow morning, at 11 o'clock." A new preacher, and with such a notice, you may be sure he had a full house. It was equally large and attentive, ever afterwards. This little incident afforded many occasions of pleasantry to brother Marvin, and others. He often threatened to sue brother R. for having such a notice of him put in the papers, laying the damages at *ten thousand dollars*. And on one occasion when brother R. attempted a joke on the junior preacher, expecting brother Marvin to join in the laugh, he was much surprised to find him on the other side. He said, brother R. "I am much surprised at you. Not content in slandering me through the public prints, when I first came to the Circuit, now you are attempting to slander Cope!" The company joined in a hearty laugh at the expense of brother R. and greatly to my relief. In this way brother M. often came to my aid, and when I most needed help.

Rev. Wm. Patton, was our Presiding Elder that year. On one occasion Brother P. in the presence of Brother Marvin and others called my attention to what he considered an objectionable habit I had fallen into of clapping my hands while leading in public prayer; and criticised the supposed wrong with some severity. Under embarrassment which I could not conceal, I confessed my error, and willingly, and at once, promised amendment. On the Elder's leaving the room, brother Marvin said to me: "Why did you not talk up to the Presiding Elder? You ought not to have allowed him to have floored you so easy. Why did you not tell him that it was your right to praise God, not only with your mouth, but your hands as well. That if you did not praise God in this way, that the trees, and the very rocks of this old hill (Flint Hill), would clap their hands and praise Him. You must learn to stand up in your own defense." In this sympathy, counsel, and words of cheer and comfort, may be seen some of the commendable traits of character in this good and great man.

Brother Marvin, I believe, was a natural born critic. I do not mean to say, and do not think, that he ever indulged this propensity in any offensive way; but as naturally and certainly as he breathed the air, did he criticise everything he heard, or which passed in review before him. Let one or two citations, of many which might be given, suffice. We were taking a stroll in the woods one day, when I spoke of the "moun-tain-e-us" appearance of the country. Putting his hand upon my shoulder, he said, "mountain-ous, brother, mountain-ous!" In the fall or early winter we held a meeting of ten days or two weeks continuance in the town of St. Charles. It was cold enough to have more or less fire every day. We took supper together at the College one evening. The President *pro tem.* and Brother Marvin monopolized the conversation. The students and I listened. Near the close of supper, the President asked Brother Marvin "What kind of fire shall we have at the church to-night?" Meaning what kind of a fire—a small or a large fire—but he left out the article, a. With Brother Marvin's peculiar manner and emphasis, when he would be impressive, he answered: "I do not know, Brother R. I suppose, however, this common red fire that we use in our houses is good enough, unless you know of a better *kind*." The students saw the point of criticism, and laughed a little, to the evident embarrassment of the President, who remarked: "I shall think twice hereafter before I speak to you." This criticism was partly in retaliation on Bro. R. for having advertised him as the "ugly man."

At the same meeting was another event worthy of special note. Brother Marvin had desired to know that his preaching was the direct agent and means of the salvation of at least one soul. He had been praying for this as an additional evidence that he was called and sent of God to preach the Gospel. The religious interest had been increasing for days, until the largest expectations were indulged. At this juncture Brother M preached, but not with his usual liberty, and without the desired visible results. No one came at the call of the preacher for the prayers of the Church. No additions that night. Bro. Marvin, I remember, was greatly discouraged, remarking to a local preacher and myself, as we left the church, that he feared he had preached a sermon that night which the Lord had no use for. Think of the relief and joy of Brother Marvin, in the social meeting next morning, and the surprise to all of us in the testimony of one that the sermon the night before, and which the preacher himself thought a failure, had been the means of her salvation. She told us that she was converted in midst of the sermon, and by means of it, and was so full of joy that it was all she could do to refrain from shouting aloud the praise of God in the congregation. Here was the answer to the prayer of His servant and at the same time God not robbed of His glory.

It was a year of marked prosperity. Gracious revivals abounded throughout the Circuit. We took our Missionary collections privately; in sums great or small, as we could get them. Aside from the cause itself, I remember that I had this incentive to work. At the instance of Brother Marvin, we made a race to see which could raise the most money. At the end of the year there were only a few dollars between us. He ran a-head of me in the preaching, but I outstripped him in the collections. So I now remember it. We took small amounts from all the children, as well as the larger sums given by the parents. We appealed to friends and members of the Church alike. The pastoral work—as we went from house to house—was made the occasion of these appeals. The result was the largest collection taken in any pastoral charge *that year*, excepting Glasgow Station.

The author of the famous Church notice mentioned was met a few months ago at a Conference session and has confirmed the story of the eccentric freedom taken with the Marvin name and how many more times than is above related the "ugly man" scourged him with wit and impaled him on a good joke. The advertisement was in an amusing connection for what was so solemn as Marvin's agony for a seal to his ministry and the seal given in the conversion of the most excellent lady under his sermon. She had been a seeker for twenty years, and in the light of her joy in the Lord and of gratitude to His servant, the preacher seemed to be transfigured before her. It is not an unusual phenomenon of the change of heart that the aspects of nature are bright as with celestial light. "I thought," she said in relating the story of her conversion, "Mr. Marvin was the prettiest man I had ever seen." It was interpreted and accepted all over the circuit as a mark of the genuineness of her conversion.

Between St. Charles and Monticello Circuits, Palmyra Station was an intervening appointment. It was one of the chief pastoral charges of the Conference. The city was noted as a wealthy and refined community and the membership was large and embraced leading citizens of the place and surrounding country. The charge was well officered and the machinery of the church in good running order. His work was to conserve the interests of a well established society and represent its pulpit creditably among the Churches of the community. He was well known from his labors at Hannibal Station, the adjoining charge; and some of the members were converts of his ministry at the Hydesburg camp-meeting. The year was a time of great personal sorrow, marked by sickness and bereavement in his father's family and, consequent upon it, separation from his own, his wife serving during the whole year at the sick-bed and in the house of mourning. These circumstances induced the request for a pastoral charge nearer home and terminated his stay at Palmyra at the end of his first year.

At the close of his first year on St. Charles Circuit he was put in charge of that District. He succeeded Wm. Patton, who had signed his first license to preach, as Presiding Elder of the same District eleven years before. He remained on the district two years. At the beginning of the second year he came home from the session of the Conference at Palmyra to see his sister Marcia die a few days after his return and for the ministries of that sad "good-bye" and sacred burial. It was in October—ever after a memorial month and sad as the plaint of Phœbe Carey's lines:

"For dying so slowly and sighing so lowly,
Went the wind down the valley, all dismal and clear;
And I cried, 'O, October! O, fading October!
The saddest and gloomiest month of the year.'"

The elder brother and his entire family had died the year before; his other brother was settled in business at Troy, and now Marcia gone, his home must be at the Old Place for his own and his wife's ministry to father and mother. The location, besides, was convenient for the travel of the District, which he did with punctuality and performed abundant and successful labors.

The first appointment to the District was made by Bishop Paine, who, from the first, became impressed with Marvin as a man of personal force and good administrative ability. It was this conviction which brought Marvin to mind when at one time he was casting about over the whole Church connection for a man to send to Japan to found a Mission and represent the Church and conduct its operations in that important enterprise. A part of his district was along the "border line," where, it may be, there was need of a watchful superintendency. The Conference Institution of Learning, St. Charles College, was in its bounds, and the second year it was put under his charge as special agent, as well as a part of his administration as Presiding Elder to represent its claims. There is no other feature of his work of peculiar character. In special trusts and in the general work of his office, he discharged all with ability and acceptability to all parts of the District.

His presidency in the Quarterly Conference is represented to have been unpretentious, easy and conciliatory, and marked by prompt and expeditious dispatch of business. That part of his work, however, in which he was most distinguished at that time and which was most acceptable was his pulpit—traveling "in order to preach." Both conditions of the requirement were fulfilled with unusual devotion. He did more than visit the charge; he traveled through his district holding meetings and remaining at the Quarterly Meeting for many days, and, in some cases, several weeks in succession. He has stressed the advantage of this function of the Presiding Elder's office—the representative character of its pulpit and, when the office is manned according to its high importance, the customary efficiency of the pulpit ministrations. His visits are special occasions; the congregations are large as well as select assemblies and opportunity is afforded for denominational aggrandizement and favorable to the work of the ministry. The themes of the pulpit on such occasions may deal with the great principles of Christianity and cardinal doctrines of the Bible and secure an interested hearing. The protracted services and varied exercises awaken peculiar interest and the quarterly visit of the Elder is followed by a toning up of the Church and lays the foundation of extensive revivals, oftentimes begun during his stay and left in full vigor. Such things characterized his visits uniformly—never in town or country nor in any charge unwelcome to the homes of the people or the pulpits of the Church. His personal qualities commanded public respect and endeared him to all hearts, and he was the superior in the pulpit to any of his preachers.

In the general and ready response which attended the call for recollections of Bishop Marvin many came to these pages from that distant time. They refer to his work at various and widely separated places and illustrate him in various attitudes of a wise and able Presiding Elder. The following is from one of the preachers under him on the Danville Circuit, Rev. Daniel Penny, at present a superannuated preacher of the Missouri Conference. The sermon to the children is a sample of his talk to them and characteristic of his pastorate. It is known how, to the last, the care of the children occupied his attention and enlisted his heart and tongue. Danville was, at that time, a prominent and influential community and the site of a flourishing Female Seminary. Rev. Dr. Richard Bond, mentioned in the narrative, resided there. He was a member of the Conference but employed in his late years as Agent of the American Bible Society. He came, in 1841, from the Baltimore Conference and was greatly beloved, of pure character and high standing as a minister and a polished and effective preacher:

In the year 1853 I was in charge of the Danville Circuit, our departed brother Marvin being Presiding Elder on the St. Charles District. He held a Quarterly Meeting at Danville of two weeks' continuance, preaching nearly every sermon, and with great power. His last sermon on that occasion I remember well, as remarkable in manner and effect. He began his discourse like he was going to relate an anecdote of some strange man a long time ago. The children were deeply interested and the parents were wondering at the singular introduction, for he had not yet announced his text. In a short time it was evident the strange personage was Christ. He took for the foundation of his remarks part of the second chapter of Mark's Gospel. In the commencement he told them the house was full, the yard was full, and continued in such a strain of beautiful simplicity in describing the scene, that the children were held in almost breathless attention—while to the elder hearers his descriptions were so vivid they almost imagined the Saviour present. Commenting on the 5th verse, "When Jesus saw their faith," he made some very instructive remarks on the words "their faith"—showing the faith of friends and the Church helps the faith of the penitent. While these remarks were intended mainly for some who did not approve of friends bringing others to the altar of prayer, yet they were highly encouraging to many faithful hearts. His aim on that occasion was evidently simplicity. But who ever heard him preach Christ without that divine pathos that made every sentence tell! It was so at this time. Towards the close all hearts were moved; strong men were shaking as if they had a fit of ague on them. Next morning our beloved Elder left. Ever jealous for the honor of his Master, he feared man-worship. In finishing his discourse he alluded to his leaving in the morning; and, as if conscious of his wonderful popularity, he told us the Saviour himself shrank from popularity and had to retire and pray; and when his disciples told him, "All men seek Thee," said "Let us go into the next towns." And who will say but our departed brother closely followed his Master!

The effects of his labors were felt for a long time—about thirty-five conversions and forty-five additions to the Church. Memory recalls that delightful season of grace. I can imagine I hear the tuneful voices of Dr. R. Bond and his devoted and pious wife as they and Brother Marvin sang the Bishop's favorite hymn:

"The God of Abraham praise."

In the month of May following he was again in Danville, and preached the funeral sermon of Dr Bond. They have no doubt renewed their acquaintance in the Paradise of God.

The following report with incidents of his administration and labors comes from the other side of the District. It is from the pen of a layman, Mr. E. D., of Louisiana, and of an old Methodist family and a leading citizen of that place:

My earliest acquaintance with the late Bishop Marvin was after he had established a considerable reputation as a preacher and orator, and when he was appointed as Presiding Elder of the St. Charles District. My relations to the Church and family associations brought me frequently into his company, and into Church business relations at Quarterly Conferences. In the transaction of official business, Brother Marvin was prompt, efficient, and not friendly to useless discussion. In private and social life, he was kind-hearted, affable and affectionate, but dignified and polite to all with whom he came in contact. He possessed easy, simple, and graceful manners, which made him an ornament of the most polished society. As a pulpit orator, there were few, if any, more gifted in the Conference with which I was mostly acquainted. As a pulpit speaker, so far as mere display was concerned, Dr. Richard Bond was, by many, thought superior to Marvin, and yet his influence on a congregation was not, perhaps, equal to that of Marvin. The latter had a manner generally very solemn, earnest, and effective. And yet he possessed, in a high degree, a spirit of humor, wit, and sarcasm. He knew how to govern it in the pulpit, while in debate on any subject, he could use it with invincible effect. If an opponent in debate provoked him to it, his power of sarcasm was such that his antagonist never forgot or recovered from the wound so long as he lived, with whatever bravado he might pretend indifference or disregard to the thrusts.*

During his Presiding Eldership he held a meeting at Louisiana of remarkable interest and power. It was one of the greatest triumphs of his pulpit. As I now remember, that meeting lasted about three weeks, with no intermission at night and not often by day. Some incidents remain in my memory. During the entire meeting deep solemnity prevailed. There was but little, if any, of the efforts often used to stir up artificial excitement, but a continual moving of the deep waters of grace. It resulted in a large and healthy increase of the Church membership. The Church was largely attended by the preachers and members of other denominations, among whom were several notably revived in religious experience. A Presbyterian brother related to me his observation of the effect of one sermon of Marvin's, in which he especially directed his attention to the doctrines of infidelity. One of the congregation was a man of middle age, well connected in family relations, but badly infected with infidel notions. He attended, however, several of the meetings, and, though striving to resist the attacks of his conscience, became considerably interested in the sermon. While Marvin was unconscious of directing his attacks on any particular castle, the man referred to seemed to take it all to himself. Marvin had demolished, one after another, the lies and sophistries of Satan, and removed the false under-pinning of the clever infidel. At last he brought him down to Death's door—then in a last effort to save himself from the Gulf of Despair. When the preacher pictured the sinner in his last extremity turning his longing eyes towards the Bible, which he had so often rejected and condemned, and then clutched at as if he would seize it by force, Marvin clenched the Bible in his hands and declared in his deep and sonorous voice: "No, sir; you have contemned and rejected this precious Bible, and you cannot now seize on it as a trophy of your wicked war!" The effect was electrical. The infidel man afterwards declared that as Marvin seized the Bible from the top of the pulpit and moved away it seemed as if the cap was lifted from the opening into the yawning hell beneath, and he was to be turned into it without mercy. In his agony of soul he cried aloud for mercy.

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*This contributor has furnished extended notes respecting various debates conducted by Marvin in Northeast Missouri. Several have been reported by others more nearly related to the occasions. Two narrated by himself are reserved for another connection in these pages.

Marvin was one of the most remarkable men of his times. As a whole character, I think there were but few more perfect men than Bishop Marvin. I have long loved him.

The following thrilling narrative belongs to the same section of country and the period of time embraced in this chapter. It is well known in the West and was related by Bishop Marvin to Rev. Dr. Samuel Rodgers of the Baltimore Conference, in whose words it is given:

He had much of what men call tact; but which in his case seemed rather spiritual or divine suggestion. Once, in the West, he was asked to visit a gentleman in his sickness, who was equally distinguished for learning and atheistic views. He feared to go, but went. He entered his house after a long ride, and introduced himself as a Methodist Preacher. "I wish nothing to do with you," was the reply. He was treated scarcely with common civility. Finally the gentleman became interested in him, invited him to remain to dinner, and seemed to forget the hostility with which he had received the man of God. At last they were about to separate. The Bishop said he was accustomed to pray with those he visited. "You can do so," said the host. "But," said the Bishop, "before we pray, let us settle to whom we pray." "I pray," said the gentleman, "to the principle of nature." "Then," said the Bishop, "I cannot pray; I do not know how to pray to a principle. I can pray to a person, and guide myself by a principle, but not pray to it." "Then," said his host, "pray any how, and to whom you please." He did so. Many years passed, when a friend entered the Bishop's office in St. Louis to say "Mr. ——— is dead. He died a member of the Presbyterian Church, and attributes his conversion to a prayer made many years ago by a man named Marvin."

Something of the man and the officer may be learned by a look at the plan of his district and the roster of preachers. Since the year 1824, when Missouri was set off from the Illinois Conference, the present St. Charles District, then under the name of Missouri, has stood first on the Bishop's list of appointments—at the head of the list usually, though not always, denoting, also, the first in importance. It was so in fact in its first year and when Marvin was sent to it. He was a successor and compeer of John Dew, who was first Presiding Elder, and of the Princes of the Methodist Israel in whose lines of travel and labor he followed—Monroe, Jesse Green, McAlister, Edmonson, Patton, and Redman. With the exception of one year each under charge of Richard Bond and George Smith, the District had been in the hands of those six Fathers and leaders of the Conference for more than a quarter of a century. He took it greatened by their wisdom and labors. He left it still at the head of the list and enlarged by two pastoral charges; not taken from the territory of adjacent districts but built up in the limits of his own.

In the Conference-cabinet, he sat at the council-board with Bishop Andrew at its head at Palmyra, and at Brunswick, Bishop Kavanaugh. In that Board of Counselors, his District was called first, but he was the youngest in years. Holt, his classmate, and Caples, his bosom companion and his ideal of a princely man and grand preacher, but both his senior in age—only twenty-nine years old and the Presiding Elder, not on frontier work, but of the chief district. The others lived to be venerable men and were then in full prime of unabated strength—Edwin Robinson, B. S. Ashby, and Andrew Monroe. The latter stood at the head of the Conference at its organization, in 1824, and in 1852, at the right hand of the Bishop. How Bishop Marvin revered these men, he has said, and deferred to their godly wisdom and experienced judgment—"the old men for counsel and the young men for war." But, in the planning of the work, he has, also, shown, in his history of Caples in the Cabinet, how the spirit of enterprise and courage in a young but gifted Presiding Elder proposes the bold adventure to conquer a situation, which is seen to be important and urgent, but environed with difficulties. On Weston District there is an immense inflow of population, towns are springing up, centres of influence are crystalizing, the conditions of social culture are in incubation—everything is in ferment and the leaven of Christian truth must be put into it, and Methodism must be at work in the first formative stages, if it shall be inwrought into the institutions and forces of the developed country. The St. Charles District was under the conditions of an older country than the Platte purchase, but still, even there, outlying fields were found and inadequately served communities. When he had been on the District a year, in the plan of the next, two pastoral charges are added, projected out of what had been done the one year and what remained to be accomplished in the following; sub-dividing St. Charles District like he did Monticello Circuit—by working it up.

His comment on Caples' foresight and energetic enterprise shows that he was too much in admiring sympathy with his breadth of view and ardor of zeal to contest with him the distribution of the preachers on the narrow grounds of personal pride or vanity and selfish contention or any other, than what was wise and expedient as contributing to the growth and stability of the whole by the due care of its parts. But, at the same time, his own district was his particular charge for care and concern. There may be a lack at this point, indicated by the rousing speech of one of the Bishops, who is reported to have seen a Presiding Elder in the Stationing-room, with his head between his hands and both bowed on his knees, asleep or praying, and said—"Wake up! brother. Watch! if you don't look out there will be nobody left for your district; the best preachers are nearly all taken now." Marvin's district, as the minutes show, was well manned.

There is another notable fact on the minutes—there are two preachers on four of the charges of his district. There is no such fact in the plan of any other district in the Conference that year; nor did he find the fact on his own district the year before, when it was made up by another and he was first appointed to it. It was his policy of administration. It will not be written that he was wiser than the older Elders, but it was his view of what was wise. The questions of ministerial supply and support determined the policy and justified it—better two on the same work and the second man a single preacher, than inexperienced and lame supply or poor support on one or both parts of the divided circuit. Besides, the young preacher was not put in charge before he was educated and able for it. He was in training, wisely—the senior preacher, tutor and guide. The four young preachers on the District were his "boys." He looked to them and after them, following with help as well as satisfaction their course into the higher ministry, and on to the high places some of them reached—W. M. Newland, one of them, dying the pastor of an old and chief charge in the Conference; and W. G. Miller, another, having served several best stations and now at the Conference College in one of the Professors chairs and himself moulding young preachers. Among the saddest when he died were those who had been his preachers and who first knew him as their Presiding Elder and admired and loved him for what he was in himself and what he had been to them. As pastor of the preachers, the older men were helped, as not beyond reach of the authority and influence of his example of supreme devotedness, as well as his superior ability. If they needed it, they were sure of his sympathy. The old preachers—they deserve consideration, was an earnest and constant sentiment. One such at the Conference of 1853 needed a friend in the Cabinet. There were difficulties in giving him the appointment which would accommodate his distressed circumstances. Marvin was his friend and advocate, and his plea—the faithful old preachers demand and deserve consideration. "I will be responsible," he said, "for the appointment. Trust it to me that he is well received." This in the Cabinet; and at the Circuit almost as soon as the coming of the preacher, in the Quarterly Conference and at the fire-side the whole weight of his personal influence is in his words: "Receive him cordially; stand up to your preacher." It turned out in that case, as it so often happens, the preacher that needed a human friend was, through Marvin, God-sent. There was a great revival that year on Flint Hill Circuit.

He began on Grundy Mission. Oregon was a crucial test. Weston opened the fields of Circuit work and Monticello realized its possibilities of usefulness. In the meantime, the watchful and painstaking pastor and popular and powerful pulpit man at Hannibal Station. In sympathy, experience, power—Mission, Circuit and Station tutored and produced Marvin, the Presiding Elder, wise, effective, loved and honored. In this history is there not training and prophecy of a Bishop for the Cabinet and in the churches a General Superintendent?

CHAPTER XIV.

IN CONFERENCE.

Conference relations—The sessional-preacher—A stranger's first view of his pulpit—Honor and humility—Mental poison—Lannius' funeral sermon—Occasional-preacher—"As much as in me lies"—Camp-meeting-preacher—First Church dedication—His work on the foundations—St. Joseph Station—General Conference delegate—At Columbus, 1854—The Nashville Conference—Last appointment in old Conference—Caples and Marvin—The College speeches.

THE history of the ecclesiastical year, 1854-5, following Marvin's Presiding Eldership, brings the narrative to the second marked stage of his ministerial life. It dates his transfer to the St. Louis from the Missouri Conference. Other and last labors in his old Conference have connection and illustration chiefly in the relations of Marvin in Conference.

At Columbia, in 1845, on Tuesday night, Marvin preached the opening sermon. The sermon at the St. Louis session meant a test sermon—his pulpit was on trial. The next was, by request, founded on its already public fame. It began his relation as a Conference-session preacher. Never, perhaps, afterwards was he in attendance at an Annual Conference and did not preach. The daily report of the Committee on Public Worship is, in general, a characterization of the leading members of the body, in age and honor and especially in pulpit reputation; and still further, in their revival zeal and power. That report is of the greatest popular interest. Who is to preach and when the great preachers are to hold forth are eager inquiries, incident to the surpassing public interest in the Church services rather than of the Conference-room. This was particularly the case at the sessions of the Missouri Conference. There was no large city in its bounds. The session in the comparatively small town was the great event of the week, monopolizing universal attention and drawing a large attendance from the adjacent villages and the populous rural community for many miles around. This circumstance enhanced the excitement and charm of its session in many respects—in the greater zest of hospitalities, the larger personal communion of the preachers and other such conditions, which have made the sessions of that Conference uniformly and proverbially most pleasant and profitable reunions. The religious services were remarkably prominent and successful—in instances, three services each day and commonly revivals attending or following the session. A predominant spirit of the Conference was an earnest evangelism. The sermon did not lack the appreciative and audible "Amen" and was followed by effective altar-prayer and the power of hearty song. No Conference has been more favored in its sessional pulpit—Caples and Marvin.

The preaching of Marvin at Conference, especially in the former years, was, in tone and tenor, the spirit and themes of the evangelist. Later, his sermons were shaped at times and in parts by the audience of the preachers. The survivors from the older days remember, and will never forget, how the work of the ministry was glorified and how they went forth to the tears of the sowing from the vision of its harvest, pictured in the Conference sermon. The vivid view was carried forth with them as an abiding reality; and at the time it was a present joy, in song and hallelujah anticipating the final shout of harvest-home. In that Conference, at the time of Caples' and Marvin's preaching, it was not easy to ask a location. Many a disheartened spirit was rallied for another year to "sow in tears." His

Conference-pulpit was one of his own fields of planting and reaping—"this man was born *there*" has many records in the Book of Life. In the inspiration created by his Conference preaching, he preached all the rest of the year in every charge and entered into the labors and harvests of all the preachers.

This prominence as representative of the Conference pulpit was conceded by the universal suffrage of the Conference and was a token of honor. It is not enough to say that it bred in him no vain conceit or sense of self-importance and air of self-complacency. A stranger would not have singled out the great light of its pulpit in an observation of the preachers on the Conference floor or in the group around the door, nor in the company passing down the street—the light, like the luminary that is high in the heavens, but sending its rays to the lowest depths and athwart the broadest spaces. He was used to lay his head on the bosom of the old men and many a time his arm has been around the neck of the humblest preacher. In fact, a stranger would not recognize the great preacher as he passed up the aisle to the pulpit, nor hardly when he opened the service—the light not obscured so much by his unprophetic person as hidden under his unpretentious humility. The Rev. R. G. Loving tells how he was both surprised and satisfied with his first view of its pulpit, when he came to the Conference by transfer from one of the old Conferences on the Atlantic Seaboard:

> During the Conference held at Fayette, Mo., in the fall of 1851, I met for the first time the members of that body. On the night after my arrival we met, in the large chapel of the old College building, to hear preaching. Being a stranger, I sat near the centre of the room. Three preachers walked into the pulpit—two of them very good looking, the third very unprepossessing in appearance. After their prayers, the most unpromising of the three arose and read the hymn. Thinks I to myself, he won't preach—he is only opening the way for that good-looking preacher behind him. But he prayed and then took a text. I felt disappointed, and the thought came into my mind: If these Missourians can't do better than that, they

had as well quit. His text was Ps. ix. 17: "The wicked shall be turned into hell," etc. He got along better than I expected, and before he got through I became so taken that I wanted to know who he could be; and so, touching the man next me, I said: "Who is that preaching so?" He replied, "It is Marvin." "Well," said I, "he will do."

It falls short to say only that he was free from the vice of the "itching ear." He held it in abhorrence. He kept a watchful guard against the snare of injudicious praise even when there was ingenuous admiration. When he was the pulpit-idol on his district, by one of the old preachers this is related: "After an eloquent and deeply instructive sermon near the close of the meeting, an aged brother, unable to restrain his feelings, made an eulogistic remark on his sermon at the dinner-table. I saw a shadow gather at once on Brother Marvin's countenance, and quick as lightning a piercing glance shot from his eye. The old brother felt the silent rebuke. He felt it more keenly when, after dinner, Bro. M. took him aside and warned him against such praise, characterizing it as mental poison. The Bishop was then a young man and doubtless exposed often to the temptation, but happily for the Church and the world he escaped the snare. He was ever humble."

It is easier to refuse the open proffer of this poison; more difficult, to exorcise a sense of consequence from the consciousness, which he did with severity. On the Sunday night of a Conference session, at Boonville, Mo., as if assailed from within, also, as from without by the audience collected by his fame as a preacher, abruptly he said in a first remark, "I never aimed or wished to be a popular preacher; but my great desire is to be a useful preacher." "It was spoken," says the reporter, "with a tone which indicated an oppressed feeling, and then the text was announced and was followed by one of the most impressive sermons I ever heard.' The funeral sermon of a master workman in the Conference was to be preached by this master in its pulpit—the singular exordium was: "What has brought this vast crowd here to-night? I would not give a red cent to preach to you!" It was the funeral sermon of Lannius at the St. Joseph Conference in 1852. The informant adds: "He arose (I can almost see him now) with that calm and placid countenance and those words on his lips as he looked out on the vast multitude. Oh! I saw God in that man, that night. Under the sermon the multitude were sometimes still as death and then bathed in tears; and, while he was concluding, shouts of triumph went up from scores of exultant worshipers."

Besides his prominence on the special occasions of the Conference, in the intervals of its sessions and much and widely through its bounds, he became an occasional-preacher. This service was often arranged at Conference, and particularly, after the appointments were read out, with the parting hand the promise to help at some of the meetings and especially to attend the camp-meeting on some brother's circuit or dedicate the new church that would be finished during the year. Often the report came of a great revival in progress and a Macedonian call to him. There never was a more obedient servant to such visions. In all his ministry he was absent from his own pastoral charge much in help to others. This was incident to the good brotherhood which has been a marked feature of his native Conference and incident to his own native general Methodist Preacher-brotherhood. Every preacher knew they could expect help from Marvin, if it could be given—looked for in Macedonia if there were no hindrance like that of Bithynia. He was not indifferent to his own charge and did not neglect his own work. Such service he charged himself with as over and above the schedule time and the manual of discipline and labor in his own church. What was the device of Bishop Capers' Episcopal seal was engraved on his heart—"as much as in me lies." It was printed there in the charge and vow of an Elder. He has said somewhere what likened him to one of his Episcopal predecessors, Bishop Enoch

George, that the first place in the Church paper he looked at was the column of news from the Churches. He guarded his own post, but he had an interest in the battle all along the line. He was eminently a connectional man—the spirit of it was in him and it directed his labors as his ability developed for service and his fame widened the call for it. It sent him at first only across the line into the adjoining circuit; afterwards into every part of the Conference, and at last on the grand round when the Districts of his Episcopal Colleagues stood in the original place of the circuits of his brethren of the Missouri Conference. Higher than all, as a chosen vessel, there was a providential mission to wide fields and high labors. It was appointed to him in the Divine thought, and the call of the brethren was the instrument of God's purpose, like the great Teacher, "that he should preach the Gospel in other cities also."

That history had an early beginning—the fact and the distinction of it, in good service as well as high honor. Its first chapter begins at the Peery Camp-ground, and reads like a chapter in the Acts of the Apostles. He had been sent for and came. The prayers of the Mother of the Peerys, a life-time seeker, had come up as a memorial before God. The boy-preacher from over on Grundy Mission was the Lord's messenger, bringing to her ear and heart words by which she was saved. There he first appears as the Camp-meeting-preacher. Caples, in the absence of Redman, the Presiding Elder, was the governor of the meeting. He preached at 11 o'clock, and for the second sermon, on Sunday, the preacher in charge nominated Marvin. He was hunted up and found sitting out by a camp-fire, all alone and, as it appears in Caples' coloring, very forlorn. "I didn't think there was anything in him," as he told the story to their common friend, Rev. Mr. Holmes, with this ending: "After hearing him, I concluded that my own performance in the forenoon was so completely overshadowed by Marvin's sermon that I was ashamed of it." The colloquy at the camp-fire was significant—simply: "Brother Marvin, will you preach at three o'clock?" The answer only a single and prompt word—"Yes." That all, but his heart and his life were in that monosyllable. It meant more than that he was willing to preach. It meant that he loved to preach. It meant, also, that he was there to help—that was in the fellowship of his Conference relations and in his Book of Discipline. Again and again and more and more, it is seen how that great "little book" entered into his history, shaped his ministerial character and contributed to its greatness. Never in any life has there been a more accurate and a more complete reprint of the Methodist Discipline—in the present connection this: "Observe! it is not your business only to preach so many times and to take care of this or that society; but to save as many as you can."

It is part of the connection of the same history that he was a preacher at Church dedications. That afterwards became a large and distinguished record of ministerial service, when he became a Bishop. Then it was a part of his business as incident to the Episcopal office. It began as a record of "labors more abundant." The first such occasion belongs to the years at Hannibal Station. The selection was not, it will be observed, in the case a first choice. The people, at that time, in Bowling Green Prairie knew of the eloquent pulpit of his predecessor; not so much of Marvin's. But it was known to the Circuit preacher what reserve power there was in him—equal to any call, and able for mastership in any to come, as it had been for all that had gone before. He had a new reputation to make, and he made it—at once. The incident comes from his early admirer, Rev. C. I. Vandeventer:

At the Conference of 1846 Brother Marvin was appointed to the Hannibal Station, and I was appointed to the Bowling Green Circuit, about thirty miles distant. During this year we had a new church to dedicate in my Circuit, and the brethren desired the services of the eloquent Dr. Geo. C. Light on the occasion. I wrote to him in their behalf; but he could not attend. Failing in this direction, the matter of securing the presence of some one else was turned over to me. I wrote to Brother Marvin, and obtained his promise to come; which he did, and dedicated the house on a beautiful Sabbath in May, 1847. Only one person in the community (except the writer), Rev. William Barnett, at that time a local preacher in the Circuit, had ever seen him, and but few had even heard of him, for he was almost, at that time, unknown to *general* fame. The neighborhood was composed largely of intelligent Virginians, whose conceptions of *ministerial ability and dignity* were after the model of "Dr. Smith and Parson Early;" and when the strange young preacher, who was to dedicate the church, came and passed through the dense crowd into the house, the eyes of many were turned upon him, while there was a manifest, but not easily described, look of disappointment, if not something more. But, the introductory services being ended, the preacher had not advanced more than twenty minutes in his discourse till every head was up and many faces were beaming with delight and joy. The sermon was a success. It was followed in the afternoon by another, on the subject of Justification by Faith; which a good member of the Episcopal Church, present, said he would give ten dollars to have published in pamphlet form for the benefit of his family. I may add, that no minister of our Church, or of any Church, was ever afterward in that community honored and loved more than Brother Marvin.

By the same informant an incident has been traced connecting the history of his general labors in the Conference with what is now one of its most prominent charges. It occurred in his fourth year—then, the place what is described below and now, the city of St. Joseph, the largest in the bounds of the Conference. The log church, where Marvin held his meeting, has given place to the elegant House of Worship, with its strong membership and crowded congregations and all the appointments of a first-class station. If not strictly the founder of that Church, he was engaged in laying the first course of edification upon its corner-stone. The feeble society was built up in faith and heart and hope. "During the winter he visited St. Joseph, then better known as the Black Snake Hills or Rubidoux's Landing, and but little more than an Indian trading post.

He preached in the old log church, the first and, for sometime, the only place of religious worship in the town. The weather was extremely cold, but the meeting is mentioned as having been a specially profitable one; and the few remaining members of the Church of that day yet speak in ardent terms of the spirit and manner of Brother Marvin's ministry and recall with pleasure his visit to them in those early times.'' In all sections of that large and flourishing Conference and at chief places of strength and centres of Methodism, the workmen are now building upon foundations which were laid or strengthened by his hand. It was the value of his work that it was abiding, leaving memorials in the fruits of his pulpit and in the grateful and loving remembrance of the survivors of the original societies. One who entered the Conference a few years later than himself writes of the observation in his own wide travel, which has covered largely the fields of Marvin's labors: "I am now on his old district, and here and wherever I have gone in the bounds of the Conference I have found his name as precious ointment among the people and seen the broad track of his labors.''

The history contained in the foregoing pages opened the path to the position he filled as representative of his Conference in the Chief Council of the Church. It dates from the second election, in 1854, after his eligibility and in the third General Conference of the Southern Church, held at Columbus, Ga. He was chosen at every succeeding election in his Conference, except at the last, during his membership of the St. Louis, in 1865, when he was away in the South and had been absent the entire preceding quadrennium.

It constitutes, also, the honor of the high station to which he was advanced, that it was the outgrowth of personal worth and official fitness. The step leading to it was the eminence to which he had attained as in fact a representative man—in the ability of the pulpit, in the wisdom of the Council-chamber, in the personal force of the man. Such a character belonged to him and was recognized and honored—this the true history of his elevation and apparent in the history of the elections. At the first, selected in company with two of the fathers in the Conference, Wm. Patton and B. S. Ashby—recommended not by age in years but by "his old head on young shoulders," having just passed his thirtieth year. Caples was the remaining delegate—these two younger men being, in their delegation, the representatives of the Conference pulpit and carrying the energy of enterprise and the push of progress from the Bishop's Cabinet at Conference to the Standing Committee-room in the Supreme Legislative Council. His promotion in this office was in no wise due to adventitious aids—not to the accident of pastoral residence as the representative of a section of a Conference but for cause, as of ability to represent the whole; not for the length but value of ministerial service; and certainly not due to artifice as not to accident. Personal popularity was related to the election, as both were the creatures of personal merit and had a basis in the instinctive admiration of the Christian heart for Christian heroism and of the heart of a Methodist Conference for the spirit and life of a true Methodist Preacher. In his last election there is striking corroboration of the purity of the ballot—a transfer in the St. Louis Conference, which, at its first election after he came into it, put him forward as a fit representative and a best selection.

The session of the General Conference, at Columbus, was crowded with business and is marked by important transactions—the election of three Bishops, the location of the Publishing House at Nashville, and material changes in economy and jurisprudence adopted or initiated. Missouri was particularly interested in principal questions. In the person of Rev. Dr. Joseph Boyle it proposed a man for the Episcopacy, to be resident on the West bank of the Mississippi, and making strenuous claims for the location of the Publishing House at St. Louis, then fixed in its destiny as the great commercial metropolis of the Mississippi Valley. Marvin took his seat for the first time within the bar—perhaps, the youngest member of the body. What part he took in the proceedings may be inferred from what is suggested by his mention of the position and bearing of his colleague, also a young man and for the first time sent as a principal on the list of Missouri delegates. Of Caples he said: "He took no very prominent part in the discussions nor in the business, feeling himself to be one of the younger men of that great representative assemblage of the Church. He was growing into this body, however, as he had grown into the business of his own Conference. At Columbus, he preached one or two sermons in a small church with good liberty." He adds a prophecy of the future career of his friend, which was defeated by untimely death at the hand of a fearful accident. It was fulfilled in his own career: "He never thrust himself into affairs. By another session he would have been active and prominent, for there was the power in him. He would not have done this by any effort. It would have come to pass in the most natural way." He was observed and known in the Committee-room rather than on the floor of the Conference session—there and in one of the humbler pulpits of the city. Among recollections of him in this modest and narrow limit of intercourse is testimony that he impressed himself as a man of mark. One such reminiscence furnished for this page connects a vote for him at New Orleans, in 1866, with the ineffacable memory of him, in personal intercourse and official relations, at Columbus, in 1854.

The writer knows, by personal observation, his course at the succeeding General Conference at Nashville, then representing the St. Louis Conference. His work was expressed in the report of the standing committee and by a silent vote on the floor of the Conference. What, if anything prominent, were his pulpit ministrations, it is not recollected. He was, however, a faithful and busy Committee-man and was "growing into the body."

His last labors in the Missouri Conference were in behalf of its Institution of Learning—St. Charles College. He was agent for it during his second year on the District. His next and last appointment was to that agency exclusively. Its history is reserved for the following chapter. In the general business of the Conference, the educational interests of the Church engaged and interested his attention. The only set speech, which has been reported to these pages, was in advocacy of the Church-school. In Conference he was rather a Committee-man than a speech-maker. The occasion reported by several contributors was on a visit to his old Conference, at its session in 1857, at St. Charles. He was then representing St. Charles College. Its endowment in part was for the exclusive use of educating young men preparing for the ministry in the Methodist Church. He urged the claims of the College on that ground and advocated the Biblical chair in the Church-school. The speech was masterly and impressive. Caples did not object to an educated ministry, but anything in the shape of the Theological Seminary training was an abomination to him. He at once took the floor. Marvin has reported the speech; others, its history and effect. He let off his battery against "preacher factories." There was a glowing eulogy of the training of the Methodist Itinerancy—"the College on Horseback." The young preachers were the students; the edifice "all out of doors;" and the library in one end of saddle-bags. He read the roll of the Alumni, Lovick Pierce, Soule, Bascom, Kavanaugh. Marvin was sitting on a front seat, in full view. He was the idol of the Conference. Pointing to him—"There," cried Caples, "there is another!" H. S. Watts, seated beside him, hunched Marvin and cried, "Amen!" The Conference roared in merriment. Bishop K., in the chair, shook his sides. Marvin was floored.

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CHAPTER XV.

COLLEGE AGENT.

The regular work—Always effective—College Agent—The Church and School—His sentiment—Strikingly illustrated—College Presidency offered and declined—St. Charles College—J. H. Fielding, first President—The Collier bequest—Appointment to Agency—Its wisdom—Predecessors—Leading patrons—Success—Biblical School—His theological professorship—First and only class and lecture—The Educational Convention in 1852—An episode, Caples and Marvin—Status of St. Charles College—Historical lesson.

THE last appointment of Marvin in the Missouri Conference connects his name officially with the only part of its work he had not filled—the College Agent. It is not properly an exception that he was never Sunday-school Agent—such appointment having little existence in Missouri at that day. It scarcely ever, perhaps, has any real existence; in the usual if not the universal fact, a fiction on the list of charges and a figure-head on the roll of laborers. In all this history Marvin's name never appears on the overseer's book on the roll of ecclesiastical cripples or sinecurists; in a good providence never a warder in the Conference hospital nor retired on half-duty; and by choice and in fealty, always true to itinerant vows and steady in the regular work. It will appear hereafter what were his views concerning Sunday-school education. It would, no doubt, have been an acceptable appointment to exchange the pulpit of First Church in St. Louis for a

Sunday-school Agency. He would have done the work and done it well—making full proof of that ministry as of all others. More especially, he would not have engaged in it, except as a legitimate part of his ministerial office. As an important part of it in his judgment—feeding the Lambs—he would have undertaken it both cheerfully and earnestly, with heart and hope. It lies in the fields of the pastoral work of the Church and where the soil is virgin and the sowing is best assured of a crop and yields most fruitful harvest.

Among the instruments of culture in youthful piety is the denominational school. Parents, if wise, will prefer such schools. The Church must furnish them. From the first and to the last, Marvin was zealously enlisted in the educational work of the Church. He admonished solemnly in respect to family religion. He was remarkably the advocate and patron of Sunday-schools. It was in the same line of things that he became College Agent. It was to conserve the fruits of home-culture and the Church-nursery—to erect the environment of the Church around youth at the period when it is most wayward and most exposed; to throw into the sciences of human learning the leaven of Christian truth; and to make provision, that the piety at home shall not be lost at College, and coming there Christian shall not go away infidel or profane.

The Minister of the Gospel does not sink his office in the College President—in that office, combining the Christian teacher with the patron of science; and in that connection of his position, a sentinel of the Church and on guard to Christianity. It was not as a friend of human learning, which he was, but as Pastor of the Lord's sheep and especially of Christ's lambs, that he became, by choice and with zeal, a College Agent. In his view and in fact, the combination is congruous—the preacher and the denominational school-man. In his appointment at first he was both—Presiding Elder of the District and Agent for St. Charles College. The Episcopal or Conference appreciation of the magnitude of its importance is apparent in the next year's appointment—taken off the District and left in the Agency, as his exclusive work. The same thing is indicated in the appointment of Caples as Agent for Plattsburg and Weston High Schools. Though he was not taken off the District, yet the District was reduced to four charges, and those immediately surrounding the sites of the schools, with a view to special labors in their behalf.

It is not to be inferred as the sentiment of this page, that the chair of a College President in honor or usefulness is above the pulpit of a preacher; or that College work has a function equal in dignity and influence to that of the full Christian pastorate; nor that it is allowable to a Conference as a rule of action or maxim of policy to subordinate the direct preaching of the Gospel to the claims, important as they are, of its Seminaries of Learning—the one principal and the other auxiliary; respectively, divinely ordained on the one hand and at most, on the other, a human regulation. Such is not the interpretation intended on this passage in his history. It was not Marvin's sentiment, however highly he estimated the work of the College Faculty, and his own work in behalf of the Conference Institutions of Learning, speaking of his Agency for St. Charles College as the two best year's work of his life. His view of the relative importance and claims of these two departments of ministerial service and in general, as between the regular work and the special, is strikingly illustrated by an incident in his St. Charles College history.

The incident is narrated by Mr. D. K. Pittman, one of the original and most prominent members of the Board of Curators of St. Charles College. The issue is direct. The testimony is impressive—of the work of the ministry, the pulpit and pastorate, the most prized, the best, the highest:

An instance of his faith and consecration was developed while stationed at Centenary Church. He was elected President of St. Charles College. I called at his study to see him, and he requested me to come to his room after supper. I did so. He wanted to consult me upon the propriety of his accepting the Presidency. He said: "You know how much I am away from my family, and how much I am devoted to them. If I go to St. Charles I shall be with them all the time, and the compensation will be much better; but I shall have to give up the regular pastorate to which I am called." After much free and unrestrained conversation, the question revolved itself into one of conscience; and, therefore, I could not presume to dictate; but, as I was in the act of leaving, he said: "Call at my office in the morning before you leave the city and I will give you a definite answer." In the most emphatic manner, he added: "I will not close my eyes in sleep until I know what the will of the Lord is." The next morning, on my way to the depot, I called at his office, and, without ceremony, asked what report I should make. He answered: "Tell the brethren I will not give up my regular work for all the Presidencies in the land." It was uttered in the most solemn manner.

At the very time, however, he declined the Presidency of the College he was its acting Agent, and had been for six years and continued such till he went South during the war. The facts are to be interpreted by his views. On principle and by preference the regular work in the pastoral relation directly and most widely, was esteemed his vocation and life-work. But the denominational school he estimated as a necessary auxiliary in the machinery of the Church—at all times demanding fostering care; and in emergent circumstances, justifying the detail of the best talent and the labor of the strongest arm. The educational work of his ministry has such import.

St. Charles College has, in many respects, a peculiar and interesting history. It is the oldest Protestant College West of the Mississippi River. Its origin connects it with the first general and marked educational movement of the Church, originating in the action of the General Conference in 1820. The sentiment of that Conference in its favor was very pronounced, and was responded to with enthusiasm throughout the Connection. Within about a decade Wesleyan University was established for the New England

States; and for the Keystone State, Madison College; and Randolph Macon, Lagrange, and Augusta Colleges for the Atlantic Seaboard and the South and West. In the more distant West, McKendree College was established on the East of the Mississippi, and on the West, St. Charles College. In 1836 it was formally opened, with John H. Fielding, brought from the Chair of Mathematics at Augusta, as its first President. The enterprise was projected as early as 1832 or 1833, and was founded on the charity of Mrs. Catherine Collier, a noble Methodist matron. She was the mother of the late George Collier, well known as a leading and one of the most wealthy citizens of St. Louis. In former years of his life his residence and business had been at St. Charles. As expressed and limited in their last wills, respectively, it was the intention of mother and son to establish a Christian and Methodist School and to promote an educated Protestant Ministry of the Gospel. The mother died first. By her will, dated August 31st, 1833, and probated August 26th, 1835, she bequeathed five thousand dollars to her son in trust for the contemplated school—the use of two thousand dollars being limited primarily to the education of young men preparing for the ministry in the Methodist Church. Upon this original financial basis the Conference, in counsel and co-operation with Mr. Collier, resolved to establish the College, and, in 1836, appointed Jesse Green its Agent to raise funds for the building and additional endowment. At the death of the son, in July, 1852, he bequeathed to it ten thousand dollars, conditioned upon the like sum being raised by the Church within ten years from the date of his death. This led to the appointment of Marvin to the Agency for the College in the following year.

The acceptance of the Agency on his part was demanded by the opportunity of the hour for a great advantage. The proposal of the George Collier bequest was, in that day, comparatively a munificent largess. Although he was not at the time a church-man nor at any time a Methodist communicant, it remains, indeed, to this day the largest individual contribution to the cause of education in the hands of Missouri Methodism. Is was timely aid and encouragement. The condition of the College was emergent. After the death of Mr. Fielding, the first President, in 1844, it did not prosper. Before his death it had become greatly embarrassed by poverty, and more by disaffection. His ambition and his hope maintained an heroic struggle amid all its reverses; as said in his obituary, consecrating to it not only his talents but private resources. These lines, by the writer, are responsive to the words of his biographer, expressing assurance of the witness that all his pupils will bear to his professional ability and the affectionate veneration in which he was held by them. He was a dignified and amiable gentleman, eminent in extensive and varied scholarship and rich stores of knowledge, a sweet spirited Christian, and a sound theologian. His sermons were specimens of fine literary taste, and written with precision, purity and elegance seldom surpassed. As an officer, if there was any defect, it was in administrative ability; and that, not in lack of the wisdom of knowledge and experience, but of executive force. Had all other hindrances to success been out of the way, its poverty was an inevitable stoppage. Notwithstanding all his unabated and self-sacrificing devotion, the fortunes of the College had waned. They were abandoned by his successor, Rev. I. Ebbert, after a fruitless effort during three years. The name of the College and its Presidential appointment disappeared from the Conference minutes in 1848. It did not reappear till 1855, under the Presidency of Rev. Dr. W. H. Anderson, now of Wesleyan University, at Millersburg, Ky.; and then, on the faith and in the push of Marvin's Agency. This history indicates the breach into which he threw himself. It shows, also, what difficulties environed the undertaking, delaying so long the financial consummation and enhancing the credit of its success.

His agency was limited to a narrow area. There were, in fact, rival school enterprises. Caples was in the field for District High Schools in the Northwest. In Central Missouri the interests of Howard High School monopolized the attention of the Church. His field was thus, for the most part, confined to Northeast Missouri, which, comparatively, was not the richest section of the Conference. From the beginning the city of St. Louis had been looked to and had furnished the largest part of the pecuniary resources of the College. But, at that time and for many past years, there was at that point comparative indifference and even alienation, wide spread and obstinate. For the time and under the circumstances his success was signal. In the second year only of his Agency was it his exclusive work. In all other years it was superadded to his regular pastorate. He prosecuted it diligently and patiently, and did not surrender the undertaking till the conditions of the Collier bequest had been fully met and the College put in possession of the additional twenty thousand dollars of endowment. It remains intact to this day—said to be the only instance of such fortune in the history of the Colleges in the State and rare in the fortunes of Western Colleges.

The wisdom of the Board of Curators is seen in the selection of their Agent; and of the Conference, in his appointment to that emergent enterprise. That Board had in its membership some of the leading citizens of the State and of the wisest and most influential men of the Church—wise not to choose a feeble man for a great work. Their trust was so important as to be instituted; and for that reason, its importance justifying a special representation and for the same reason, the most efficient advocacy. The Conference was thus wise, as a look through the minutes will show. Marvin in his Agency was successor to Green, Redman, and

Monroe. His immediate predecessor excepted, who was a young man and not a member of the Conference, the former Agents were all, like himself, taken from Presiding Elder's Districts—men of pulpit ability, administrative talent and of individual force. They had also wide acquaintance and personal influence in the bounds of the Conference. Green had filled an *ad interim* term in the second year of the St. Louis Methodist pulpit and commanded respect, both for his personal character and his eminent native talent, and especially for his heroic ministry. Redman was a most companionable man, a good declaimer and capable of argument on a special topic. His itinerancy dated from 1820—stretching from White River, in Arkansas, where it begun, to where it ended on the Upper Missouri, after traveling every District in the Conference, except one. Monroe, the Agent for seven consecutive years, in his St. Louis pulpit as Station-preacher and Presiding Elder—there, where most help was looked for and came—attracted to his audience such men as Bates and Geyer and Gamble, men who became respectively Governor, United States Senator, and Cabinet Secretary. The endowment of a College is not a popular subscription. It must come, if at all and for the most part, from the few; and the many wait to follow. An Agent is powerless without a great leader. These men drew such to them. Monroe had his Collier; and Caples his Swinney and Davis; Marvin had his Polk and Hendrix at Central College, and at St. Charles, Pittman and Cunningham and Overall.

The two grandest Agents in the fields of Missouri Methodist enterprise, or in any other, perhaps, were Caples and Marvin. In the actual record their methods were different; but each was capable of the methods and achievements of the other. The occasion, in Marvin's Agency, did not call for or allow the *ad captandum* of the address—"that's my colt;" or "the story of the Puckers." That style was imperative to get a hearing among the crowded enterprises of a new country, or to get a dollar where there were a thousand calls for every dime. The Agency of Marvin was in a different field, where people were less impressible and more inaccessible than the miscellaneous crowd at a Camp-meeting or a country congregation—in St. Louis chiefly, where Caples got a poor hearing and left feeling discomfited. Besides, his was not a new but an old enterprise and the situation could not be captured by the surprise of a *coup d'etat*—an old one and a crippled one, with need to explain and to remove prejudices; all demanding the interview at the office and counting room and the talk of Marvin at the fireside. The method had less dash but, in the case, was more effective. It was dull and slow but, in Marvin's persistent hand, it was sure. In Caples' field the people had to be educated, which he did grandly. He sowed the seed, Bishop Marvin has said, of Dr. Smith's harvest in large measure about ten years after. But Marvin could not go where his predecessors had not been and had not lectured publicly and privately. It was his chief work to reap, and in actual and certainly in abiding pecuniary results, perhaps, his Agency was the most remunerative. The College bonds gotten by Caples were, no doubt, much discounted during and by the war. Marvin's twenty thousand were and are still securely locked up in Missouri Sixes.

He was Agent during three successive years. After the expiration of his Agency by formal appointment, he continued to hold intimate relations to the College, as a member of its Board of Curators. Active labors in its behalf and an earnest advocacy extended through ten years. Among other forms of patronage is the incident of his accepting the chair of a theological professor. The signal success of his Agency had revived the hopes of the friends of the College. Various measures were adopted to advance its usefulness and secure its popularity and permanency. Among them was the establishment of a Biblical School.

That measure had the endorsement of the General Conference, which had recommended that it be introduced into the Colleges of the Connection. The better education of the pulpit was a popular sentiment and much public favor and support were given to the movement. Marvin took great interest and an active part in it. At the time he was pastor at Centenary, with its heavy labors on his hands. He consented, however, to undertake the additional labors of the Biblical Chair, to which he had been elected. His purpose was defeated. He made only one visit to the class and gave it at the same time his inaugural and valedictory. What eminence he might have attained as a theological doctor the curious may conjecture. What is reported below of the one lecture is rather sound and godly advice from the desk of a Pastor of the Preachers. The theological instruction was characteristic and significant—in remark on a course of study, the closing word: "Young gentlemen, study the Catechism!" His first and only class turned out well. The rest of the story is told by one of the number, Rev. J. E. Godbey, now his successor at First Church, St. Louis:

> The first time I saw Bro. Marvin was in the winter of 1860. I was then a student at St. Charles College, and one of a class of six young men who were preparing for the ministry. The other members of the class were Jones F. Hagler, now of the Southwest Missouri Conference; Thos. R. Kendall, of the Missouri Conference; Wm. H. Leith, of the Mississippi Conference; M. R. Goheagen, of the Illinois Conference; and J. S. Frazier, of the St. Louis Conference.
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> We were informed that arrangements had been made with Rev. E. M. Marvin, then pastor of Centenary Church, St. Louis, to visit the College once a month and deliver a lecture to our class. He came but once. The care of a small Mission Church had been added to his charge, and he was unable to do the work at the College which was expected of him.
>
> I think the class will never forget his one visit and lecture. After giving us some instructions in regard to our course of study, and the best methods of studying the Word of God, he spoke to us especially of the obligations of a Christian minister and the spirit and purpose with which he should pursue his vocation. The ministry of the Gospel, he said, was to be a vocation as distinct from a profession. No man should enter upon

such a work except as constrained by his conscience, under the deep conviction that it is the one work which God would have him do, and which he cannot refuse to do but at the peril of his soul. Devoting himself to work under such a conviction, no question of large apparent usefulness or high attainment in reputation as a minister should ever affect his mind. He should be willing to be the humblest, most obscure, and least efficient of all Christ's ministers, if only conscious still of following the divine call.

In the call to the ministry recognize, he said, that the Master has put into your hands the most important trust and laid upon you the most solemn charge and obligations. Waste no time. Neglect no talent. - Labor for the salvation of your own souls. It demands the utmost diligence and continual prayer. Aspire to be and to do all that God and nature have fitted you for. Never measure yourself by another. Never compare yourself with others, but with the standard of duty and privilege. Never desire to excel nor aspire to be greater than another. Be humble. Do your utmost to be a great preacher and pray God that every other preacher in his Church may be greater than yourself.

There are several other interesting episodes connected with his St. Charles College history. One relates to the financial result of his Agency, happening on his return to Missouri after the war. It is of remarkable import and will appear in its proper place and connection. Another has been mentioned by himself. It is of historic value, relating to the proceedings of the Educational Convention, held at St. Louis, in 1852, of which he was a member. It was called to consider the project of a new and large educational enterprise—"a first-class College," which was adopted with the proviso that it should not go into operation until a cash endowment of at least fifty thousand dollars was secured. The contest was over the question of location. St. Charles and Fayette were the only two competing places and to which, respectively and adversely, Marvin and Caples were committed by personal feeling as well as candid convictions concerning their availability for a College site. The one was an upper country man. The men of that section were in the heat and flush of new-born school-enterprise. They were rallied in force under that impulse and the zeal of sectional partisanship. They would count in the vote if not in the debate. Caples was at the head of a large following. The Southern half of the St. Louis Conference had little interest in the question and not much representation in the body; the other half was allied territorially to Fayette. The Convention, held in St. Louis, was near the seat of the old College; but though there were staunch and strong advocates for it on hand, there was not an enthusiasm, collecting the crowd and securing the outside pressure. Marvin had been thinking only of his speech, and how St. Charles College had the advantage on the merits of the argument. All the spectators and members recognized these two men as the champions in the debate and fortunes of the hour. The proposed great institution which was to unite the resources and combine the patronage of the two Conferences in Missouri, was to take name accordingly—Central College. The advocate of Fayette stressed the territorial argument, which was met by a suggestion of other than geographical centres—centres of trade and influence and population. In masterly discussion the claims of St. Charles College were urged—in sentiment, its primacy of origin and the husbandry of the tears and toils of the zeal of the past years, which awaited only the juncture of a new and combined rally to its support to realize the hopes of its founders and compensate the larger outlay upon it of care and money. The stress of the speech was upon the sanctity of the public pledges of the Conference which had committed the Church to St. Charles College. Caples had the advantage of reply. He did not make answer to argument. He made fun. He gained the day.

Marvin good-naturedly confesses the defeat with the above explanation of the way of it: "I made an elaborate speech, expected an answer and was prepared for it. The other party looked to Mr. Caples. He met the emergency not by facts and arguments but by ridicule. He raised a laugh at my expense. I had nothing to reply to. They took the vote and I was floored." Caples saw the confusion and chagrin of his friend; and after adjournment confessed his strategy: "Ah! old fellow," said he, "did you think I was going to work on your timbers? I had too much sense for that. My only show was to nibble your ropes." "It was said," adds Marvin, "followed by that laugh of his, half exultant and half humorous. I said something about nonsense being at a premium in this grave body charged with vital interests of the Church. He replied that I must console myself as John Randolph did, referring to an anecdote he had seen to this effect: Randolph, being defeated in a Congressional contest after one of his greatest speeches, met his servant and relieved himself by saying to that friendly auditor: 'We carried the day in the argument, but they got the advantage in the voting.' "

CHAPTER XVI.

IN ST. LOUIS.

Centenary Church "to be supplied"—Rev. James Sewell—Marvin his successor—Incidents of the appointment—His transfer to the St. Louis Conference—Appointment by the Bishop to that Charge—The situation—Dr. Boyle at Fourth Street in 1842 and Marvin at Centenary in 1855, similar work—Separation from his old Conference—Continued as Agent for St. Charles College—The sentiment against transfers in St. Louis Conference—Incidents—Marvin cordially received—Conference associations—Preaching—Work—Five per cent. plan—Book depository endowment—Central College—United Methodism in the city—Church extension—City Mission—Preachers' meeting.

IN the minutes of the St. Louis Conference for 1854, Centenary Church appears on the list "to be supplied." At the first Quarterly Conference, Dec. 29, 1854, a resolution was passed expressing the pleasure of the body at the information received of the willingness of Rev. James Sewell to come West and inviting him to Centenary. This was the first transfer to St. Louis from over the mountains. Just twenty years after another Baltimore preacher, W. V. Tudor, was sent for, coming by the way of Carondelet Church, New Orleans. He gives this introduction in these pages to his old friend:

I knew Father Sewell well. He was the most humorous character I ever met; a man of the most subtle, insinuating, fifth-rib-tickling humor. I heard him say once on the Baltimore Conference floor, after an animated and excited debate of two speakers, during the discussion, that "one was a little too briery, and the other was a little too fiery." He followed me once in Wesley Chapel, Baltimore, with an exhortation after my sermon on Noah, and said in effect: "I used to wonder why it was, when those Antediluvians saw the flood actually coming, they did not turn old Noah out of the Ark and turn themselves in, or else turn the beasts out and turn themselves in. But, as I read on down the page, I saw why they did not do so, for it reads: 'and the Lord shut him in,' and of course if He shut him in, He shut them out." And then he would chuckle all over in a quiet way. I remember distinctly, when he returned to Baltimore from St. Louis, to have heard him say on the Conference floor, explaining his transfer and re-transfer: "Jimmie Sewell turned Bishop and appointed himself to St. Louis, and then he turned Bishop once more and appointed himself back again."

He, therefore, appeared in character, when, as reliably reported by an eye witness, he walked into Centenary Church and finding the congregation apparently waiting, stopped in the aisle and holding up his watch for the light to fall on its face, said loud enough to be heard all over the room—"Humph! late, I declare—too bad! too bad!" He came. He looked round. He went back. On the record of the Second Quarterly Conference, March 30, 1855, he is named as Preacher in Charge and named no more.

On a Saturday in June the preacher in charge at the Mound met Marvin at the Book Depository, 10, Pine Street. It was their first meeting and began a peculiar and most intimate friendship. He staid that night with Henry S. Watts at his boarding place in the family of John Gates, and preached for him at Mound Church on Sunday morning—at night filling the pulpit for J. P. Nolan at 16th Street Chapel. Watts remembers the subject of the morning sermon—justification by faith and its peace and joy. The impression, he says, was tremendous. There were two or three shouts and the whole congregation was moved to tears. During the week Watts met Governor Polk and told him of Sunday morning, with an earnest nomination of Marvin to the vacant pulpit at Centenary. The next Sunday he preached there. The Third Quarterly Conference Journal, June 29, 1855, records E. M. Marvin Preacher in Charge. Wesley Browning was Presiding Elder—no doubt, very willingly appointing his junior preacher at Old Fourth Street eleven years before.

The appointment, it is to be observed, is a supply—to fill the pulpit chiefly till Conference. His Conference appointment was to the Agency of St. Charles College. That had brought him to the city, after having completed the canvass of the rural districts. He never left his work. He might supply a need and at the same time not hinder, but promote his Agency by access to the Church and preachers by means of the Centenary pulpit—so it appears in his talk with Watts over what he considered a providential direction in his ministry and an open door in his Agency.

At his first service he was greeted with a large congregation. With a good memory of Marvin in 1844, a good many excused themselves to their pastor at First Church, R. A. Young, for a visit to Centenary, and Watts preached to a smaller house that day at Mound. As long as and wherever he preached in the city there were visitors in his congregations always. Through Polk and Jamison, the lawyers began to hear of the pulpit at Centenary. The merchants knew of it through Christy and Gay and Carter, who first knew it himself at Robidoux Landing, in 1845. There were some young business men in his membership who were sterling and zealous Christians, and by their good report clerks from Main and Second Streets began to go to church at the corner of Fifth and Pine Streets. Marvin is preaching in St. Louis soon became known out in the State, and from the hotels he drew largely. Scarcely ever otherwise—as regular as the benediction, that he held a levee at the altar-rail with his old upper country friends and former parishioners. All this abounded in the following years, but it began at the first. An empty house commenced to fill. A drooping membership began to revive. The Official Board were in better spirits. He had been in the Sunday-school at every session, and the Superintendent, who was bearing a heavy burden at that time, took heart. The class leaders reported every week the pastor's itinerancy of the classes.

There were, after the good prayer-meeting was over, more present to talk about the Church and more cheerful talking.

These memoranda are from notes of memory by those who attended his meetings and knew of his ways. Before the year closed it was the universal sentiment at the Official Board, and in the Sunday-school, class room and pew, not to send any more to the Atlantic Seaboard, if they could get Marvin of Missouri. He was thus strongly urged to transfer to the St. Louis Conference to be in reach. So earnestly desired there seemed to be an urgent need of the transfer. The situation at that charge and its internal condition were peculiar and embarrassed in some respects. In 1844, at Fourth Street, Browning and Marvin entered into the labors of the former pastor, Rev. Dr. Joseph Boyle. At Centenary, ten years afterwards, as Presiding Elder and preacher in charge, there seemed to lie before them an emergency like that which Boyle, brought by Bishop Soule from the Pittsburg Conference, confronted and retrieved in his brilliant pastorate at Old Fourth Street in 1842-44.

Before Boyle took it, the charge had become greatly enfeebled and depressed, from various causes. A chief cause was a case of discipline, which had excited public odium—the admission of Negro testimony in a Church trial against a white person, which was forbidden by law in civil courts and an offence to public sentiment. The case is on the record of the General Conference of 1840, taken there by Rev. Silas Comfort, the administrator in the trial during his pastorate in 1838. It thus became connected with the great disruption in 1844. The resolutions of 1840, condemning his administration, it is known, stirred afresh the anti-slavery agitation in the Methodist Church which had culmination at the next General Conference. The Church was redeemed from under the ostracism of public sentiment. Internal troubles were healed. With his Financial Secretary, John T. Martin, to plan and execute, the floating debt accumulated during years of slim congregations and a disheartened membership was paid off. The hearers of both classes were gotten into the way of poll-pay, and pay enough to support a city station. The pulpit was popularized and the house was full and no lack of the divine unction on the preacher. There was a great revival.

This history at Old Fourth transpired when in its very first years Centenary was a new organization and in the vivacity and vigor of fresh life. It had not gone out unendowed. A good portion of the chief strength of the Old Church had gone with it—Polk, Burd, Gay, among others; and chief matrons, such as Bishop Marvin has named—Mother Burd and Childs and Mother Weaver, particularly. It was established, too, in one of the finest church houses at the time in the city—dedicated by Bishop Roberts, pre-eminently during the first two decades the Missouri Bishop, as, during the same time, the St. Louis Bishop, it may be said, was Soule. He sent Boyle to Missouri to meet the crisis—to sustain Methodism in the Old house against the odds of the New; to replace the departure of much congregation and strong men and chief women, and make it sure that in the birth of the child the mother might not die. Boyle did it.

Readers familiar with the history of both churches and their times will recognize, in some particulars and to some extent, the situation at Centenary in 1854, in that of Old Fourth Street when Boyle was sent to it. His work was kept up well by others after he left. He kept his own eye on it still and doing the kind of work which made him, in his day, more than any other man, the common Pastor of the whole of St. Louis Methodism. Parsons and Linn followed him. Morris came and after a year was taken to the principal Church in Louisville. The Old Church at its old site, at length, could no longer be maintained. The population largely had moved from it; business claimed the street; nearly all the other Churches had emigrated westward. The property was sold, and after the Mormons had rented and used it as a recruiting station for some time, the new owner erected on it a block of stores, one of the finest at the time in the city. It brought forty thousand dollars —a large sum in those days and enough to buy a hundred and thirty feet of ground at the corner of Eighth Street and Washington Avenue and to erect the edifice, with only about one or two thousand dollars to raise on dedication day, in January, 1854, and the thirty-third anniversary of the society. It had renewed its youth. Robert A. Young was in the pulpit. It was a pewed church—the first in the Methodism of the city, which met marked criticism in some quarters, but pleased and attracted some to a Methodist congregation. Altogether, the transition from the old to the new church, as it is described in the programme and other records, was a triumphal entry. It began a new and vigorous career, which occasioned congratulatory remark among the older and original members—"there is a good deal of life in the old hive yet." There was a great revival there that winter —and so, at all the other Methodist Churches, except Centenary. It was left to be supplied and had been looking and seeking in various pastorates and pulpit supplies for relief to an embarrassed and depressed situation. In the disciplinary history of the Church there had arisen a widespread popular prejudice from without; and within, a general and protracted partisanship, disturbing the harmony of the society. We have seen and said that Marvin, with Browning, in 1844, entered into Boyle's labors. In 1854 his appointment sent him to perform similar labors and repeat Boyle's success. It was done.

It was a painful struggle to dissolve the relation with his old Conference—the personal tie never severed. "It is," he said, "the field of my early labors and first fruits of my ministry. It has borne with me in my weakness and honored me. There will be separation from chief friends and lifelong and dearest associations will be interrupted." The attachment was mutual. He came from a Conference where its best stations and highest honors had been and were still open to him and all hearts were welded to him—in the words of a faithful friend, Rev. C. I. Vandeventer, who speaks for the Conference, "Brother Marvin, very much to the regret of his brethren in the Missouri Conference, was transferred to the St. Louis Conference, where, however, he had an open door, and, perhaps, a wider field for usefulness. Still we would occasionally meet at our Annual Conferences and take sweet counsel together."

The above qualifying statement is explanatory of the transfer. It was in the order of providence, in the line of duty, in the spirit of the New Testament ministry as it prefaced Paul's and his own—"immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." The Conference he left could not forbid in so manifest appearance of the hand of God and in a recognized presence of the unquestioning obedience and submission of His consecrated servant. At the time, perhaps, in his own and the expectation of his brethren, it was to be a temporary separation; and furthermore, in the interests partly of their own Conference work, so important as the salvation of their College—then, their only one. So it appears in the minutes for the year 1855—at the two Conferences held by Bishop Early, respectively at Richmond and Springfield. At each his name is announced on the list of appointments; at one as Agent for St. Charles College, and at the other, to Centenary Church, St. Louis. R. A. Young was changed by the two years limitation under the rule then existing and was put on the District. C. B. Parsons was brought from Kentucky a second time to fill the pulpit at First Church.

For many years it had been the policy and practice of the Bishops to supply the principal city pulpits by transfers.

In that history there was in some cases faulty selections by the Bishops, and on the part of transfers, departure from the Conference often at the close of a term at a chief charge. The Conference was not strengthened though the station was served; and there grew up a sentiment among the preachers which put under strong ban the city work and its transfers. As early as when Boyle came and appeared first at the Conference at Jefferson City, it was in existence; and so manifested that it would have driven him back to Pittsburg had not Andrew Monroe, in his grand wisdom and all-powerful influence, restrained the offence on the one side and on the other, put a hand of constraint on Boyle to overlook it. The vigor and prevalence of the sentiment once made one of the most dramatic and at the same time amusing scenes ever happening on the floor of the St. Louis Conference—on a front seat, in full view, the rival candidates for a General Conference delegate, the last to be chosen. One was the portly Parsons and never more nervous on the stage, than on the floor of that Conference as the repeated ballot went on and no election; and more nervous, as the contest narrowed to a sharp contest between the big transfer and a native preacher, who is called "little" to distinguish him from his namesake in the Conference who is stout. Hence Parsons' face does not appear in the Engraving of the General Conference of 1858.

At one time a cure of that sentiment was attempted through the Presiding Elders or by a sharp turn of Bishop Soule himself, perhaps—sending leaders and filling every appointment in St. Louis District with followers, except two, Browning on the District and Boyle at Fourth Street, who, by that time, were considered naturalized. The minutes of the next year show the return of only one of the appointees. It was said of some that the Conference year seemed long—impatient for its end.

It is due to that history to say that the sentiment was not an objection to transfers as such, but to certain kinds, which need not be specified—not of the kind Boyle was, who, when he became known, as soon after as 1845, was elected to represent the Conference at the Louisville Convention; and was chosen one of its delegates to the first, and habitually to succeeding General Conferences during his active ministry. Marvin was welcomed at the beginning and honored from the first. Not loved less in the one Conference than in the other, he was at once in his transfer accorded the same position in the new as in the old —a foremost man, a Conference preacher, and a chosen delegate of the St. Louis in 1858, as he had been of the Missouri Conference in 1854. He was on its roll for ten years—till 1866, when his name passed to the register of the College of Bishops. No sessions were held during the war—present at all before that, except that of 1861, at which the St. Louis preachers were cut off from attendance by the situation of military operations at the time near the place of the session, at Arrow Rock.

Two Conferences were held at St. Louis, in 1858, at Mound Church, by Bishop Pierce, and at First Church, in 1860, by Bishop Kavanaugh. He did not preach at either, being a pulpit-host. At the Conferences for 1857, held at Boonville, and for 1859, by Bishop Paine, at Independence, he preached at the popular hour, on Sunday night. Those sermons were equal in majesty and power to any of his Missouri Conference pulpit. The entire, immense audience was profoundly agitated by his sermon at Boonville on the doctrine of future retribution and eternal punishment. Never was a Conference of preachers more deeply stirred than by the sermon at Independence—the like in shouts and tears not known since nor before, except at the previous session when Bishop Pierce preached the funeral sermon of Thomas James. He was an humble Circuit preacher, but on his first Circuit there had been two hundred and forty conversions and in his death he was gloriously triumphant. The service had no formal close. The Bishop had left the stand and was mingling in the universal shout and hand-shaking.

The part he took in Conference was the same in both. It is not recollected that he made a formal speech or extended remarks on the St. Louis Conference floor. He was legislator the rather, doing his work in the Committee-room. One measure of the Conference remains to this day; not original with him, but not then generally adopted. It has increased manifold the revenue for the support of the old, worn-out preachers, for whom early and always he had the most profound veneration and deepest sympathy. He was one of a committee of three, Prottsman another, reporting what is known as the Five Per Cent. Plan. The law as it is now in operation was drafted by his pen.

At the Conference of 1858 a proposal was adopted to enlarge the Publishing operations by an endowment of the Book Depository, under the patronage of the two Conferences, in the sum of twenty thousand dollars. A special Agency in that behalf was created at the following session. The Agent writes this and knows how warmly he supported the measure at the Conference and how earnest and helpful his co-operation afterwards. He united his congregation on a Sunday night at First Church with Bro. Morris' for an audience to the Agent. From that occasion he went out into the canvass of the State with a subscription headed by one of the largest offerings known in the city up to that time, about $3000, raised by the help of their endorsement and appeals.

Another Conference enterprise at that time of chief magnitude was the Central College proposal. W. M. Prottsman, J. F. Truslow, and Warren Wharton at various times were Agents in the bounds of the St. Louis Conference, and P. M. Pinckard, from the first, in the Missouri. The minimum amount upon which the opening of the College was conditioned had not been raised. The subscription dragged. It was on the plan of sale of scholarships. The early subscribers became clamorous for the expected tuition after several years delay. The building had been erected and a High School was conducted in it. Yielding to the clamor of subscribers and other influences, the Board of Curators announced a Provisional Organization of the College. This proceeding created serious and wide-spread dissatisfaction. One of the principal St. Louis Conference Curators thereupon resigned his office and leading members were wholly disaffected. This alienation continued for several years and practically, in 1859, had detached that Conference from the enterprise. Pinckard was at that session—his patience superior to any trial and his persistence always on hand and face to face with any opposition. The situation, as to his advocacy, was really lost; but his cause on the Conference floor triumphed by its weakness. Sympathy in some quarters was stirred. There was a voice raised in behalf of an unfriended cause. It prevailed. Marvin applauded the speech and congratulated Pinckard. At the time he was enlisted for St. Charles College, but, also and always, disinterested in his devotion to the Church and personally, magnanimous.

At the Independence Conference he had completed a two years' term at First Church—having exchanged pulpits with Dr. Parsons, who returned at its close to Kentucky. These years, at both churches, had been exceedingly fruitful. There was an extensive revival and large accessions. The incidents of his St. Louis work are reserved for the following chapter. In this general review it is notable as one of the beneficial results of his pastorate at First Church, that it was the occasion of closer fellowship and more hearty co-operation in general Church-work between these two principal charges. Union meetings came into vogue. Marvin attended Centenary during the revival and rallied his members there. There was reciprocity in presence and help. The exchange of pastors helped to that result. Marvin made a point of it and contributed more, perhaps, than any other to an United Methodism in the city. The pulpit of every charge in the city had received his help. He had labored at every altar and rejoiced with all the Churches in their triumphs. His personal influence reached to all and it was prevalent for peace and good-will.

This result had a practical value in promoting the connectional work of St. Louis Methodism. At the time of his coming it existed in two principal forms—one the Church Extension Association, for the purchase of ground in the rapidly multiplying additions to the city and erection of Chapels. Several Mission-stations had grown out of this movement—Christy Chapel the principal one. In a similar line of enterprise a neat and commodious Chapel was built at the Wesleyan Cemetery—Centenary Sunday-school raising the funds for its erection and supporting the services of Sunday-school and preaching regularly and with good fruits till the years of the war.

The City Missionary work was at that time conducted on a large plan and with liberal support — the annual revenue of the society amounting to two or three thousand dollars. H. S. Watts was the City Missionary for four years. He made Marvin his chosen counselor and his chief aid. The support of this organization rested mainly on the charges Marvin served, and their interest and liberality were under steady prompting, both by word and example. He became the companion of the Missionary in his visitations of the neglected population and destitute fields. He preached and worked with him in the Mission-chapels. The headquarters of Watts were first at the Mound and afterwards at Wesley Chapel, where Marvin performed much labor and had much fruit.

The preachers' meetings partook of the same spirit of community—unsurpassed at any time or place in heartiness of intercourse and Christian fellowship and ministerial co-operation. The first in the St. Louis Methodist pastorate was composed of two—Boyle and Linn, when Centenary was added to the list of charges. Boyle, on the way from Pittsburg, left this note for Linn at Louisville, dated September, 1842:

> MY DEAR BROTHER: I am on my way to St. Louis. I am glad to know that you are to be my colleague. I wish so much that you were ready and could go with me, so that we might enter upon our new field of labor together. But I will be there to welcome you.
>
> Yours affectionately,
>
> JOSEPH BOYLE.

At the burial of his colleague, Dr. Linn produced that letter from, as he said, a distinct remembrance after thirty years, and exhibited it in the sparkle of a bright jewel of ministerial character. He added, "it warmed my heart to him at once." They had never seen each other, but they met in the pastoral field of St. Louis Methodism, in the spirit of that letter. Never, since the first, has its preachers' meetings been more pervaded with it, than in the years Marvin was in St. Louis. After Wesley Browning, in 1856, R. A. Young for two years was Presiding Elder, and in 1859 and 1860 John R. Bennett was at the head of the District, Pastors of the preachers and Presidents of their meeting. Boyle was still in it, the pastor at Asbury, and afterwards at St. Louis Circuit. Every Monday morning during his fine revival at Asbury, he has his ivory tablet in his hand putting down the nights of preaching and names of helpers; not overlooking the humble names, just as if it was "the Lord's meeting," as Morris at the meetings used to say, and as he said, also, "it's the Lord's weather," and the meeting could not be hurt by rain; neither could it, as Boyle thought, if the preacher was not as learned as a Doctor of Divinity or as eloquent as an Apollos. At Marvin's first meeting at Centenary his alternate preacher, night about, for many weeks was "Rough and Ready," as the City Missionary was called.

Among the younger men with whom he was associated as co-laborers in the city was Rev. W. M. Leftwich, who had a successful pastorate for a full term at the Mound Church in North St. Louis. Rev. Jacob Ditzler was stationed at the same charge in 1859; and in 1855 was the pastor at Sixteenth Street, which, at that time, was an independent charge, but closely related to Centenary, its mother Church. In 1859 its pastor was Rev. Jesse H. Cumming, son of the well known Missionary among the Indians and distinguished by pioneer labors in the West, generally. He died in Texas. Gifted, sweet-spirited, and saintly, he was a special favorite and has been honored by Bishop Marvin's pen with the following word of affectionate remembrance: "My host during the session of the West Texas Conference was Dr. Woods. Jesse Cumming once abode under his roof. It was in this neighborhood that that saintly man spent the last moments of his life—here he breathed his last. His name is as 'ointment poured forth' among the people here. It is fragrant still." Rev. W. F. Compton, at present of the Pacific Conference, was, also, a pastor at 16th Street and his junior preacher during one year of his pastorate at First Church.

What, in this as in his old Conference, his relations with the young men, is reported by one of them—G. W. Horn, the present pastor at Columbia, the Missouri City of Colleges. In those days he was Dr. Boyle's junior preacher on St. Louis Circuit and often at the Preachers' meeting in the city; and at Conference, this: "I will not forget how, at the close of the Conference in 1860 at St. Louis, when we had just received our appointments, he held me in his arms and encouraged me to go forth to my work; nor how he has advised me in my course of life in subsequent years and encouraged me with pleasant words."

The reports at the Preacher's meeting were not dull. From time to time and in some one of the Churches there were gracious outpourings of the Spirit of God—all of such reports a common joy. As reported, some of them were remarkable occasions, as at the Mound one year, when it was like scenes in the Gospel narratives; people could not get to see or hear the preacher "for the press" and it would seem, as if the next thing, tiles off the roof would be needed to let down the preacher into his pulpit, the house so full. At times the brethren wondered as well as joyed. The notes from the Mission field had often affecting narratives of piety and poverty and not seldom an inspiring story of revival and conversions. They were always helpful in one way or other. Parsons or Marvin frequently took from the report of the Missionary memoranda of names and residence of new comers and some with old Church letters in their pockets. There was not a little Church activity and the Presiding Elder had the plan of a new enterprise or the progress of a pending movement to report. From the parent Churches the report was eagerly looked for—what the congregations, what the action of the Official Board and Quarterly Conference, what the collections. These were tidings from the citadel where the succor and security of the whole laid and the heart whence the pulse of life must come for warmth and vigor at the extremities. The connectional spirit was strong and both aggressive and co-operative labors were a marked fact in that old history.

The personal ties were strong and tender. The meetings after adjournment were refreshing to the spirits and good antidote to "blue Monday." When it was held at Marvin's office, there was a full circle around the stove or table. Somebody, usually, went home with him to dinner at his boarding place at the parsonage in the rear of Centenary; or, after that was torn down and the Trustees built a house for the Book Depository, "510 and 512 Pine Street," at

Mrs. Ricords, corner of Ninth and Olive Streets; and when he lived in the family of James C. Essex, on the West side of Eighth Street, between Washington Avenue and Locust. If there was a visiting preacher Marvin was almost sure to invite him first. He made sure that even the itinerant emissary of needy churches and of foreign charities should at least have good brotherhood, a kindly word, a good dinner, and, during his stay in the city, a prophet's chamber, generally one side of his own bed—"given to hospitality." The young preachers, in training for New Testament Preachers, found it, "good to be here." On that Mount of Transfiguration, it was a special dispensation of privilege to be associated with such older prophets as were seen and met at the Preachers' meeting from 1855 to 1862, and where by every token the Lord was in the midst and glorified above all men and with all praise. One of the young preachers of that day, G. W. Horn, has sent to these pages his memory of Marvin, which the writer knows is not a fable:

COLUMBIA, MO., March, 27th, 1878.

BRO. FINNEY: Your circular received. My first acquaintance with Bishop Marvin was in 1857, at the Conference session in Boonville. My first intimate acquaintance was in 1860, when I was on the St. Louis Circuit. He was then at Centenary Church. I used to meet him in the preachers' meeting on Mondays; and he was always the genial, gentlemanly, frank and godly preacher and brother among his brethren. The preachers of the city and vicinity met in his office, and few who met there then will ever forget his commanding influence, his enterprise in all interests of the Church, his ripe judgment, his lively humor, and his kindly bearing toward his fellow-servants. Superior to most, equal to any, he was respectful to the older, fraternal to those of his own age, and tender to the younger brethren. He held the hearts of all alike.

When he began to deliver his celebrated Lectures on the Errors of the Papacy an intense interest was awakened everywhere. I used to go in on Sabbath evenings to hear him. His congregations were crowded, and they were eager listeners. His earnest manner, his devout spirit, and his forceful words, combining lofty thought and bold and eloquent expression, gave us food for meditation and talk. Some of his oratorical passages remain with me to this day. The very person of the speaker seems yet before me. The effects of those lectures in estopping error have never been calculated yet.

During those visits of mine to hear the great Evangelist, I learned much of *the man himself.* I was a boy and a stranger; but he would call me out of the congregation to conclude his services for him, and then take me home with him to his room—for he had not his family then in the city—and I ate and slept with him. How I learned to reverence and love him for his genial, kind, and sympathetic bearing toward me, and his elevated tone of faith, devotion, and thought.

Some of his sallies of humor I remember still, though he never compromised the character of a minister in the least. Once he showed me a verse or two that lay on the table among his papers, which in good rhythm and rhyme set out to caricature or burlesque some of the follies of the times. He said: "I perpetrated a little poetry the other day, but when I got this far the rhymes ceased to jingle and I ceased." My memory is that if he had finished it, the lines would have taken a recognized place with the more elevated fugitive pieces of the times.

Bishop Marvin has helped me in protracted meetings. I have met him at Conferences and in private circles; have sat before him as he preached and when he presided in the chair; and in all, I have pleasant and hallowed memories of him. Sentences from Marvin's lips were golden, and often came with a weight that made indelible impressions. Such were his talks at the preachers' meeting. He spoke much of "a painstaking ministry" and the duty of *minute care*, of watchful diligence, constant doing, and untiring vigilance, stood out in relief before the mind. He was a man to be loved. Every man who knew him somehow got the impression that he was admitted to special terms of friendship and was a favorite. Such was his kindly spirit.

This chapter may have served to introduce Marvin into a new arena of action and to place him on another and higher platform of distinction and usefulness. The details of service and incidents of labors will appear in the following chapters.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CITY PULPIT.

His appearance—Pulpit mannerism—Conduct of public worship—Altar and Pulpit—Pulpit sensationalism—Clerical attire—Anecdote, the Philadelphia Methodist—The visiting brother—Anecdote, the St. Louis funeral procession—Incident at Glasgow, the pulpit surprise—Spiritual husbandry—His pulpit adapted, full and faithful—Its revival history—At Centenary—At Wesley Chapel—At Cottleville, Goodfellow Chapel and Bellefontaine—The great revival at First Church—His pulpit fame—Remarkable testimony.

THE vignette fronting this chapter represents Marvin when a City Pastor in St. Louis. Its history has an honorable connection, prefacing a sermon in the "Southern Methodist Pulpit." One of the first copies has hung on the wall of the writer's study ever since—a memorial of colleagueship in the ministry and personal fellowship begun in those years. The likeness has been considered somewhat faulty, as showing smoother features than the face of the orginal, as is common to engravings; but it has not been supplanted on the wall of the study—as being truer than others in the copy of the pose of the head and the brighter eye and genial look in the expression of countenance. There is testimony to its general accuracy in the following passage from the history of the itinerary of his family to join him in the South during the war: "So near were we to the Federal lines there was distrust of strangers as possibly spies and informers; and our identification was important. Pending this question a gentleman called at the house and said at once, pointing to Marcia, that is Mr. Marvin's child; I have seen his likeness in the *Southern Methodist Pulpit.*"

The modern commentary on the apostolic precept, "Let everything be done decently and in order," is minutely specific. Theologues and licentiates are advised how to enter the sanctuary and ascend the pulpit. Marvin had no such training; and for that reason, perhaps, realized the best counsels of that section in the manual of pulpit mannerism. He never thought of the matter, and hence his manner was not stiff and constrained. He walked into church just like he walked to it, when not in a hurry, and so his ascent of the pulpit steps, like any other—naturally, therefore.

The conduct of public worship was according to the manual of the Discipline. His reading of the Scripture lessons was a direct and reverent utterance; not the drawl of indifference, nor the intonation of affected speech. He had studied the hymnal and knew the philosophy of its parts and their uses—what for the opening hymn to turn the mind to a sentiment of worship; and what to precede and prepare it for the discourse; and some of the happiest effects of his sermons, it is known, have culminated in the well-adapted sentiment and musical measure of the closing song. His pulpit prayer was varied, never stereotyped; adapted to time and occasion and coming discourse, but comprehensive—leading the devotions and embracing the varying cares and wants of the worshipers and classes and conditions of men. It was not a theological compend. Speech-making was reserved for the sermon. It was addressed to a hearer, who "needed not that any man should tell him," and specified wants without rhetorical description of their woes, and with cry for pity, but pleading rather the promises of the Answerer of Prayer. It was not addressed to the assembly. Not made to be reported, nor the kind of composition, after the manner of certain modern pulpits, written out with the sermon for the printer. It had spirit, which cannot be put in type. Devotees at the altars where he conducted the worship will speak as much and as well of the prayers as the sermons—how they were quickened and comforted, led out into adoration and lifted into rapture. The approach was in the mediatorial name and intercession, and the end of interview and suit was in what was the customary and almost invariable closing word, "According to riches of grace in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

It will be remembered, also, how he stressed the disciplinary direction in regard to the singing, "Let all the congregation sing: not one in ten only." The reader may know that Wesley took his rule from the sentiment of Luther, the author of the first Protestant Hymn Book, and from his practice, as the founder of congregational singing. He reformed church music so that the assembly could join in the singing, and took the words out of an unknown tongue and put them in the vernacular, so that they might understand what they sung. Hence, also, the rule of Wesley: "By often stopping short, when the words are given out, and asking the people, 'Now, do you know what you said last? Did you speak no more than you felt?'" Marvin was a Wesleyan—in country and in city; from first to last. Both reformers were publishers. It remains to be added, that Marvin as, presumably, Melancthon saw that the pew was supplied with the Hymn Book—respectively, Luther's and "our own."

He attended to the ordinances duly. "Due time for it" may have sometimes been unconsciously infringed upon by the length of the sermon, which was the tendency of it always. Then, he took time, and in general the membership did not complain of a late benediction, and the unseasonable dining. As all around the globe, so, also, a thousand times it was to him and his people a joyful feast of the Holy Supper—the Lord made known in the breaking of bread and the table the dearest meeting-place in the communion of saints. There was no conflict between altar and pulpit—both held in due observance and in the relative importance of their respective functions and needs—the one, the organ of approach and address to God, and the other, God's mouth-piece—"a message unto thee."

The large congregation, increasing from the first, was not collected by any of the arts and artifices, which a modern satirist has called "regulation draws." The history of pulpit-sensationalism contains, curiously, the name and freak of one of the great reformers. When preaching in England even Latimer got a hearing by dividing out the heads of the sermon as a gambler plays his cards. "Now, ye have heard what is meant by the first card, and how ye ought to play. I propose to deal unto you another card of the same suit, for they be so nigh affinity that one cannot be well played without the other." The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries furnish the following specimens of pulpit curiosities: "Baruch's Sore Gently Opened and the Salve Skillfully Applied," "A Pack of Cards to Win Christ," "The Nail Hit on the Head," "A Funeral Handkerchief," "The Shop of the Spiritual Apothecary," and finally, "Some Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." The next century, the nineteecth, has added to the list of pulpit quacks and sanctuary sportsmen, and to the catalogue of advertising posters to collect a crowd. It is reported as modern advice, by an aged to a young minister: "Fill your Church, brother, though you should have to stand on your head to do it." The historian of the sentiment adds, "While it may sometimes happen that Christian ministers will, in the discharge of duty, be considered 'fools for Christ's sake,' they are nowhere commanded to make fools of themselves." Out of such history in his own time Cow-per forged the satire which, it seems, is pertinent in all times:

> "'Tis pitiful
> To court a grin, when you would win a soul;
> To break a jest, when pity would inspire
> Pathetic exhortation; and to address
> The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
> When sent with God's commission to the heart."

Not the driveler, nor monotone, nor automaton of the ancient pulpit of dullness, Marvin was still more the negation of a pulpit-harlequin and ecclesiastical-showman. There was action in his delivery; but, as the pulpit is not the rival of the theatre, the sacred stand of the preacher was not turned into the stage of the actor. At his church there was no exhibition of ecclesiastical necromancy at a ritualistic altar in the morning service; or Sunday night concert—admission free. He did not preach Dante, but Christ. Not a commentator on Shakespeare, but on the Evangels; nor the Sunday lecturer for a social club, but the Lord's messenger and a steward of His house. As far from these things was he as the sacred truths of religion are different from the jests of a buffoon, and as, in the nomenclature of the Bible, even the philosopher and preacher are classed differently, as secular and sacred persons. His church, nevertheless, was advertised and the crowd came. It was collected by the widening report of the anointed genius in the pulpit, the Gospel in the sermon, and Christ in the midst. The service had no thunder peal of the organ, nor Gregorian chant, nor ritual of gorgeous vestment or solemn litany. Not formal, the service was fresh as the morning; and worship, not stereotyped, was fragrant as the breath of flowers—the charm of the melody of the heart, singing unto the Lord, and sounding forth the high praises of God; and prayer, unctious and prevalent to make the altar a Throne of Grace and surround the worshiper with the light of the Shekinah.

Such was Marvin's church in St. Louis, as everywhere—the attribute of its pulpit and the history of its altar. His methods of attraction conformed to the simplicity of his personal character and the sanctity of his office—at the same time godly and gracious, pure and prevalent, winning and wise. A man standing on his head may draw a crowd for once, but the show must be repeated and varied to bring the crowd back. Sensationalism, it has been remarked, is under the disadvantage of a poverty of resources. The paraphernalia of the pulpit and the play at the altar-place of religion are narrow in the supply of theatrical wardrobe and scenery and *dramatis personœ.* There is ultimate destiny of the sensational pulpit to ministerial bankruptcy, and often with it, the moral bankruptcy of the man who fills it. The play may have had a run of a hundred nights, but at length it becomes obsolete, and after the performance is over the crowd disperses. Marvin's ministry of the Gospel was perennial in freshness and enduring in power—its charm unfading as "the beauty of holiness," and its resources ininexhaustible as "the unsearchable riches of Christ." He passes from one principal pulpit to another. He is pursued after for return to the place of beginning, and could stay there always. He moves among the churches always a welcome presence. The teacher is understood by the simple, and respected and admired by the learned; and under the pulpit of the preacher wise and simple and great and lowly alike are stirred by the ministration of pentecostal power attending the spoken word—"the priest clothed with salvation and the people rejoicing in goodness."

In the traditions of St. Louis Methodism there is account of the careless appearance of one of the brightest lights of its pulpit. He was more like Marvin than any other predecessor in natural genius and whole-souled fervor and the spirit and speech of natural eloquence. He may have been seen in the fashionable walk of the city with the bottom of the pantaloon caught in the leg of the boot; or walking up the steps of the two-story pulpit at old Fourth Street with his shoes untied; or, as it has been reported, with a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other. There was such an extremity in the case, that a standing committee of the Official Board was appointed to see that the preacher's wardrobe was presentable in the pulpit. A new suit of clothes, ordered as a present, preceded the committee-work on the first Sunday. After a hunt through all other rooms of the parsonage next door, they found him in a small bed-chamber, lying on the feather bed and covered, head to foot, with the bed-clothes. "What are you doing that way?" was answered, simply, "Studying my sermon." Much time was spent in brushing the lint off from the superfine broadcloth. Marvin was well enough dressed, unless exception should be taken to what is a memory of that day —the slouched hat. A correspondent remembers and mentions it; so serious at the time, that it might have given one of the oldest and best members at Centenary to the charge at First Church, where a felt hat was worn, but kept duly in shape. It was a Philadelphia Methodist and stranger at St. Louis, like the Baltimore preacher at Fayette, judging by outward appearance. Both make the same confession—the layman thus reported by a friend: "He started out on Sunday morning to find a Methodist Church, and found himself in a back seat at Centenary. Soon Brother Marvin walked up the aisle in that ungainly gait peculiar to him in his younger days, and which remained with him, more or less, all through life. He was dressed in homespun and a short sack coat and soft hat bent in at the top, as if some one had just sat upon it. The Philadelphia Methodist thought to himself he had made a great mistake, and was half inclined to leave; but, as soon as Brother Marvin began to pray, he felt he was under a heavenly inspiration; and after he heard the sermon he was so drawn to him as to feel, 'this people shall henceforth be my people.'" The home-spun must have been his College Agency suit—his usual dress a broadcloth coat of the cut in the engraving. His bodily presence was not weak, except, it may be, comparatively with the commanding forms of his three Presiding elders, together with the majestic port of Doctor Parsons and the appearance of Doctor Boyle, which Dr. Morris says, when he first saw him, was fresh, vigorous, and very handsome.

His appearance in the pulpit, and there to begin the service at the time, it soon became known was invariable, except when he was helping at some protracted meeting at a distance from the City or had exchanged pulpits with a City pastor. Frequently a visiting brother appeared in the pulpit with him. Quite generally he preached—at least not lacking a prompt and ingenuous invitation to preach. His pulpit hospitality, like that of his home, was sincere and generous. In good colleagueship among the preachers, he was not wanting, neither in spirit nor in practice; and he availed himself of it freely. He was careful of his pulpit, as of other departments of his work, but he was not self-important nor unmindful of the claims of ministerial brotherhood, the principles of the Methodist Economy and the Divine Method. The "weak things" of the supply might, perchance, be divinely directed "to confound the mighty." He did not pick up any stranger and give him, by the endorsement of his pulpit, access to the ear at the time nor afterwards to the homes of his people. No instance is recalled of his having been taken in. He was prudent, but at the same time he honored divine credentials and respected the parchments of a Bishop—not afraid to trust whom God had called and the Church had endorsed. By such views and practice he fostered and greatly promoted in his time alliance of sympathy with its reciprocal benefits between the City and the Country work, as well as the closer fellowship and co-operation between the City charges. At the same time his own charge did not suffer but prospered, and his general usefulness was enhanced. Providence was at work, differing gifts were being distributed, the occasional work of the Evangelist in other pulpits, and in other towns, also, was Christ-like, Apostolic, Methodistic and good, and not a material damage to the ordinary work of the pastor.

His views in general and particularly the Methodist reasons for his absences, in the "twelfth rule," were understood; and he was not considered recreant to duty nor held in less but more esteem among the thoughtful—by good Methodists and zealous Christians. The complaints of the thoughtless he did not respect and respected less, when it was told him that somebody had come to hear *him* and went away disappointed and huffy. The man-worshiper in the House of God he could not abide and would be glad, rather than sorry to hear of the discomfiture. There was no counterpart of the character in the pulpit. He did not preach Marvin and did not affect nor prize such hearers—the stony ground and wayside kind, which added nothing to the harvest. The ordinary grounds of complaint, in his analysis, appeared selfish and narrow and un-Methodistic, if not un-Evangelical. Some were frivolous and vain, he considered—not himself offended by the home-spun of the Country preacher and less concerned about the grammar and rhetoric of the sermon by the visiting brother, if its doctrine was as sound as Watson's Institutes and the winding up as rousing as the exhortation of Wesley's lay preachers. He enjoyed it himself and knew that some of his most cultured members did, too. In the first year, particularly, he preached the City Missionary much, who had joined Conference, as he has told it himself widely, with the understanding that "he did not know grammar and never expected to." Governor Polk, a graduate of Yale, was not sorry to see him in the pulpit and has said, "I always heard him with pleasure and profit."

Some of the visiting brethren from the rural districts were quite unsophisticated. One of them has contributed to these pages an illustrative incident at his own expense, as he expresses it:

> My acquaintance wth Bishop Marvin began in the autumn of 1856, at the time he took charge of Centenary Church the second year. I had met him as a visitor to our Conference before, but had never until that time been brought directly into contact with him.
>
> It occurred on this wise. During the session of the Conference at Charleston, my horse got out and I had to get home the best way I could.
>
> After two days' waiting at Lane's Landing, I obtained passage on a steamboat (the first one I was ever on).
>
> I reached St. Louis Sunday morning and was soon at the parsonage of Centenary Church, where I received a hearty welcome. The pastor, however, was only boarding with the family which lived in the parsonage, his family yet being in North Missouri.
>
> He preached his introductory sermon for the year that morning from these words: "In the name of our God we will set up our banners."
>
> That afternoon an event occurred which the Bishop frequently related for the amusement of others at my expense.
>
> It was this. After dinner I walked down town, and passing the Court House, saw a multitude of carriages, with horses hitched to them. It occurred to me that these carriages had been ordered for a funeral procession. I returned to the parsonage and inquired of Marvin and Whitaker, if they were not going to the funeral; stating that I wished to go.
>
> Whitaker replied, that people did not attend the funerals of strangers in that town.
>
> Marvin inquired who was dead.
>
> I told him I did not know; I only knew there was to be a funeral, because of the great number of carriages around the Court House yard.
>
> Of course he had a hearty laugh at my ignorance of City life and habits. It was the public hack-stand.
>
> Nearly eleven years after this—August, 1867—I met the bishop at the same landing from which I started on my first steamboat ride. As he stepped ashore, he remarked: "I have just been telling brother Markham of your St. Louis funeral procession."

An occasional exchange even with an inferior preacher is often good spiritual hygeine; and the transient supply sometimes is a pulpit surprise. His own history has furnished an illustration. It is related by one of the old Missouri preachers. Marvin was overtaken by the Sabbath at

Glasgow, a principal station of the Conference. The pastor asked him to fill the pulpit. It was in the days of his first Circuits—Oregon Mission, perhaps. Some members were fearful when they heard of the expected pulpit supply. "Let him preach," was the quieting word of the pastor; "I'll bring up with an exhortation." The next day, in pleasant raillery, the station preacher was told: "You may go to Marvin's Circuit; we'll take him." He did not hold himself above the humble nor entertain jealousy of the great preacher.

As in the product of field and forest, in the work of the ministry the culture and fruitage are varied. There is sowing and watering and reaping. There are fruits after their kind and in their seasons. In the Lord's vineyard there are many laborers and varying labors—"one soweth and another reapeth." In some fields there is greater acreage and wider variety of soils. There is corresponding demand for wisdom and fidelity in the culture. At every point in the analogy there is an illustrative history in Marvin's St. Louis pulpit and pastorate. In all, he acquired the reputation of a workman that needeth not to be ashamed and was enriched with the gains of a wise husbandman.

He was a good sower. In one aspect of his pulpit, it was full and round—"rightly dividing the word of truth." It was in the midst of a mixed community and heterogeneous nationalities, creeds and customs. Romanism was predominant and German infidelity largely prevailed. During those years Spiritualism was preached and there was a good deal of tampering with it in the social circle. It has been noted that Churches have idiosyncracies and marked types of character and feature, as well as individuals. In some measure it may have been applicable to the churches in St. Louis. The caste of culture and condition of life in the congregation and membership was mixed, wholesomely. There was demand on pulpit discourse to cover the entire range of the functions of the Word, as Paul defined them, doctrinal and preceptive, in reproof and for correction. His pulpit was able for it and faithful to it. His old hearers will testify that each received his portion. He was not a pulpit specialist. He made full proof of his ministry in the fulness as well as power of his pulpit. The Church was edified by it. Its variety and solidity enlisted the interest of the congregation. The doctrinal sermon was not dry polemics, nor was there the sermonal series. He was a censor, but not censorious; a faithful monitor, but not a pulpit-scold. He rarely pre-announced a subject. The pulpit was left uncommitted to allow adaptation—"the portion in due season." The pastor's walk as well as the preacher's study furnished themes of discourse. Pastoral theology entered largely into his pulpit ministrations.

The pulpit of Marvin was known to the public. His preaching was talked about among his unconverted hearers. It was talked over among the saints—had mention in the class-room and was rehearsed in the fireside visit. The grace of it was current and not periodical. There were fruits of the single sermon as well as of the protracted series—additions at the ordinary as well as special services. Its revival history records large and precious ingatherings—if not always at his own charge, yet every year in some field. The first two years it was not at Centenary. Why the failure of a powerful pulpit and of a protracted and earnest and prayerful effort is not pertinent to the record of this history, except in general, that some necessary conditions of a visitation from on high were wanting. The work of his pulpit at the time was edification of the Church, rather than the ingathering. That was accomplished. In the first months of the ministry of his successor, Parsons reaped Marvin's sowing. He took an active part in the meeting and rejoiced in it. He had not sown in vain neither labored in vain.

In the first winter his revival was at Wesley Chapel. Its membership and congregation at the time were small. Afterwards, Watts preached to a full house and had a largely increased roll of members. In the summer of his first year he held a successful meeting in St. Charles County at Cottleville, of which mention has been made. Another was at Goodfellow Chapel, a country neighborhood preaching place lying within the bounds of St. Louis Circuit. It was an afternoon appointment of the City preachers and was served by them in turn. The meeting was remarkable. A society grew out of it, since merged into Eden Chapel, an adjacent appointment. Its influence extended widely over the circuit and that charge was greatly quickened in its spiritual life and strengthened by over one huudred additions. His summer work another year was at another appointment on the same Circuit, at Bellefontaine, where he preached during the week days at a meeting held by the writer. It was a community of large farmers and was not populous. Sixty additions was comparatively a large result. It brought into the Church whole families and there was scarcely a family in the entire community in which there was not a convert. The fruits remain to this day. He had fruits of his ministry also at Bridgeton and Cold Water that summer. Marvin's preaching has entered largely into the foundations of the Churches within the old bounds of that Circuit, which has grown into three separate pastoral charges, served by leading preachers of the Conference.

Neither was there during his second term at Centenary general and marked revival increase. It is explained by Rev. F. A. Morris, who was his successor at First Church in 1858. His brief note is interesting and, perhaps, suggests the inquiry concerning the periodical revival, whether it is only a common fact attributable to the infirmity of the Church in faith and zeal, or is a phenomenon of the divine procedure in the appointment of set times to favor Zion. The charge was greatly edified in piety and in the number and substantial character of its additions; but it was attendant on the stated services. The protracted meetings were comparatively barren. The facts are thus noted by Dr. Morris: "The great revival at First Church to which you refer, was a wave of that great religious excitement which in the space of twelve or eighteen months passed more or less over the entire country. It began in the East, extended to the West, and reached down into the South—a work in which the laymen of the Church took a prominent and in many places a leading part. How it was in St. Louis I do not know. I only know that the revival had spent its force when I returned to the pastorate in St. Louis, and that re-action which follows great excitements in the Church had set in. The Bishop and I labored hard and labored together, he at Centenary and I at First Church, uniting our meetings, sometimes for a long season, but all without much result. We could not bring the people out to hear the Word except on Sabbath. This state of things lasted for four years and was then followed by gracious outpourings of the Spirit."

One of his foreign fields in 1859 was at Asbury, a charge which had colonized from Fourth street. The previous term of two years under Dr. Boyle's pastorate had been very prosperous. There had been large and substantial increase. It is the doctrine of an English Methodist State paper "that colleagueship in the ministry and fellowship in the class are the strength of Methodism." The community of the City preachers at that time was most cordial and in deed as well as sentiment. It passed under notice of the writer conspicuously in the meeting at Asbury, his pastoral charge. It was their custom to congregate at whatever Church a protracted effort was in progress and at all services. The Presiding Elder, John R. Bennett, counseled such fellowship in love and labors. It was in the heart of all the preachers—in none more than in Marvin's. He was in attendance at the morning social meeting as well as night service; and whether he filled the pulpit or not. It was the connectional spirit and bond of Methodism. It was the catholic spirit of Christianity and its Gospel; a common cause and mutual work in all Christian pulpits—"so the Gospel is preached and ye believe."

The fruits of his St. Louis pulpit were miscellaneous; gathered from varied conditions in life and shades of culture—a free Gospel and an impartial pulpit, as it is in true Methodism. They were abounding and abiding as the Master directed—thorough conversions, partaking of the life of the vine.

During his first year at First Church he had the most remarkable revival meeting of his St. Louis pastorate. The large lecture room in which it was held at length became too strait for the overflowing congregation. Its removal was proposed, up stairs to the main audience room, where such service had never been had. The removal was delayed. Might not the prayers be constrained and cold? There had never been a conversion at the main altar. It became, however, a necessity, and the removal was resolved upon. It will be remembered that the whole Church was summoned to special prayer for the safety of the altar work—as for the ark of the testimony to be carried along with the removal. The first night Marvin called for mourners. They came. There were eighty-four conversions at the meeting, as he reports; and as long as he had knowledge of them, none had fallen away. An old official member reports it as one of the most powerful occasions he had ever witnessed—"experienced" is his word. The Church was quickened. Zion rejoiced. It was a day of triumph and hosannas. None were more exultant than the preacher. "One thing," he adds, "that drew my particular attention was Brother Marvin's heavenly singing. He sang with his mouth and with his soul—hands, feet and everything about him seemed to live and move in the breath of the song."

To the pulpit at Centenary in 1860 was the last appointment he received at the hands of a Bishop. His last sermon there was preached on a Sunday night in February, 1862. He was then in his thirty-ninth year—at the threshhold of manhood's prime. He had preached in every Methodist pulpit in the City and of the region round about, and in nearly every quarter of the State. His reputation was established as a preacher. If not greater powers than his contemporary and personal friend whom he called the foremost preacher in the Missouri pulpit, he had a wider fame—wider than the Methodism of the City or State. The Protestant pulpit of St. Louis had recognized and honored him as champion in encounter with Popery at its stronghold in the West. The publication of the debate in the oldest and leading secular journal made the Mississippi Valley spectators of the contest. The press of the country noted it.

As to his comparative pulpit ability, it is appropriate to this page to record the facts in the biography, rather than the verdict of the biographer. What the tokens of its exalted eminence has been narrated or awaits record. In many personal tributes in hand are multiplied testimonies to its pre-eminence. One is remarkable—from a man of solid piety and good understanding in these things. It connects the St. Louis Methodism of 1878 with 1821 in the person of the witness; and his testimony has the force of a personal knowledge of every preacher who had filled its pulpit from the days of its first pastor and founder. This historical fact, which was a peculiar incident of its Semi-Centenary Commemoration, has been recorded by Bishop Marvin. Jesse Walker, in his Pauline Mission to lay foundations, and a line of things " not other men's made ready to hand," had come to St. Louis without being called or sent. He entered on his mission " to take St. Louis," as he said it, at his own charge, save that the Methodists of St. Clair County, Illinois, were the institutional patrons of the St. Louis pulpit, as was Phillippi of Paul's pulpit at Rome. The form of the patronage was the famed "wagon load of meal," with which, to be sold or exchanged for supplies for his support, the founder came to plant Methodism in St. Louis. This preface explains the reference in the note by Bishop Marvin, who delivered the commemorative address fifty years afterwards: "When this address," he writes, "was delivered, I supposed that Walker had provided this meal from his own resources. But a day or two afterwards I visited John H. Gay, who at that time resided in Illinois in the neighborhood where Walker lived. He informed me that the meal was contributed by the Methodist people of that neighborhood. He has a distinct recollection of the fact, and was himself concerned in providing the meal. To me it was a pleasant incident to find that our honored brother still with us had this actual connection with the very beginnings of the Church here." Father Gay was long a member at old Fourth Street and was of the original membership at Centenary, where Marvin was his pastor during five years. Later, in 1869, his name went on the original roll of the society at St. John's Church and is among the patron names of that costly Church edifice. There, at the age of fourscore years and ten, he continued to worship, and in 1878 was buried from its altars. A year before, the writer visited him at his retired home. In an interview of several hours, the conversation drifted into the past history of St. Louis Methodism. Its pulpit was talked about. Casually it was asked—"Who was its greatest preacher?" It was answered, not without deliberation, and in these words: "Well, all things considered, I suppose Brother Marvin."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CITY PASTOR.

The City Pastorate—"The plaint of the door-bell"—Incidents—Miscellaneous labors—Social intercourse—Personal popularity—Pastoral visitation—The Lord's poor—The sick-bed—The chamber of death—The widow's grave—Administration of discipline—The official meeting—The unearthed talent—The class-meeting—Nurture of converts—Fluctuating membership—Statistics of City Churches—The impartial ministry—"Honor all men"—Nurture of the young—The Sunday School room—The study of the situation—Lectures on Romanism—Their pastoral character—Condition of society—Christian activity—Church aggressiveness—St. Louis pastorate characterized—Testimonies.

THE pastorate of Marvin in St. Louis embraced about seven years, from the summer of 1855—two terms at Centenary and an intermediate term of two ecclesiastical years, 1857–8 and 1858–9, at First Church.

In the City work and the circuits and stations of the rural districts pastoral labor does not differ in principle, but only in forms and extent of service. It must be added, perhaps, that as a larger and more varied field, it is more difficult and responsible—ability in demand at any charge, but in a large city and at a chief charge, a peculiar need of the same qualities in an eminent degree and larger exercise; the wisdom of a legislator, the breadth of statesmanship, administrative talent, and withal, that general knowledge of men and things which is embodied in the shorter term—common sense. To the foregoing standards of estimate, in a City pastorate, on an arena of mighty movements, and at a centre of supreme agencies, there are to be added the qualities of personal force, in all its forms, in natural ability and constitutional temperament and intellectual and social culture. Chiefest among acquirements is deep and broad individual piety, unquestioned and unquestionable, acting under wide public observation and to stand for God and contend for Christ in the midst of tumultuous social ferment and an aggrandizing mammonism.

The reader, it is expected, will recognize in this Chapter the same Marvin of a former page—only in the midst of more onerous labors, and, if possible, more industrious activities; and on a higher plane of public notice and action under strain and stretch of larger endeavor, developing with the situation and rising to it.

Some things were peculiar and had to be learned—the accidents of the situation. A New York City pastor specifies them under the quaint but significant title, "The plaint of the door-bell." There are calls upon the pastor as well as pastoral calls by him—on church business, for professional service, in ordinary course of social claims and customs; but, also, not in ordinary and routine, endlessly mixed and miscellaneous. The pastor, it is expected, shall be as accessible as the bell-pull on the outer wall, and as complying as the ring in answer to the pull, and complacent as the merry jingle of the bell. It has called him from the study or disturbed the hours of sleep or abridged needed rest and repose. No matter. Over work must make up for the lost time and interrupted labors. During the week the scheduled call must be made, and at all cost the sermon prepared, or else, the hoarser ring of complaint that the preacher don't visit or the pastor can't preach. The leading members may know the history of the Parsonage door-bell. Many have not heard the bell ring, except when, in the number of twenty times a day, they themselves pulled it. Some are under the delusion that the Pastor is a quiet literary character or a gentleman of elegant leisure, with nothing to do but compose sermons and to make calls—others, to answer them and make platform speeches and attend committee meetings and preside at anniversaries. The plaint is a universal *miserere*, in every shape of need and cry of distress; and the character of a good Samaritan or an apostate priest is at issue. The parsonage door-pull is significant—a gauge of physical endurance and a measure of intellectual strength, certainly; in much, of personal character and a prophecy of public reputation.

The answer to the door-bell makes a noticeable part of Marvin's history. In the general statement, he was accessible, patient, affable, sympathetic, obliging. He had a good name in the abodes of want and sorrow, on the streets of the City, and at the House of God. It is the testimony of the pastor's wife that he was much worn by the labors of the city church—that his only lack, not of the spirit of labor, but physical capacity. He went through seven years of exhausting toils and kept up; but they were followed in immediately succeeding years by nervous prostration and physical exhaustion which threatened his life. There was no lack of moral power or intellectual resources, nor of the spirit of Christianity to command the position and to hold it—known to the friendless as a benefactor, to the public as a prominent clergyman, and in church circles what is called a popular pastor.

The particular incidents of that history are interesting. Like the calls, they are miscellaneous. One took him to a sick bed—the small-pox! He did not suspect or discover it till he had come to the bedside. As a prudent pastor, he left his charge and the city and remained at the home of his family in Warren County during the customary nine days of isolation, within which, if at all, the contagion will show itself. He did not fear for himself or his family, as he had been vaccinated. And so it happened, on the ninth day only a little sick; but it was proper precaution. His reputation as a good Samaritan brought to his ear many a tale of woe and petition for pecuniary help—the stranger needing patronage, the widowed home in need of a counselor, the beggar in want of bread. In the pulpit he plead for the poor, prayed for them, begged for them in public and private. His own bounty was lavish. Comparatively, doubtless, in the case of any and actually in the case of most, he was the most liberal, as he was the most cheerful, giver in his Church. It is testified by an old parishioner that he used to borrow money to give it away. Here is a letter showing money loaned—a woman's blessing and thanks for its relief in a distressing emergency. The St. Louis Provident Association has grown to be one of the most notable and beneficent public charities in the country. At its foundation he was a zealous promoter of it and advocated its claims on the platform of one of the first public assemblies in its behalf. He was a visitor and occasional preacher at the Widows' Home. He spoke for the old Protestant Orphan Assylum. He was an Odd Fellow and also a Mason. He had been an active member before coming to St. Louis, when it was precluded by the engrossing occupations of his ministry. He was, however, the orator on St. John's day and on other public occasions.

In the line of social reform he was a zealous temperance man and a public advocate of the cause.

In this minor history of his pastorate it may be noted, that he allowed himself freely in social intercourse. He followed the bent of his disposition, a most companionable man. He could be seen from the street in his office. It invited entrance ; not a hermit's cell. It was an advantage to his ministry that he was personally and widely acquainted in the community. In the pulpit of a Church of the people he was a man of the people, mixing freely with the crowd and connecting himself in sympathy with the affairs of everyday life in the social and industrial world. His associations widened out in the community generally, and in Church life were formed with all classes, rich and poor, young and old. He was a popular man, as well as minister. It was attested by every token of respect, courtesy and kindness—in practical forms and valuable favors of personal friendship, more manifested than towards any Methodist pastor in St. Louis, within the knowledge of the writer, before or since, with the exception of his immediate successor at First Church.

"Better do it bunglingly than not at all," was his reply to a preacher who lamented inaptness in the pastoral visit. Concerning this department of ministerial labor his views were strong and broad. His personal convictions were earnest and pungent. It was a necessary part of overseership—to feed the flock, for convenient food and due care. An expression already quoted indicates his sense of official duty and personal responsibility—the account, when the Chief Shepherd shall appear. He spoke of unfaithfulness as "a heavy account" to be rendered. He coveted the account with joy. He was aided in the full and cheerful discharge of this ministry by liking for it and especially by his love for the Church—the prime quality of the good shepherd, "he careth for the sheep." The spirit, meaning and manner of his pastoral visit appear in the incidents on the foregoing and following pages. There is record of it on high and ineffaceable records still remain on earth all over the land. They are found in the households of St. Louis Methodism. They will long continue in the blessedness assured to "the seed of the righteous," connected with his peculiar fidelity and aptitude in the special commission, "Feed my lambs."

He performed much pastoral work, as it is technically called, at the hotel and at the abode of the stranger in the City—Christ's "other sheep which are not of this fold," the sick traveler and the afflicted family unknown and friendless in the midst of the teeming multitude, except in his sympathy and care. In his particular charge this work was extremely large and onerous. The extent of visitation stretched from end to end of the City and skirted the outer suburbs; the area, the segment of an ellipse, on its largest lines in length three or four miles and two or three in breadth. For the most part it was the travel of the pedestrian, antedating the period of the street railroad and other present facilities. It required three months, in connection with other necessary work, to complete the round—so found and pronounced by the most diligent pastor known to St. Louis Methodism. He emulated that example. During one of his years at First Church, the pastoral work of both the principal churches was on his hands. He knew his members and "by name," intimately; the individual status as well as general state of the charge. His quarterly reports were intelligent as well as conscientious. During the time of his immediate pastoral charge and from first to last, by none more than by him has there been complete and exact knowledge of the state of piety in the Church at St. Louis—its general tone, its types and resources.

The official visit was not a social call, but not un-social—not formal and constrained. Cheerful and pleasant, but it was pastoral. His pastoral observation, it has been said, was taken into the pulpit. The ministration of the word entered into the visit—publicly and from house to house. It was read, the selection well adapted, and the seal of experience added in the religious talk. The visit did not erect a Popish confessional; but it did not end till it was known mutually about prospering in the divine life—a good class meeting. This feature was prominent in the manner of his visit. "How much," he has said, "I have enjoyed myself in the worship at the family altar." He was there not in lordship nor inquisition, but in Christian fellowship and as fellow-worshiper. There was assertion and performance of the functions of a church ruler and a spiritual overseer; but in a marked manner the visit was not a call on, so much as a meeting with his members in the communion of saints. The prayer was not aimed at them but offered for and with them. There were two gathered together and Jesus was in the midst.

The above statement will be read by many who will verify it in their own recollections. Many such have extended to him an abundant and elegant hospitality, but rather than the cheer of the social evening or the *bonhommie* at the dinner table, they remember longest and cherish most dearly the benediction of his pastoral visit—the profit and the joy. In this personal communion it was realized what he has said: "The flock cannot be driven to pasture; it must be *led*." His individual piety was known and recognized; "the good shepherd" and "going before." His spirituality was felt and enjoyed and obeyed—the superior authority of influence and the glad and confident following of a trusted leader. None more than he was jealous for the purity and fame of the Church, but though not lax in discipline he had not, according to the memory of the writer, a single church trial. He used freely and skillfully the crook of the shepherd's staff and the pole was not needed fcr blows in the use he made of it for guidance.

The Gospel church from the beginning has had a poor-fund. He collected for it and was its almoner. On one occasion the Master dined at the house of Zaccheus; but his frequent and cherished visit was at the humble home at Bethany—too poor to keep a servant. In this history there is an equal care of the humble—visit at the mansion on the fashionable thoroughfare and as well, and officially as often, at the tenement house on the alley front. He was not Agrarian nor leveler, but he was gracious—not patronizing—to the humble and a dispenser to the poor, both of alms and the Gospel. In the worship on the bare floor and kneeling at the rickety chair, as in the distress and prayer of the first Bethel, the tenement room was the house of God—one of the times and places of his "enjoyed myself." In a review of his St. Louis pastorate he does not omit the mention of it, and the spirit of the mention is apparent: "I remember many of the poor people of my pastoral charge, names that I would love to honor, names that are honored—some of them assisted out of the revenues of the church, who were eminent for piety, and worthy members of the heavenly household. They were not known, and never will be known on earth, but their spirits were resplendent with heavenly grace, and illustrious virtues adorned their character; and though unknown on earth, in the heraldry of the celestial world they will take rank above many of us who have been more prominent in the church and in the world."

Exhibiting him at the sick bed and at the grave, there are three incidents brought to notice for these pages. They are characteristic and representative—the self-denying visitor, the attentive pastor, the comforter. The first happened to one of the present members of Centenary Church when he came to St. Louis, a stranger. It is related of him: "He called at the Parsonage, back of the Church where Brother Marvin boarded with a Mrs. Holland, and though he was lying on his bed sick, he sent for him to come up to his room. No sooner had the request been made to go and see a sick wife than he started at once, though so weak as to be obliged to lean on him for support. He talked and prayed with the sick wife, who died before the close of the week. From that an acquaintance begun that has attached the brother to the Church and made Bishop Marvin's memory fragrant to him, above all others." Says another: "I first knew him when he was junior preacher at Fourth Street Church, in 1844. God bless him! I loved him then, but as years rolled on I had stronger affection for him than for any living man. During the time he was my pastor at First

Church I had a most violent attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which confined me to my room for eight months. Never, never, shall I forget his attention and the prayers which he offered up for me at my bedside. He had the greatest sympathy for the sick and afflicted, and most tenderly did he feel for the poor and destitute."

The other incident is from his own pen.* It is at the home of one of the oldest members at First Church, with his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Kells, the first two additions to the class of five members in 1821. The pastor remains at the sick-bed till the death scene—a comforter, with a word of cheer in the ear of the dying and, as the writer knows, with the sympathies of a friend and pastor for support when the blow should first strike. It is not mentioned, in his own statement, that he was a watcher all the night through and closed the eyes of the sleeper. His narrative connects the death-bed with the bier and grave. The footsteps of Jesus point towards the sick-room and the chamber of death. They joined him to the procession at the gate of Nain, and a footprint is left at the tomb in Bethany. "Jesus wept"—in all, the Pastor's model of ministration and sympathy. In this history, the sick-bed of the stranger, the couch of the sufferer, the death scene, and this added—the poor widow's grave.

> "When I took charge of a certain Church—I will not name it—as was my custom, I hastened to find all my members, and to know them personally, especially the poor. I found one, a widow in humble circumstances, whose youngest child was nearly grown up; she told me her story. Fifteen years before she had been bereft of her husband, who was a mechanic, and had left her with a helpless family and without means of support. Where bread was to come from she did not see. But she had one friend who never failed her: her class-leader was a man of wealth; he kept himself informed as to her necessities; took pains to get her employment; got situations for her sons, as they grew up, in places where they would be under good influences; and whenever the pinch came and it was

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*Volume of Sermons, pp. 341, 342.

necessary, he sent fuel and provisions—always doing what he could first to put her in a way of helping herself, that she might not feel dependent. This went on for years, until her sons were able to support her. He had never failed. He had been a friend indeed—pure and generous and noble.

During the first year of my pastoral term she died. Her old friend was there with me under the lowly roof. Her purity, her piety and her sorrows had interested him in her, and he felt that he had lost a friend; his tears were silent, but came from deep fountains. He closed her eyes reverently with his own hand, and taking two pieces of silver coin from his pocket, laid them on the lids. He was with the children at the open grave, and wept almost as profusely as they when the clods fell and the officiating minister pronounced the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

A few months later I saw *him* die; it was a glorious death—rather, it was a glorious triumph over death. It was in the morning; the sun was just sweeping up from the horizon; nature was in her most resplendent attire. It seemed as if heaven had lent something of its radiance to the scene. All at once his eyes flamed with a new light, his spirit swept up through the golden gates of the morning, and left his face all beautiful with smiles that lingered still upon it when he was borne away to the grave.

Much of the most important part of his pastoral work may be brought in review under the general head of administration—its methods and measures. In the city station the Leaders and Stewards meet the Preacher in charge weekly. The stated business of this meeting is embraced in the four well-known questions—are there any sick? disorderly walkers? collections from classes? poor needing assistance? In the contemplation of discipline every member of the charge has been seen or looked after by a leader, at least once in every week, and their religious experience and practical life ascertained by direct inquiry. The fit word is spoken and the unruly are reported to the Pastor. Both classes of officers are financial agents of the Church, the former as collectors and the latter as managers of the finances; in the same station as the Deacons of the primitive Church, to serve tables in order that the dispenser of the word may give himself wholly to that ministry—a provision for apostolical labors, and as necessary and appropriate now as then. There is a fifth question—any miscellaneous business? The answer, commonly, brings up the relation subsisting between the preacher in charge and the College of Officers. On his part the counsel and directions of the chief functionary: on the other part, by the leaders, information and suggestion in regard to pastoral oversight in particular cases. On the part of both, the general consultation follows. All alike are interested in the general welfare and every department of the work. It is indicated in the qualifications prescribed for office—as to the preacher, the pledge of his ordination and membership in the Annual Conference; and as to his College of Officers, men selected for sound judgment, of good natural and acquired business capacity, solid piety, as truly devoted to God and who both know and love the Methodist doctrine and discipline.

Through the relations of the Pastor to his Official Board, he may exercise an almost universal supervision and a comprehensive control in executive administration. It is related to him as a president in his cabinet or as the executive committee to the chairmanship of an organization. They are to be viewed, also, as picked men and both skilled and patriotic, orderly and ardent at the council-board and in the field. What may not a wise and brave leader accomplish with such select lieutenants? Through the class leader the eye of the pastor is ubiquitous. In his voice the seasonable advice is spoken. A deputy-hand is laid upon the shoulder of the straying or in arrest of the refractory. The daily reports at an adjutant's office in every department of an army, commissary, quartermaster and ordinance, is not more complete and exact, than may be the weekly report on Monday night at the Pastor's office in review of the temporal and spiritual condition of the charge. The change of leaders of classes and interchange in leading and the best leaders itinerating among the classes, two sometimes meeting together, and the general class—all this resembles military operations, changes of command, the staff-council, the batallion as well as single company, and at times the massing of the army. Mr. Wesley, as an organizer, rightly conceived the Church as an executive of the Gospel, and in his regulations framed the administrative function and faculty after the model of that form which is most direct and effective.

In church operations, also, as in the military campaign, there is a large reserve force: not, however, as in that, held in reserve, but unenlisted; not available by draft, but strictly a volunteer force. There are those past age or under other disability; but the great majority of church members are capable of active Christian work and there is a place in the ranks for every recruit. Christ signified the existence and the posture of this reserve power in the parables—types, descriptive of the general Church in all times—the hidden talent and the idlers in the market place. He is a wise and efficient pastor who pursues the idlers and unearths the buried talent; and by the authority of office and influence can accomplish it and secure to the church the lost usury and the unused ability.

Such resources and instruments of administration, rank and file, Marvin perceived and appreciated. He has spoken of them in a lively description of a Wesleyan society in operation under regulation service and in the days of primitive vigor: "Every Methodist society under the charge of Mr. Wesley was a bee-hive. Every one was at work. Every one had something to do and *did it*—the parent at the family altar, the leader and his class; the prayer-leader and his meetings; lay preachers in the pulpit, in barn and open fields; friends and neighbors talking and praying with the unconverted, and all who had facility in any way put on some work." "Such a scene of personal activity," he exclaims, "as was amongst the members of those early Methodist societies was a repetition of the apostolic times and primitive zeal."

His presidency at the Official Board had such significance—as a ruler in the House of God. At the official meeting in conference with his cabinet and in interview with his Executive Board, he was cordial in personal relations, with close alliance and harmonious co-operation.

Among officers he had most use for the class-leader. In the conservation and upbuilding of the Church the class-room was looked to as chief among aids—an ally of the pulpit and an assistant pastorate. The entire membership was sub-divided into classes—not substituted by the general class. The number was convenient—the disciplinary order of exercises and the visitation of delinquents at their homes not to be dispensed with. One of his leaders, it is remembered, whose class was specially delinquent, was accustomed at short intervals in failure to meet him to go to them; and most of his leaders pursued after absentees. He visited the classes himself diligently and methodically. They were formed into a circuit of appointments, publicly announced; and he made the round as he would that of circuit preaching-places. The whole weight of his authority and influence was exerted to uphold the class-meeting. It was a citadel of strength, as it guarded the purity of the Church. The nursery of its spirituality, next to the pulpit it was a seat of power. It was a constant utterance of the pulpit and burden of private communication—the prevalency of the Church located not in its social prestige, nor resources of wealth or numbers, but in its piety. Religion, personal, felt, enjoyed—that the mainspring of the activities of the original Methodism. He speaks of it in these closing words of a description of them: "The great central idea was that the sinner is lost and that amazing mercies are revealed from Heaven. How can the saved sinner forbear and hold his peace? In this great mercy his neighbor must share; and *there* is the main-spring of labor that set everything to work."

The class-room was a nursery for the young convert. It is, however, to be noted that it was superadded to his pastoral nurture, not substituting it. There is an uniform testimony, running through his entire ministerial history in circuits and stations, in the country and city work, of painstaking to conserve the fruits of revival meetings. There was thorough work done in pulpit and at the mourners' bench. It was followed by the most sedulous care and watch over them. There are hindrances to it in city life in many forms, but he prosecuted it with determination, adopting many expedients and making it sure that the young member was looked after and surrounded by every practicable prop.

One of the most remarkable meetings of his entire ministry was during his first winter at First Church. This and the meeting at Liberty Church on Monticello Circuit he has mentioned with special notice—in both with reference to the supplemental work of the Pastor. Joe Smith, of Liberty Church, is witness of its efficacy in the individual example of the most abandoned, reclaimed and kept from falling. At First Church, it is in evidence, how the many of the converts re-appear at the altar, after probation, for the final vows of membership. There had been eighty accessions to the Church on trial, the rule of six months' probation existing at that time. "At the time," he said, "for reception into full connection, there had been very little backsliding from the revival." Only about fifty of the number appeared on that occasion—of the remainder he was not ignorant. "I knew," he adds, "where all the rest were. They were scattered off. Some were young people who were spending the winter in the city among friends. Some, young men who were disappointed in search of employment and had floated off elsewhere. Others had been residents for a longer time, but failing in business had removed to other places."

This reference to the unstable character of a city population he has enlarged upon as important to be observed in estimating the work of the ministry, especially in a Western city. During his term at First Church the minutes show an increase in both years, aggregating, however, less than one hundred, inclusive of probationers and additions by certificate as well as on original profession. When he returned to Centenary Church for his second term he found fewer members than when he left at the close of his first term—in one year a decrease of fifty, though there had been a considerable revival during the preceding year. His successor at First Church, in like manner, returned for the minutes one hundred and eight less than the minutes the year before. Although the years from 1857 to 1860 embraced a period of remarkable revival increase in all the city Methodist churches, the statistical returns show an increase from year to year of only about half a hundred for the entire city work.

The comparative numerical Methodism of St. Louis at that time and the present is 1,277 in 1860 and 1,417 in 1878. The minutes do not exhibit the full record of its work. There is ebb and flow of statistical returns incident to a migratory membership, and the comparatively small numerical increase is not a just index of ministerial fidelity and success. "It is remarkable," says Bishop Marvin, "how population comes and goes in these great Western cities. The results of church work in St. Louis cannot be gathered up. I cannot doubt that within the recollection of living pastors thousands have been converted to God in the revivals from first to last who have been scattered abroad amidst the active changes of a great city. It is astonishing how few compose the permanent citizenship and the permanent membership of the churches. Converts of St. Louis Methodism are, no doubt, to be found in the churches all over the land. This unsettled condition of the population makes Church work in a great city onerous and in a large measure discouraging.

Revivals are not so productive of home growth as in staid communities. There is a great ingathering every year or two ; but the advancement of one year can scarcely be found in any considerable measure at the end of the next. So, there is a work all the while to do over again."

The classes of persons specified in the foregoing extracts indicate a marked characteristic of his ministry in all its departments of labor and service—its impartiality, as it is written: "My house shall be called the House of Prayer for all people." It extended to all classes. Its fruits embraced all conditions in life. Children were included. No caste, high or low, has exclusive claims upon the Gospel. But Gospel-discipleship is harder to the rich and great than to the humble. Its ranks are recruited mostly from among the common people, who heard Christ gladly, as Methodism had its first disciples among the colliers of England and has drawn the most of them ever since from among the masses. It is a good reason for the special provision, because they may be overlooked, that "the poor have the Gospel preached unto them." The provision is not, indeed, His legislation ; but rather, a sign-mark of Christ, and hence the genius of Christianity. Not the exclusive appointment, it appears, however, as peculiarly the providential mission of Methodism to carry the Gospel to the poor. In common fame, Methodism is characterized by it—not so much as a rule as the spirit of its system, the outgrowth of its doctrine and the genius of its polity. It is after a divine model. It contains the locks of its strength. The narrative of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem is a type of the Gospel dispensation and typifies a triumphant church. It has been noted of it that the procession over Olivet was made up of the common people—rabble, as the Pharisee would call them. At the Temple Christ defends the Court of the Gentiles. The Church which is no respecter of persons is the God-like, Christian and church of power. It is the true Evangel of Christ. He honors it with His presence and the multitude flock to it.

It was, and was known to be, the spirit of Marvin's ministry—of pulpit and altar-place and pastorate—his care for souls indiscriminately. The great and the rich he honored, being honored of God, as he expressed the sentiment—favored with large gifts and endowed with multiplied talents. He had a duty to them and his ministry abounded toward them in pastoral attention and pulpit instruction. Two out of the eighteen of his published sermons are devoted to edification of that class. Sanctified wealth is an instrument of power. It is the most prolific of opportunity to Christian zeal. It is, besides, a personal enrichment in the joy of benevolence and the glory of final rewards, transmuting the coarse commercial values into celestial riches. He wrote in enforcement of the sentiment, that "an enlightened Christian will not despise this world's goods." He did not contemn, nor denounce, nor neglect the rich. At the same time, there was in his ministry the radical grace—"honor all men." It appears in the incidental mention in the foregoing extract, of the fruits of his ministry—the wanderer from place to place, not in possession but in hunt of fortune; the uninfluential stranger who cannot obtain a situation; the broken merchant without a dollar. This class of persons appeared on the roll of converts not only actually but largely, as related to the whole number in the proportion of fifty and thirty. With equal solicitude for others, of the less fortune-favored, he said: "I knew where all the rest were."

Another special care of his pastorate was that of youth and children. He sought to establish relations of intimate personal acquaintance with young men. They were peculiarly exposed amidst the temptations of city life. He exercised special guardianship over them. There was limited opportunity of personal interview at lodgings and little, with propriety, at places of business. He supplied this disadvantage by epistolary communication, and, at his request, by the occasional half-hour call at his office at their convenience. Interested occupation in Church work and its incidental social life were promoted, as counter attractions to sinful pastimes and diversions. "Because ye are strong," was another reason for pastoral attention. They were put to work in the Sunday School or other fields of active Christian service. Names might be given of members in the churches in St. Louis and in other cities to which they have removed, now in mature years and exemplars of piety and skilled workmen, who were converted under his preaching and trained under his pastorate.

The Sabbath School is a necessary adjunct to the pastoral office in a large city. During the regulation hours for the pastoral visit it is not common to meet the children of the household. His meeting-place chiefly was at the Sunday School room—there the personal interview, the kind word, the children's pulpit. His circuit of the room will be remembered. It was the Pastor's oversight. It extended to the work of the teachers. He did not except to them as unconverted, if of sober mind and serious deportment; but he preferred and sought for the nurture and instruction of the Sunday School class the qualities of a class-leader. Teachers were among the children assistant pastors. He cultivated a close alliance and was in thorough accord with the Sunday School. He used it wisely and well. In his hands it became in much the children's church. His visit was his weekly round of pastoral visitation to the children. It was followed by the platform talk—the sermon to the children the first of the day.

The relation of his pulpit to his pastoral observation has already been remarked. His administration was guided by an intelligent and careful and large inspection of the situation in his field of labor. His walk through the streets of St. Louis was like that of Paul at Athens. He surveyed the condition of the place and took the bearing of the temper of the times.

A remarkable illustration of this quality of his pastorate was his controversial lectures on Romanism. They were twenty-three in number, delivered on successive Sunday nights in his pulpit at Centenary. The occasion of them was a course of lectures being delivered by the Rev. Mr. Smarius at St. Xavier's Church, a pastoral charge connected with the Jesuit College, the St. Louis University. The Catholic lecturer had assailed the Protestant rule of faith. The assault justified and demanded reply. The publication of his lectures in the principal secular newspaper of the city seemed to invite and challenge controversy. That fact was peculiar. It is the policy of Romanism to shun, not to seek controversy in respect to its dogmas. It was significant of the local ascendancy of Romanism. St. Louis took its name from a king of the French, under whose reign the Upper Mississippi Valley was explored and possessed. The original settlers were Catholics. The modern population in its great bulk were emigrants from Catholic countries. In numbers, wealth, social respectability and popular influence and resources, material and moral, of ecclesiastical power and propagandism, Romanism was strong and bold.

The reply of the Marvin course was not confined narrowly to the defense of the point assailed. As he expressed it and by use of the quotation, "the war was carried into Africa." It reviewed the principal grounds of protest against the Papacy. The sincerity of his convictions and earnestness and eloquence of advocacy were noted by the press. In the later lectures Romanism appeared as the Great Apostasy. In the review of the course in the closing lecture, the two systems appear in contrast and competition at vital points: the pulpit as above the altar; the Cross as against the mass; salvation personal, not sacramental; Christianity a life and not corporate; the Bible free and not fettered, the only rule of faith and not tradition also; "the Bible and the Bible alone the religion of Protestants," against the assumed authority and the pretended infallibility of the Church.

The sentiment was current at the time that it was the cherished policy of the Papacy to Romanize America. The lecturer quoted a saying of a priest resident in the Atlantic States, that it was the intention of the Church "to make a Paraguay in Missouri." This gigantic error was in the midst. St. Louis was a stronghold and headquarters of its operations in the western half of the continent. Protestantism is directly assailed. The utterance of the pulpit is given to the press of the city. The Catholic lecturer is learned, eloquent, respected, eminent in position and of high personal worth. "If any one imagined," says Marvin, "that Protestant ministers were disposed, under such circumstances, to look on respectfully from a distance, he only mistook their temper." Their temper was other than the spirit of party or the ambition and prowess of championship. Speaking for himself, he asserts a higher actuation.

The same fact is apparent in the history of his controversial strictures on Campbellism during his ministry on the Monticello Circuit. He, also, held a debate with Rev. Mr. Modisett of the Baptist Church at Louisiana. It had a similar origin. At the time of his Quarterly Meeting there, Mr. M. requested the use of the Methodist Church for an afternoon service and took occasion to assail the doctrine of infant baptism. The Presiding Elder was present, and before the congregation was dismissed announced that the sermon would be replied to by him at the night service. The public debate followed. Our informant, who was one of the moderators, testifies to the superior skill of Marvin as a debater, and his triumph. It was an easy victory in an unequal contest, adding nothing to his fame; but it quieted the subject of baptism in that community, and the repose has continued till this day.

The lectures on Romanism in like manner belong to the history of his pastoral administration. He specifies that origin. The lectures were published in book-form. In the preface he says: "When there is a call for it, I must stand up against heresy, without asking who it may be that holds it. I must disprove it so far as in me is. I must warn men against it. I must denounce it, even if the truth should be unpalatable to many whom I should hesitate greatly to disoblige; still it must be told and I must tell it." It would seem from other statements contained in the preface that he desired that the lectures should be interpreted and their merits tested chiefly if not solely by that history of their origin, as significant of pastoral fidelity in driving away erroneous and strange doctrines. "It is only," he says, "with the understanding that these lectures were delivered in my church, on consecutive Sunday evenings, that I am willing for them to go to the public in the shape of a book." As a literary performance he would have altered and could have improved it. Other motives are excluded. "Very unexpectedly I find myself introduced into the company of Western book-makers." He did not entertain the ambition nor hope for the fame of authorship. "I do not by any means flatter myself that I have made a book for the future." He did not pretend to originality. "The field has been thoroughly explored before me." As to erudition, he says: "Most of the matter contained in them is already accessible to those who desire to investigate the subject. And as to the *facts* they are such as have been often used before." Comparatively, the historical argument and the authority of opinion are meagre. That line of consideration was not prominent in his plan, which he declares to have been chiefly to bring Romanism to the test of Scripture and to trial at the bar of reason.

In the view principally of their pastoral character the merit of the lectures will appear to lie. Candid criticism will accord them high merit, entitling them to place among the best specimens of polemical skill and ability. Such was the critical estimate at the time—"the evident sincerity and ingenuousness of the lecturer, together with his eloquence, and the thorough masterly manner in which he handles his subjects, enchain attention, convince, edify and delight the multitudes that hang upon his words.'' The public interest was intense and pervading—the most notable, perhaps, before or since, in the history of the St. Louis pulpit. It was maintained and augmented during five months. The popular effect, as well as the merit of the lectures, was enhanced by the manner of them. They were extemporaneous discourse, written out for the press, as the writer knows, after delivery. In the whole course there was but one failure, and that incident, it may be, to extempore delivery. There was one, consciously to himself, as Mr. Bernard Bryan, the usher of the evening, testifies. As partial a friend as he was, he thought so, too—'' for Marvin,'' he says, and adds, '' but it was the only one; in the next lecture, I remember, he was more than himself.''

Besides in manner of delivery, the popular attractiveness may have resided in what he says of their substance: '' I pretend to originality only in arrangement and illustration, and *some* of the arguments are such as I have not met with in books.'' They were unique as lectures---perhaps not an unwarranted saying, that the discourses were good Methodist preaching. He notes that feature of Caples' style of controversial discussion. It was permeated by the spirit of his pulpit and abounded in passages taken from it. Of this character was the closing address in the Caples-Hopson debate. '' It was one of the most remarkable addresses on the work of the Spirit,'' says Bishop Marvin, '' it was ever my fortune to hear. No heart was untouched. Old Methodists said Amen. Campbellites wept. The wicked were melted. I felt that the Word of God had been fully vindicated.'' The critic will perceive that some of the lectures would suit a Presiding Elder's pulpit. In many, the auditors of his customary ministrations would recognize sermons they had heard, transferred from the pulpit to the platform and dressed in a polemical garb. Some passages would make good exhortation at a revival meeting, and some sentences would fit in a love-feast talk. All this impressible Methodists would enjoy. Many of the vast crowd were not used to the Methodist method of discourse and were pleased by novelty and fascinated by the eloquence of appeal intermixed with argument, as Bishop Marvin said of Caples' last half-hour speech in a debate on the hackneyed theme of baptism.

Such effect was according to his purpose and realized his wish—not to win the belt of a literary champion or the laurels of a theological athlete; but to do homage to "the truth as it is in Jesus," and erect in the midst of the Protestant community and particularly in his own Christian communion and pastoral charge a foundation upon which they might build themselves up—"their most holy faith." It does not detract from the fame of the lectures and adds to the merit of the man and the minister, that he appeared during those twenty-three Sunday nights as a watchman on the tower-walls, with the trumpet of warning to his lips. It sounded in clarion notes and bugle blast—clear and strong. In this view he had great satisfaction with the results. He had evidence of actual and public renunciation of Romanism in particular cases and, as he expressed it, saw much fluttering in the direction of his fire. He had been enabled to strike a blow for Protestantism and, as it was that, an effective blow also against the Papacy—to exalt the Word of God, to honor the work of the Holy Spirit, and magnify and endear the Everlasting Priesthood and Divine Headship of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In a retrospect of his St. Louis pastorate, ten years afterwards, he said: "It seems to me that just about the time I *ceased* to be a pastor I had begun to learn *how* to be a pastor." The connection of the remark was in discourse upon the Christian activity of primitive Methodism and suggested by survey of the demand for it in St. Louis Methodism—the breadth and fruitfulness of the field and the imperative command of duty and responsibility to thrust in the sickle. When he came to St. Louis he found himself in the midst of a mighty rush of accumulating population, and the stir and push of a growing city—its multiplying additions every year larger than the area and census of the largest town he had ever served as pastor; industries springing up on every hand, as if by magic, in a night; the arms of its commerce stretching out with a reach to grasp and draw to its bosom the wealth of half a continent. In the moral aspects of the situation Mammon asserted lordship and exercised wide and imperious sway. The vices of civilization came along with the flow of population. The spirit of worldliness accompanied the abounding increase of riches. His comment on his pastorate had in view the aspects of the times. He had studied them and "learned how to be a pastor." He appreciated the urgency and understood the philosophy of the situation. He had taken it in hand. The Church must be on its knees in resistance to the worldly spirit. High spirituality is the mainspring of zeal—a devoted and daring consecration. Conservation merely is deadly: aggression is the law of life. There must be confederacy of forces. The evil times require it. The scope of opportunity invites enterprise, untiring and universal. The law of duty enacts a draft upon the whole Church—all ages, all conditions in life, all variety of talents.

Those who remain of his pastorate in its latter years will remember how such utterances sounded from the desk of the preacher and the pastor's chair. He had not been wanting personally; and there had been a good degree of activity in the Church of that day. City missions had been established. The Church Extension Association had accomplished much. In these measures he had been prominent and zealous. Relatively, however, pulpit labors had been engrossing. In the retrospect of his ministry in St. Louis, the closing words embody his mature and an experienced judgment. In a new history he would enlarge the labor of the pastor—augmenting and organizing the working force of the Church. "If I were immediately in the pastoral relation again," he declared with emphasis, "I would devote more time and attention, and care, and labor, and thought to organizing my church so as to furnish the opportunity of Christian labor to every member, from the oldest to the youngest, than I would to the making of sermons. How it multiplies the work and activity of the Church, when not the pastor alone but every member becomes the centre of vital activities and of spiritual power in the Church and in the society where he lives."

In the following tribute and sketch there is review and characterization of Marvin's St. Louis pulpit and pastorate. It is from the pen of a co-laborer and his successor at both of the pastoral charges he had served—Rev. Dr. F. A. Morris, who writes: "As his successor at both First and Centenary Churches, you ask what traces and incidents of his personal life and official administration I found in those charges. I found many, among the rich and poor, the middle-aged and the young, the wise and the ignorant, who had been converted under his ministry, and some brought from darkness to light under the delivery of a single sermon. At First Church I found a worthy and intelligent French woman, who told me that she had been induced to go and hear him (she was at that time a Roman Catholic), and while he preached from the text, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' Matt. xvi, 18, she received the truth as it is in Jesus and the day star of eternal life arose in her heart. To the day of her death, which took place recently, she called the Bishop her father in the Gospel. I found the entire membership of both charges devoted to him. They were never weary of pronouncing his name and telling of the delight and profit which they had received from his ministry. His songs, prayers and faith and love ever remained as a sweet perfume in their hearts."

The following incident is dated in the first year of his St. Louis ministry—its preface and the spirit of it. It is related by a co-laborer of that year. "I was assisting him at the protracted meeting in his charge. Ten days had passed and there had been little visible success. One day in a call at his room in the old parsonage I found him deeply moved. He groaned in spirit as we talked about the meeting, exclaiming again and again—'What is the matter? What is the matter?' At length rising from his chair, he threw himself on the bed and wept like a child. Searching self-examination followed. At suggestion of supposed hindrance in the state of the Church, he said: 'I'll search it to the bottom. But come, let us go down into the basement of the Church and pray for ourselves till we know our hearts are right before God and then pray God to revive the Church.' Never can I forget that hour in the class-room at the southwest corner of old Centenary Church. He prayed aloud and most fervently. He plead with God. There was no considerable revival at the meeting, but God testified of his servant. He rose from his knees shouting, and broke forth in a song which was a favorite at the time,

'Saved by grace, I live to tell
The wonders of Emmanuel.'"

The Conference for 1860, held in St. Louis, was the last at which his character and labors were under review at an Annual Conference. His appointment that year was to the closing term of his St. Louis pastorate. A visiting minister reports: "I heard his Presiding Elder say in open Conference, that E. M. Marvin had made a deeper and broader impression on that community than any other minister who had ever labored there."

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CHAPTER XIX.

ARMY LABORS.

The Arrow Rock Conference—Outbreak of the War—Holding over at Centenary—Going South—Reasons for it—Passing through the lines—The travel—Incidents—The military situation at the South—Joins Price's command at Grenada—Calls for his ministry—At headquarters—His camp-home—His relation to the army purely ministerial—Superintendent of army chaplains—Bishop Paine's commission—Broken health—Religion in the army—Great revivals—The Army Church—Its constitution and creed—Battle field and hospital—Battle of Helena—Heroism of army chaplains.

THE session of the St. Louis Conference for 1861 was appointed to be held in October at Arrow Rock, a locality at its extreme northern boundary. The attendance was limited almost wholly to the preachers in that section, in consequence of the disturbances of the war. At that date, Missouri had passed the Ordinance of Secession and appointed delegates to the Provisional Government of the Southern Confederacy. The State Government was a fugitive from the Capital. The Federal authorities took prompt measures for the military occupation and subjugation of the State. The Department of the Missouri was created, with Gen. John C. Fremont in command. His force, estimated at seventy thousand men, was operating in nearly every quarter of the State. The battles of Carthage, Wilson's Creek and Lexington had been fought—the latter September 18–20. On the approach of Gen. Sterling Price, in command of the "State Guard," immense numbers flocked to his standard and joined him at Lexington. The fall of that garrison had greatly exasperated the Federal authorities, and a movement was ordered concentrating almost their entire force at that point and moving on it from all directions to surround and capture the army of Price. It compelled him to retreat southward, which began on the 27th.

This public commotion and movement of armies, occuring near the time and place appointed for the session of the Conference, hindered general attendance upon it. After it met it was deemed advisable to adjourn its sitting to Waverly, twenty-five miles distant. No Bishop was present and but few of the Presiding Elders were in attendance. At least in Districts not represented at Conference, the appointments of the preceding year were not disturbed. Marvin thus continued in charge of Centenary for a third successive year, holding over in the absence of a regular appointment. The fact is singular and significant of the disturbance of the work of the Conference, beginning at that early period of the war. Almost entire disorganization occurred soon after, following, as it is well known, the aggression of the Methodist Church, North, and the concurrent fierce and bloody proscription by the military power. That was the last session of Conference till near the close of the war. Many of the preachers were in exile; and those remaining, with little exception, were in various ways estopped from ministerial labors; some of them, murdered.

At that Conference Marvin was elected a delegate, the first on the list, to the General Conference of 1862, to meet in New Orleans. That election took him South. He preached his last sermon at Centenary on Sunday night, February 17, 1862. After the service, in a buggy with a trusted companion, he rode out ten or twelve miles on the Olive Street road to the house of a friend, where he remained for the night. The next day he was at Fenton, where he was delayed several days making final arrangements for his departure to the South. Thence, on the 20th, he began his long and perilous journey through the Federal lines. The preliminary history, in detail, of that eventful step in Bishop Marvin's life will interest many readers. It is well authenticated and narrated by Dr. W. C. Williams, at that time a resident at Fenton, now at O'Fallon, in St. Charles County:

I met Rev. E. M. Marvin on the street in St. Louis, (I think) in the month of March, 1862. He seemed troubled and asked me to go with him to his office, as he wanted to have a talk with me. When we were seated in his office in the basement of Centenary Church, he told me that he was greatly troubled in mind and depressed in spirit. Said that he was a delegate to the General Conference, which was to meet in May, at New Orleans, and that a day or two prior to our meeting the attention of the authorities had been called to the fact by one of the St. Louis daily papers, "that the time for his departure for the South was drawing nigh." He said, it made him feel sad indeed to think of leaving his family, friends and his pastoral charge in St. Louis, but that the Church had selected him to attend to its important interests, and that he could not think of shrinking from or shirking duty. He said it was necessary for him to start early, as he would certainly be arrested and imprisoned, if he remained much longer in the city; that an oath which he could not take would be demanded of him by the military authorities; that, as a matter of conscience and principle, he would die in prison rather than take it. I hardly think, and do not believe, he would have feared arrest at all had it not been for the above facts. He asked me if I could not procure him a guide through the military lines. A promise to try and do so was given. No special time for his departure had then been decided upon. Circumstances, however, made it necessary for him to leave very soon after this conversation. The next Sabbath night, perhaps, he preached at his church in the morning and evening as usual, and after the evening services he was met by friends who took him in a carriage several miles into the country, the same night. His entire outfit was a horse, saddle and bridle, and the clothing he had on; for he followed the Scripture injunction and took no change of raiment, no line of writing or anything by which he might be identified. He had a check for a considerable sum on a Southern bank, in the leg of his boot, placed between the lining and the outside, the check having been put in at the top of the boot and the place neatly stitched up again. He arrived at our house at Fenton, on Monday morning, and late in the evening (as he desired as secluded a retreat as possible), I took him to the house of my brother, Larkin Williams. He remained in the neighborhood until the Wednesday morning following, at which time he set out alone on his hazardous journey. I procured him a guide who said he would accompany him if he would wait a day or two longer, but he was anxious to go on and was also afraid, if captured, that he would be the cause of bringing the guide to grief. After he got away from St. Louis, he was cheerful and seemed to be hopeful, and even happy. He said to us, that it seemed hard to have to leave his native State in this way, but said that he felt it was his duty and that he was doing right to go. Said, too, "It grieved him to leave his helpless family, not knowing how they would fare;" but said, "I leave them in the hands of my Heavenly Father, feeling that He will tenderly care for them and protect them." Said, he could be no protection to them by staying, and then added: "Wife knows much better how to manage than I do." He went to Hillsboro, Jefferson County, the first day (as he told me after his return from the South), at which place he staid all night. Said, the town was full of soldiers, and he thought when he saw the situation of affairs that his journey South was at an end He was not molested and after traveling a day or two he procured a guide, and was accompanied from point to point by different guides until he arrived safely within the Confederate lines.

The above undertaking certainly evinced an indomitable will, heroic spirit and fidelity to the Church and good cause which had engaged most of the years of a useful and eventful life.

The foregoing narrative, it will be observed, reports his own statement of reasons for going South. Mrs. Marvin gives the same version: "He left his home with great regret and chiefly under a sense of duty to attend the General Conference. He thought, also, that the oath of allegiance would soon be demanded of him, and which he could not conscientiously take. A pass from the military authorities was required to go beyond the limits of St. Louis County and he was thus kept from visiting us at our home in Warren County. He got to see us on one occasion as the officiating minister at the funeral of a person who died in St. Louis and was buried at St. Charles, a general pass having been obtained for the whole company. After preaching on Sunday night he went out to Mr. William C. Woodson's house. At daylight the next morning he was in the saddle and on the road, passing through Fenton. He left the place in charge of Reuben and Suky, faithful colored servants, who had been with us eight years. He had laid in family supplies to last for three years, which he supposed would be the duration of the war."

The Rev. Dr. F. A. Morris has made the following conjectural comment on his going South:

> As to the cause of his going, it was ostensibly to attend the General Conference. He was a delegate. But the Church and the country in the South were broken up. Nobody thought that there would be a session of the General Conference. It is not likely that Brother Marvin looked for it. Yet the reason of his going was a powerful one, for he left all, his family, his Church; and by night, without a permit, made his escape through the military lines. Going away as he did, he knew that he could not return till the war was over. Yet he went. Was it to escape the oath with which we were all threatened under imprisonment in case of refusal to take it? He would not have taken any oath which would have been a violation of truth and conscience. And certainly he was not afraid of imprisonment when in the path of duty. Why then did he leave as he did? I think that he was called by the Spirit of God, who seeth the end from the beginning, to leave all things here and go forth on a new and wider and perilous field of labor and usefulness. How he labored and with what great results is known to all the Church in the South.

The conclusion of Dr. Morris cannot be gainsaid. It is manifest that God's hand was in this business. It was leading him in a way he knew not. The way he knew, however, was the path of duty. In all his public life and official career he never shrank or failed to go forward in that path. The conclusion of Dr. Morris is not, therefore, inconsistent with the facts as given in the foregoing narrative—the ostensible being the real reasons, as to his own judgment and determination. He felt it to be his official duty to attend the General Conference, if it should be held. No notice to the contrary had been received. At that time, in February, New Orleans was still in the possession of the Confederacy and was considered impregnable, under guard of the river defenses above and below. The Conference might safely meet there, it was supposed, or be assembled at some accessible place. In regard to the oath it was esteemed by him to be his personal duty not to take it. The version given by Mrs. Marvin and Dr. Williams, it is known to the writer, contains the true reasons actuating him in this step. It was all talked over till late in the night, which was spent with him at his room at Mrs. Ricord's in the week before his departure. That interview, at this writing, is distinctly recalled. The originating and prime reason for his going was to attend the General Conference. He had been charged with this duty by his Conference and in a particular responsibility, as Chairman of the delegation.

The matter was considered, however, in a larger view than that of perfunctory performance. It was manifest to him, that the Church South in the border States and especially in Missouri, would have to pass through a perilous ordeal. The General Conference must be made acquainted with this critical position of the Church. Any injudicious action would imperil its existence. It was considered probable that none of the other delegates from Missouri would attend. Some one must go. He would. In regard to taking an oath of allegiance to the United States government his mind was firmly made up. His expressions were emphatic: "I cannot and I will not take the oath." It was a secondary but a distinct reason entering into his determination. He expected the demand upon him to be made certainly and soon. The consequences of refusal he spoke of at length, apprehending inevitable and protracted imprisonment. He thought in any event that under his personal disabilities, he could not hope, if he remained, for much success in his ministry, and that his charge might be served more advantageously by some other pastor.

His departure was hastened by the fear of impending arrest. Andrew Monroe, in a communication to the *Advocate*, called attention to the near approaching session of the General Conference, and in some way raised the question of attendance by the delegates. He feared this might come under the notice of the Provost Marshal's office. Whether that got into the secular papers or not, is not remembered. He has mentioned that the city papers had noticed significantly the presence of Caples in his pulpit and concluding the service on Sunday night—a rebel just out of prison that day on parole. The situation was such that he must take his departure without delay, and he had completed all the arrangements for the care and support of his family, as Mrs. M. has stated them.

The above is a summary statement of that memorable interview. It can never be forgotten—the serious conference, the anxieties and the sympathies of the hour, made it indelible. The memory stands connected with the sentiment of reverence mingled with a personal love, as he appeared in that attitude of heroic devotion to truth and duty, standing to his conscience and ready for any self-sacrifice for the welfare of the Church.

Recently the writer held a Quarterly Meeting near Webster, twelve miles west of Caledonia, Washington County, where this writing is done. The place was on the line of the route from St. Louis to the South during the war for all contraband travel and freight. Harvey Sitton's house was a station on the line. After dinner on Saturday, seated on the front porch running the whole length of the house, the Presiding Elder took down the following notes from the lips of Mr. Sitton:

> It was the route of transportation for passengers, and for supplies, which consisted chiefly of medicines and clothing. It was, also, the mail route, and the "grapevine telegraph" ran along here. The line is between two and three hundred miles long. There were two points of departure from St. Louis County: Sulphur Springs and Fenton. To this point it passed west of Hillsboro, through Richwoods and Force Re Nault, ten miles west of Potosi and leaving Webster two miles to the right. From here it passed over to the headwaters of Big River; down the middle fork of the Black, called Adams' Fork; on through Reynolds County, through Centreville and Barnesville; thence into Carter County, crossing the Current River at House's ford and ferry, five miles west of Van Buren, and thence entering Arkansas in Fulton County by two routes: one via Alton and the other through the Wilderness, as it was called, reaching the final terminus at Jacksonport, on Black River. The stations were about ten miles apart. The pilots along the line were known to each other and there were sufficient guards against imposition. The route above this point

was the most perilous and was piloted by Tom Johnson. In my own neighborhood, at Webster, there was a military post. It was a dangerous service, performed without fee or reward. I did it to save valuable lives. Among the many who have been sheltered under my roof and helped on their way, were Uriel Wright, Gov. Polk and Mr. Garesche, accompanied by the Catholic priest, Father O'Bannon, as well as Bishop Marvin. The Bishop came to my house one day during the forenoon. While awaiting dinner he sat in the split-bottom rocking-chair in which you were seated in the house, and at the table sat opposite to your place at my right hand. Being Southern Methodists, we desired him to remain longer with us, but he thought it was urgent that he should get on. In the afternoon I piloted him over to Barger's, ten miles distant. There we found, also, my brother-in-law, Mr. James A. Carson, of Caledonia, who was a captain in Price's State Guard, and who rendered all the service he could to Mr. Marvin. The way there was through the woods over the hill you see beyond the field, and the whole distance led through an unbroken wilderness.

This brave and gallant man performed this service to strangers at great hazard to himself. He was under constant suspicion. At length he was arrested and put under bonds, and, as he said, his life being in peril and being no longer able to serve friends he abandoned his home in 1864. Returning from his exile in Illinois two years after, he found his property spoliated. At the time of the writer's visit he had fully recovered his losses and was again established in plenty and comfort, as the noble man deserved.

At one of the stations further down, the wife of the pilot was in such condition of health that he could not leave her, as it had been settled before retiring to bed. Lying awake in the middle of the night, he heard the woman say to her husband: "That is a good man. You must go with him and get our neighbor to stay with me." When the Bishop held the district Conference at Arcadia, soon after his return to Missouri, that man came from his home forty miles to see him and hear him preach.

In 1874, in travel across the country sixty miles from the railroad to Thomasville, to hold there a District Conference for the writer, at the crossing of Current River beyond Van Buren, the Bishop remarked that he had passed near there in going South. He mentioned having tarried at a house in that neighborhood, describing it, among other marks, by the fine spring-house in the front yard. "That is the house!" he exclaimed, as we rode up to the place we were to stop at for dinner. The whole trip was then narrated—a weary and lonely horseback ride, with little exception alone and guiding his course chiefly by directions received and by the points of the compass at places, traveling by-roads. The following notes of that hard and hazardous journey are from the memory of one of his oldest and best friends at Centenary charge, Bro. P. M. Lockwood:

> With reference to his sudden leaving for the South, he preached on Sunday night, and at close of the service gave out the usual appointments for the week; and between that and daylight, having met a favorable opportunity, "he was off." I had from his own lips after his return a very minute and interesting account of that trip and many of the incidents of travel. We sat up till long after midnight and, as he would replenish his pipe—a luxury, you know, in which he perhaps excessively indulged—he would tell of some fresh adventure, until we were surprised, on looking at the watch, to find the time had sped so rapidly. At one point in his travels he was piloted by a German, and on reaching the apex of a hill from which they had a commanding view of the country for miles around, the aforesaid guide drew up with a "Whoa!" and throwing one leg over the other, side-saddle fashion, took a deliberate survey of the country around, as if expecting to see somewhere the enemy in pursuit. The lines of apprehension and concern that marked the Teuton's face at the moment were such, the Bishop said, as to be indelibly impressed on his recollection, and he wished at the time for a Daguerrean skill and apparatus to "seize the shadow," and preserve it as one of the noteworthy scenes in the personal panorama. At another point of his journey, where he lodged in a small hunter's cabin, where some half-dozen sons had espoused the Southern cause, they had a discussion, amongst other things, as to the merits of Gen. James E. Johnson, as they persisted in calling "the opposer of Sherman's march to the sea," until he assured them it was *Joseph* E. J., and as a proof of his correctness was enabled to state the middle name—Jos. Eccleston Johnson. This satisfied them, and he was thenceforth regarded as an oracle, for any one whose knowledge reached so far as to take in the middle name of so distinguished a general, must be superior to the ordinary race of mortals. As an evidence of the real generosity of these people, he stated further that, on leaving the humble cabin in the morning, the old father, after rummaging amongst a lot of trumpery for

awhile, brought out a ten-dollar gold piece which he insisted on the bishop taking. On his protesting that he had no special need of it, and disliking to accept what seemed to him that they could so little afford to part with, the old man then insisted that he should take it and give it to some one he might meet that might chance to be in need. On his arrival at Memphis at midnight, he learned that Gov. Polk, who had but a short time left in advance of him, was stopping at the same hotel. Though at so late an hour, he was shown to his room, and knocking at the door, replied to the familiar voice from within, "Who's there?"—"One who has left the ninety and nine and gone into the wilderness in search of the one lost." The meeting of two such life-long friends as the bishop and the governor under the circumstances may be better imagined than described.

The campaigns of the spring of 1862 were very eventful. On Sunday, April 6th, Beauregard had fought the battle of Shiloh. Following it was the retrograde movement of the Confederate army southward, for the next important engagements, at Iuka September 20th, and at Corinth October 3rd. On the same day of the battle of Shiloh the famous defenses at Island No. 10 were captured, and the Federal gunboats moved further down the Mississippi. At the mouth of the river, two weeks afterwards, Farragut's fleet had succeeded in passing Fort St. Phillip. On the 24th of April, Gen. Lovell evacuated New Orleans, and instead of the assembly of the General Conference there, Butler entered and took possession of the city. The Bishops had, however, previously given notice that the session would not be held at the appointed time and place. That fact, it is probable, he learned on his arrival at Memphis. An esteemed friend and St. Louis Methodist, the late Col. Thomas C. Johnson, advised him to return to Missouri, and was of opinion he might safely do so. In the exercise of a better informed judgment, he determined to remain and pursue his ministry in the South. His army labors did not, however, commence till nearly a year afterwards. He remained on the east side of the Mississippi, and making his way southward soon became engaged in the regular pastoral work in the supply of a vacant charge at Woodville, Miss.

At the time of his arrival in the South, Gen. Price's army was in Arkansas. He had been made a major-general in the Confederate army and five thousand of the State Guard had followed him. His address on resigning his old commission is dated at Des Arc, April 8th. He was subsequently ordered to join the forces operating at Corinth, and his command took an important part in the battles there and at Iuka. It remained on the east side of the Mississippi till in the spring of 1863, when it was attached to the Trans-Mississippi Department, under the command of Gen. Holmes, with headquarters at Little Rock. It continued to operate in Arkansas till the close of the war.

At the session of the Mississippi Conference, held at Jackson in November, the Woodville Station was filled by regular appointment. He was there on December 6th, and on the following Sabbath held his last service. The next week he went to Price's army, then at Grenada, when and where his army ministry began. These facts and dates and much of this period of his history are derived from letters received by him at various places during the war. They have all been carefully examined and contribute much to the accuracy and interest of this narrative. From these letters it appears that he was urgently importuned to come to the army. "Come," says one, "if you wish to do good." "You can do a great deal of good here," says another. One and another represent the infidelity and demoralization prevailing in army life. Some of the appeals touched him nearly. Two letters are from young men of his charge at Centenary. They bemoan unfriendly associations and severe conflicts—"the army is a fearful gauntlet to the Christian." One letter has this affecting passage:

> Your feelings as a father and Christian sympathies as a minister of the Gospel, will relieve me of the necessity of making any apology for sending you this note and the enclosed letter to my son. He is not yet eighteen years old. I have endeavored to raise him with Christian prin-

ciples, in the fear of God; but I fear a soldier's life, in camp, sourrounded by the vicious and profane, is uncongenial to the growth or retention of those principles. May I ask your kindness so far as to find him out, to enquire after his welfare, and to impart such advice and encouragement, from time to time, as you may deem needful and proper. And if you can spare the time, write his position as a soldier and his moral status, and whatever else you think may interest an aged father in a son so young in years separated from home, fighting the battles of his suffering country. May God bless you in your labors of love.

Before he left Woodville a letter came from a former parishioner at Centenary, Edward J. Gay, inviting a sojourn at "St. Louis Plantation," at Plaquemine. He went to the army—a field of usefulness to which he was earnestly called and providentially directed.

These calls to the army were followed by providential openings inviting and fixing his stay. Welcome had preceded his coming. "I am anxious to see you," wrote Gov. Polk from the army. In similar terms others wrote—"I wish to be near you." A young Missourian addressed him, "My dear brother and friend," and added, "Yes, I feel more like saying father, for I yearn for a father's care and counsel. I do hope I will see you soon." These are representative voices. He would have been at home in a hundred camps. Homes awaited him. "All last summer I kept a place for you at my quarters but you did not come to occupy it," was a message from Dr. J. B. Bond, chief surgeon of a division of the army. His home was at the headquarters of the General, Sterling Price—there by special invitation and acting as chaplain, respected and beloved as a minister and cherished as a companion. It had not been forgotten by Gen. Price, perhaps, that when he was Governor he had occasion to test his character as an ambassador of Christ. Instead of the sermon on a popular theme, as requested by him and his cabinet during a protracted meeting at Jefferson City, he had heard from Marvin's pulpit only of those things in which sin and salvation were involved. The reader will expect the testimony that Gen. Price held him in the highest esteem and went to hear him preach whenever he could, and listened with the most profound interest.

Another interesting connection of his former with his army history is related by Major Isaac Brinker, now a leading merchant at Denver, then Quartermaster-General at Price's headquarters. It introduces Marvin at his camp-home and mess during his residence in the army. The entire narrative will interest the reader:

MY DEAR BROTHER FINNEY:

In compliance with your request I take pleasure in giving some of my recollections of the greatly-beloved Bishop Marvin.

I first met him on board a Missouri River steamer, on his bridal tour, on his way to Conference, then being held at Columbia, Missouri. I think it was in 1845. I had not made his acquaintance but was very much pleased with him, especially after hearing him preach, which he did on the boat on Sunday. My first intimate acquaintance with him began when he attended the Missouri Conference, at Brunswick, in 1854, presided over by Bishop Kavanaugh; he and the Bishop and others being guests of my family. I met with him many times afterwards and always found him the same companionable friend; and when the terrible strife came on, he came to headquarters of General Price's army (of which I was quartermaster), in about 1862, and remained with us until the surrender. He was respected and loved by all—always maintaining the dignity of his high calling as a minister of Jesus, under all circumstances, and at every fitting opportunity preaching among the soldiers, by whom he was greatly respected, as he was so kind, and so good, and so approachable by all.

At headquarters a charming companion, playful and childlike, and always having a kind word for all—never failing when the army was resting to preach Jesus to the soldiers. Whilst we were in Arkansas, Brother E. M. Bounds, now of St. Louis, came up with us, and he and Brother Marvin very often preached around the country to the people.

The close of the year 1863 found us at Camden, I think, where Brother Marvin held an old-fashioned watch-meeting, which, of course, was a season of profit and pleasure to some of us, among them, Captain Harry Pflager, now of St. Louis, Dr. McPheeters, and some others.

He possessed a rich fund of anecdotes, which he told only as *he* could tell them, to our great amusement, and which greatly relieved the monotony of camp life.

He seemed to have a particular fancy for gathering up and splitting pine knots with which to kindle our fires, which afforded many hours of real pleasure.

Whilst he lived, I presume, he never forgot Davy, our cook (he was, indeed, a good cook), who was always preparing something nice for us, which Brother Marvin called "Davy's Jokes."

He visited us in this city during the last few years as Bishop Marvin, in attendance upon our Conferences. His sermons and talks to the children of our Sunday School will be held in precious recollection by many of us until we are called to re-unite with him beyond the River.

I have thus hastily thrown together a few items, from which, perhaps, you may cull an item.

Yours Truly,

ISAAC BRINKER.

Rev. Dr. Kavanaugh bears testimony to the friendly care and generous hospitality of Maj. Brinker's army-home. "On entering the army encampments," he says, "he was cordially invited to make the Quartermaster's quarters his home, which invitation was accepted and he was well cared for during his association with the army. When the army was upon the march Major Brinker would mount Marvin upon a very fine mule, a favorite with the Major, and he was supplied with food, raiment and bedding while he continued in camp."

Concerning his personal and ministerial relations and associations at headquarters, there is an additional and a very interesting statement from the Chief of the Medical Staff, Dr. W. M. McPheeters, who is well-known as one of the oldest living physicians in St. Louis and prominent as a Christian and church officer in the Pine Street Presbyterian Church. He introduces the narrative, furnished by request, with the following information and testimony:

Although not officially assigned thereto, Bishop, then the Rev. Mr. Marvin, was universally recognized as special chaplain to Major-General Sterling Price's Headquarters. A Missourian himself, and personally acquainted with many of the officers and soldiers from that State, he naturally felt the deepest interest in their spiritual welfare; while by them he was both respected and beloved—a feeling common, not only to the officers and men in general, but which was shared alike by General Price himself, who held him in the very highest esteem, and whenever occasion permitted, listened to his preaching with the deepest interest.

As often, therefore, as his duty to other portions of the army would permit, he was in the habit of visiting our headquarters in the exercise of his purely spiritual functions. On these occasions he would sometimes make his home with the mess to which I belonged, and in this way it was my privilege to become well acquainted with him, and to enjoy the blessing of his society—for, indeed, I esteemed it a great blessing, amid the privations of army life, thus to be associated with one so richly endowed by nature and grace as he was. I had long been familiar with the high reputation of Mr. Marvin, but it was only when I came to know him personally and intimately, that I learned to admire and love him as the genial, warm-hearted Christian gentleman, the modest, unselfish, instructive companion, and above all, the able, faithful, powerful preacher of the everlasting Gospel. The influence of such a man on soldiers, removed from the restraints of home, and exposed to all the temptations incident to camp life, could not be otherwise than salutary. And so it was. He never for a moment forgot his sacred calling. I well remember in the winter of 1862, when encamped near Grenada, Miss., that on the night of the 31st of December, I received an invitation to attend a "watch-meeting" in Mr. Marvin's tent, and there at the dead hour of night, on the tented field, a small company of soldiers, headed by this ever-faithful sentinel, continued in prayer to God during the departure of the old and the ushering in of the new year.

He had no connection with the army by military appointment. Gen. Thomas C. Reynolds, acting civil and military Governor of Missouri during the war, made application on his own motion for such an appointment for him when he was at Richmond, in 1863, and states that a commission as Chaplain was ordered by the Secretary of War, securing to him military rank and pay. If the commission ever reached him it was declined. His labors in the army were exclusively in the regular course of his ministry. His only official appointment was purely ecclesiastical, by commission from Bishop Paine, as Superintendent of Army Chaplains. The office was created on representations to Bishop Paine by Gen. Price and Gov. Polk of the necessity of a regular organization of the chaplaincy west of the Mississippi River. "I sent him," Bishop Paine adds, "an appointment as Superintendent of Chaplains of our Church in the Western Department of the Confederate Army." The appointment was made on Dr. Kavanaugh's nomination, at his own suggestion. How cordially the nomination was approved by the Bishop, it is needless to say. The commission has been preserved among his papers. It has historical value as a Southern Methodist State paper, illustrative of the official position of the Church during the war. Its terms are, hence, important and interesting, justifying permanent record. They are such as accorded with the views of Marvin and under which he could and did act freely, faithfully and efficiently. The commission reads, *verbatim*, as follows:

ABERDEEN, MISS., June 29, '63.

DR. B. T. KAVANAUGH,

Dear Bro.:—Yours of the 24th inst. is received, in which you express a preference for a missionary chaplaincy in Gen. Price's Army Corps. This meets my approbation and I hereby appoint you to that work. Your duty is to visit and preach to the soldiers in your corps, to visit the sick and wounded, to ascertain the moral necessities of the army and recommend suitable persons as chaplains where they are wanted. In a word, you are expected to devote your whole time and energies to the welfare of the corps. You will report to me your acceptance of this appointment, and from the date of your beginning the service in your corps, you may draw upon Rev. E. H. Myers, Ass. Treas., Augusta, monthly for two hundred and fifty dollars until relieved from this appointment by me, or by another appointment from the President of your Conference.

You express a desire that Bro. Marvin should have a similar appointment, and there is no man to whom I would sooner give it, but I understand I can give it only to those who act for an army corps. If he wishes it, and will operate under Kirby Smith, Magruder's or any other corps to which no general missionary is appointed I will *gladly give it*, and if you can communicate with him you may say to him that he may select his corps, go to work immediately and report to me.

Yours Truly,

R. PAINE.

The appointment was received by him late in October and was accepted by him. Dr. Kavanaugh having already selected Gen. Holmes' corps, of the two others he chose that of Gen. Richard Taylor, operating in Western Louisiana. In view of his transfer to that division of the army, he was accredited by the following letter of introduction and testimonial:

Headquarters Price's Division,
Arkansas, Camp Bragg, Oct. 29, 1863.

General:

Allow me to introduce to you the Rev. Mr. Marvin, formerly of St. Louis He has linked his destiny with that of our cause, and, in his own line, has served with fidelity, both on the field and in camp.

Holding a high position at home, his course has contributed much to our strength, and to the support of friends we have left behind us.

Your friendly consideration is solicited in his behalf.

I have the honor to remain General,

Your Obedient Servant,
STERLING PRICE,
Major-General.

Maj.-Gen'l R. TAYLOR,
Com. Dist., W. La.

This letter was never delivered. It is found among his papers. For some reason he did not go, as intended, to Gen. Taylor's department; nor did he elsewhere execute the commission he had received. It would have yielded good emolument, and its duties would have been congenial and in accord with his views of the proper relation of the Church to the Army. But it is probable that the state of his health at the time precluded necessary and faithful attention to the duties of the office. As long as he labored in the army it was, therefore, in the position he held at the first—as guest and minister at headquarters and evangelist among the soldiers. "Bro. Marvin," says Dr. Kavanaugh, "remained in and near the army for nearly three years. Yet he held no office under military appointment, continuing with the army wholly for the reason that he found a greater field of usefulness there than in any other field within his reach. He received his support entirely from the voluntary contributions of friends, who desired to retain his services among the officers and soldiers of our country, and to preserve their morals and religious principles, under the demoralizing effects of an army life."

Camp life and the exposure of army labors were a severe trial to his health. The illness which threatened the loss of his sight occurred in the fall of 1863. By skillful treatment he was preserved from total blindness. The sight of one eye was almost wholly lost, though the appearance of it did not indicate the defect, and it was not generally known. A minute and affecting account of this occurence is given by Dr. Kavanaugh

> On my return to Price's army, I crossed the river, just below Bolivar, by swimming the river, on the 3d of October, 1863. On my arriving at the camp of Gen. Price, I was informed that Marvin had gone to Lewisville to attend the Ouatchita Conference, and was there sick. I lost no time in making my way to him—thirty-five miles; and when I found him, he was shut up in a very dark room, in the house of a kind family, where he was kindly cared for. He was affected with a severe inflammation in both eyes, a dark shade or thick bandage over the eyes, and was in total darkness. On taking him to a window, and removing the thick curtains and opening his eyes, I found the right eye so deeply ulcerated, that it was in danger of being lost. The other was very much inflamed, but not seriously injured. Here he was shut up in the deepest affliction, not seeing the light for many days, without a physician, and quite unconscious of the danger he was in of becoming permanently blind, and yet he seemed to be cheerful and happy. On being informed of his dangerous condition, he seemed still cheerful and unmoved by fear, but expressed great satisfaction at my timely arrival in the hope that his vision might yet be preserved.
>
> On the other hand, I was greatly alarmed, and lost no time in procuring the best remedies within my reach, with which to arrest the further progress of the inflammation and ulceration of the eyes, and to restore his health sufficiently to remove him within reach of our army encampment, where he would have a good supply of medicine, and skillful physician, who could give him constant attention. I remained with him in the room day and night for a few days, and then took him in my buggy to the house of our old and faithful friend, Rev. Wm. Moore. within two miles of Camp Bragg. Dr. Wm. McPheeters, an old St. Louis friend, chief of the medical staff, was called in, and took charge of the case, and was ceaseless in his attentions until the general health was materially improved, and Bro. M. was again enabled to resume his labors in the duties of his mission, but not without almost the total loss of the sight of his right eye.
>
> It is not generally known that through life Bishop Marvin was sorely afflicted with a strumous diathesis. It was owing to this fact that his eyes were so seriously affected, and the same malady seriously invaded his lungs. Being acquainted with these facts and his constitutional condition, it has been a matter of surprise to me that he lived so long as he did, and was enabled to accomplish so much ministerial labor. On mentioning these facts to Mrs. Marvin, in a recent interview with her, she remarked

that Mr. Marvin was fully aware of the nature of his scrofulous condition, and to prevent it from extending to more vital parts, he permitted it to remain unchecked upon the lower limbs. Under the tortures of this "thorn in flesh," as St. Paul called his affliction, to look upon the immense amount of labor performed by this self-sacrificing servant of God, through his whole life, the wonder and astonishment of the observer must be greatly increased.

Dr. McPheeters has alluded to the case in like terms, and has added other particulars and a tribute to a benefactor whose memorial should appear in these pages:

> In November, 1863, while the army was in winter quarters at Camp Bragg, some twenty miles from Camden, Ark., from frequent exposures in his work, he was attacked with a severe opthalmia, from which he suffered greatly, but was ever cheerful with it all. With his naturally strumous constitution, and in the feeble condition of his health, the inflammation spread rapidly, and soon resulted in an extensive ulceration of the cornia, which for a time threatened to destroy both the sight and rotundity of the eye. I was called to attend him in this attack, and realizing the importance of the case, and feeling the deepest interest in the patient, I bestowed on him marked attention, though at this time he resided at a considerable distance from our camp. By suitable applications to the ulcer, and the vigorous use of tonics and alteratives, with the blessing of God, the disease was finally arrested, and he made a gradual but good recovery with only a partial loss of vision in one eye. During all this painful illness, he found a congenial and hospitable home in the family of the Rev. W. Moore, a local Methodist minister, residing in the country some five miles distant from Camp Bragg. This most estimable gentleman and his good family did all that kindness could suggest to minister to his comfort, and mitigate his sufferings. To the true Christian hospitality and genuine kindness of this good man and his wife, not only Mr. Marvin, but many a sick and weary Confederate soldier, as well, had ample cause to be grateful.

The religious history of the war, for such there was on both sides in the fearful internecine strife, is a grateful light relieving a picture of horrors. In no part of the large area of the country traversed by the campaigns of armies and covered by military forts, camp and hospital, was there a more earnest evangelism or such extensive revivals and other remarkable fruits of Christian labor, than in the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Southern Army. Rev. W. W. Bennett, at this date the president of Randolph-

Macon College, and who held a prominent position during the war in charge of publication interests among the armies of the South, after the war commenced gathering materials for the history of evangelism among the Southern soldiers. Among Bishop Marvin's papers is a letter from him soliciting aid in this work and requesting his offices to obtain like assistance from Dr. Kavanaugh, whose official position in the army rendered him so competent to render it. So far as the writer knows, the intended publication was not consummated; nor does he know of printed accounts of the army work in the West except in fugitive and inaccessible newspaper notices. The following sketch of it, given by Dr. Kavanaugh, in connection with the history of the part taken by Marvin, will be read with interest and deserves permanent and public record. To the notice of his services, as heretofore related, Dr. K. adds:

> These services were not fruitless. Under the faithful ministry of Gospel truth, by Marvin and other faithful chaplains and missionaries, very extensive revivals of religion occurred in the army, especially during the winter encampment in Arkansas, during the winter of '63 and '64. At Little Rock, Camden, Camp Bragg and Three Creeks, revivals continued for months. I kept an estimate for two years of the numbers of conversions actually reported and whose names were reported as belonging to the Army Church, and in two years they amounted to more than 2,000. Before these revivals commenced it was a common remark among many who professed to be Christians, that they "could not see how a man could live a religious life while in the army;" but after the revivals had extended their salutary influence through all our camps, then I often heard it remarked that they didn't see how a man could preserve his religious character unless he belonged to the army!
>
> During the progress of these extensive revivals, Marvin, with others, felt the necessity of a church organization, by which to unite and preserve the religious element, and to administer a wholesome discipline over the young converts. Marvin was the first to mature and bring forward a constitution and rules for the desired organization. His plan proposed a temporary organization to be called the "Army Church," based upon the general principles of Christianity, wholly undenominational, to continue during the period of the war, and no longer. Bible morality and Christian faith alone were required of its members. Every evangelical minister, of every denomination, was recognized as equal in authority,

within his local connections with the army. The officers of the Church were selected and appointed by a kind of general council held occasionally for the purpose, when the general plan of the work was agreed upon, and certain duties assigned to each laborer. No financial system was necessary or provided for, as we had but few expenses to meet. Records were kept of the dates of receiving members, and when a member left the Army Church, he was furnished with a certificate of his good standing and recommended to the Christian fellowship of any regular Christian church he might choose to join when he returned to his home. Every member, that chose to do so, felt himself at liberty to hold a prayer-meeting and to exhort his fellow-soldiers to repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. These meetings were held and largely attended, even when upon the march, wherever an encampment was made even for a single night. The people of the country were surprised, in visiting the camps, to find so many soldiers engaged in their devotions.

The commanding officers of the army, after the organization of the church, and the all-pervading spirit of obedience and good order that prevailed as a result, granted every favor asked that would tend to advance the great reformation among the men. One of the generals (Gen. Parsons) said to me, "Sir, since these meetings have been in progress I have not had a complaint made to me of any bad conduct of a single man in my division, and for this reason I dispense with roll-call at night, that the men may attend worship at night without interruption, and with the full assurance that every man is in his place, when duty calls him."

After the close of the war, when the men were discharged, and had returned home, I was traveling through Texas and put up for a night at the house of a Christian widow lady. I was telling her of our Army Church and of its happy influence on our soldiers, when she replied with a smile and said: "Yes, sir; I have heard of it before, greatly to my delight; for I had two sons in the army, and they have both returned to me, converted, Christian men."

I have met with others who dated their Christian experience back to their service in the army.

In a blank-book kept by Marvin and carried with him during the war, on the inside of the front cover is pasted a printed copy of what is styled, "Articles of Faith and Constitution of the Church of the Army." The Rev. Horace Jewell, a traveling preacher in one of the Arkansas Conferences was secretary of the meeting which originated that organization, and has forwarded a copy of its minutes. It was held at Little Rock, in March, 1863. There were nine ministers present, six of the M. E. Church, South, viz: E. M. Marvin, Horace Jewell, Peter A. Moses, C. F. Dryden, N. M. Talbott and M. C. Manley. The other three were Thomas Welch, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, at Little Rock; J. M. Brown, of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church and chaplain in the army; and Rev. F. R. Earle, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and a military officer of the rank of major. Marvin was the Chairman, and together with Mr. Welch, as a committee, reported the plan of organization. In this peculiar history as a church-founder and creed-maker, his work will be inspected with interest. The entire report is copied from the minutes:

> The Christian men of the army, believing that the habitation of God by his Spirit constitutes the Church, agree for their edification and for the conversion of their fellow-men, to organize the Church of the Army, with the following Articles of Faith and Constitution:
>
> ARTICLE I. We believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the word of God; the only rule of faith and obedience.
>
> ART. II. We believe in one God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, the same in substance, equal in power and glory.
>
> ART. III. We believe in the fall in Adam, the redemption by Christ, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.
>
> ART. IV. We believe in justification by faith alone, and therefore receive and rest upon Christ alone as our only hope.
>
> ART. V. We believe in the communion of saints and the doctrine of eternal rewards and punishments.
>
> ### CONSTITUTION.
>
> The Christian men who have been baptized, adopting these "Articles of Faith," in the regiment, shall constitute one church, who shall choose ten officers to take the spiritual oversight of the same. Of the officers so selected, the chaplains or one selected by themselves shall act as moderator. The officers will meet once a month, or oftener if necessary, and in the exercise of discipline will be governed by the teachings of Christ. They will keep a record of the names and the manner in which their ecclesiastical connection with the Church is dissolved.

In the printed form it is added: "The chaplains and officers of the Church of the Army are requested to report to Rev. J. E. Cobb, at Arkadelphia, who will act as Corresponding Secretary for the Church." Rev. Mr. Jewell appends the following further history of the part taken by Marvin and of his army labors:

> My acquaintance with Bishop Marvin began in the spring of 1863, in the city of Little Rock, Arkansas.
>
> Brother Marvin was then connected with that portion of the Confederate Army stationed at Little Rock, under the command of Major-General Sterling Price. The writer was a chaplain in one of the Arkansas regiments and was intimately associated with Brother Marvin in his labors for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers. I suppose that some of the finest efforts of his life were sermons preached to the soldiers in the camps. It may be, however, that we were in a position to appreciate them more fully than if they had been delivered under more favorable circumstances. I have no doubt that he was instrumental in the conversion of hundreds. Not only was he successful in his personal ministry, but he was able to inaugurate measures that assisted others in working for the cause of Christ. He directed the labors and energies of others to successful results. Illustrative of the Bishop's ability to utilize the thoughts and labors of others, the writer in conversation with him one day suggested, without knowing exactly how to carry out the thought, that if we could have regular church organization and association that it would greatly facilitate our labors as chaplains in watching over the spiritual interests of the soldiers. He seized at once upon the idea, called together a meeting of chaplains and other ministers, representing Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, and organized a regular Army Church. Although the movement was criticised by some, the vast amount of good that was accomplished by it can only be fully known in the day of eternity. (Enclosed I send you a copy of the plan of organization.)
>
> Soon after the organization of these army churches in the various regiments, we were visited by a gracious revival in which hundreds were converted and gathered into these army churches. I wish to state in this place that my position as a presiding elder on two large districts since the war has given a large opportunity to observe the results of the work in this organization. My conviction is that a much larger per cent. of the converts in these army churches have remained faithful than is usual in our ordinary revival meetings.

The advantage of conserving the fruits of revivals, just above named, is the uniform and determined fact of the Marvin-method, running through his ministerial history from first to last. For that purpose he was fruitful in expedients and the Church of the Army was a happy plan. It was unique, so far as known to the writer, in the armies on either side. The nearest approach to it is related of the army-ministry of Dr. McFerrin. At a meeting held at Dalton, Ga., he opened the doors of all churches, giving certificates of a profession of religion on which, being sent to their homes, the converts might be enrolled on the church register of the churches at their places of residence. There were many conversions and among them that of an Irishman, who presented himself for a certificate. There is this amusing sequel in the narrative. On being asked what church he wished to join, he replied, with due accent: "The Holy Catholic Church." "Solemnly and silently," it is said, "Brother Mac. *took him in*."

Marvin was present with the army on only one battle-field—at Helena, July 4th, 1863. The townsman of the writer heretofore named, Capt. James A. Carson, has given a verbal narrative of the incidents of that desperate and disastrous engagement. He also testifies that it was strongly denounced by Gen. Price as a bootless adventure, if it had been successful. Standing on an eminence overlooking the field, he was heard by Mr. Carson to say to Gen. Holmes, the Commander-in-Chief: "If I were in command I would march my army away from here. If the place were taken, it can't be held under the fire of the gunboats from the river and it will cost heavily in loss of life." "I'll march on it," was the answer, "if it costs every soldier of my army." The assault on the enemy's works at the centre was assigned to the Missouri troops. The outer defenses consisted of well-constructed abatis, with the customary sharpened ends of the limbs of the trees pointing outward. It required twenty minutes, it is said, to get over and through it, exposed to the murderous fire from the entrenchments behind it. These, also, in a furious onset were carried by storm and the enemy driven before it and pursued down the hill and on through their encampment. The noise of the battle filled the air, and in a short time the whole field was enveloped in smoke, making it impossible to see only at a few paces distant. The Missouri troops rushing on came upon the lower fortifications. The upper one had been taken by Gen. Marmaduke, but Gen. Fagan, commanding the Arkansas forces, was delayed in coming up to the attack at the lower. In consequence, a large part of Price's command fell into the hands of the enemy, after great slaughter. The retreat was ordered and the army fell back to its encampment six miles in the rear of the river.

From several sources there are accounts of Marvin's appearance in various postures at this battle. As the Missouri troops moved on to their brilliant charge, standing on the roadside, it is said, he cried out, "Onward, my brave boys!" The next morning after the lost day, Capt. Carson, reporting at headquarters with others, saw Marvin standing in the door of the General's tent. "This is bad business," said Price to the party approaching him, as he sat under a tree with his coat off and shirt band thrown open and face flushed with the heat of the day and the excitement of the hour. In what other attitudes, before and after and during the battle, the Chief of Medical Staff, Dr. McPheeters, testifies in the following narrative:

> On the 3d of July we went into camp a few miles in the rear of Helena, and all necessary arrangements were made to commence the attack at daylight the next morning. With this view orders were issued for the army to move just after midnight. But before retiring for a few hours rest, Mr. Marvin held a prayer-meeting in Major Brinker's tent, for the purpose of imploring the Divine blessing and protection on the morrow. The time, the place, and the circumstances all conspired to render this a most solemn occasion. There were present at this meeting beside Mr. Marvin and myself, Maj. Brinker, Capt. Pflager, Dr. Wooten, Gov. Polk, and some others not now remembered—most of whom were exposed to the fierce fire of the enemy the next day, but without injury.
>
> Agreeable to arrangement, the attack was made at early dawn, on the morning of the 4th. To Gen. Price with his Missouri troops was assigned the "centre," which rendered it necessary to encounter the strong fortication known as "Grave-yard Hill," which, however, was carried by storm, though with considerable loss on our part; and had the right and left wing of our army been equally successful, the result of the battle would have been far different from what it was.

Our loss from killed and wounded in this engagement was heavy, and from early morn to a very late hour of the night, both on the field during the progress of the battle, and in the temporory hospital in the rear afterwards, Mr. Marvin was untiring in his attentions to the wounded and dying. In my diary kept at the time, special mention is made of the efficient and valued assistance rendered by him on this occasion, in ministering alike to the bodily wants and spiritual necessities of the unfortunate victims of battle, thus establishing the fact that he was not less the "good Samaritan," than the faithful "shepherd and bishop of souls."

It was a sad day on personal accounts to Marvin. Cherished friends were among the slain and captured. Among the latter was Rev. L. M. Lewis, who commanded a brigade and became a prisoner at Johnson's Island. Among his papers is a letter from Gen. Lewis, bearing witness to the heroic labors in camp, field and hospital of the chaplain of his brigade, a Missouri preacher, and known among his brethren of the St. Louis Conference as Uncle Natt Talbot. To him and applicable to his fellow laborers in the Army Church, he bears eloquent witness: "As I look back upon the dreadful four years, in which he shared with us every hardship, watching beside the bed of the dying, ever busy in the hospital when fiery war had mutilated many a noble breast, forgetful of himself in kind offices to others, preaching and praying incessantly, doing anything he could to help a poor soldier, he will live in the memory of the good and the true, as one of the greatest moral heroes. In that great day, in the hearing of an assembled universe, when our deeds as soldiers and captains shall be forgotten, his will be rehearsed as worthy of immortality. How many crowns of rejoicing will he have!"

In similar speech of admiring gratitude, Dr. McPheeters concludes his narrative: "After his recovery from illness in the fall of 1863, until the close of the war, I saw but little of Mr. Marvin, as our respective duties caused a wide separation; but I shall ever have occasion to thank God for army associations with him, as well as with the late Governor Trusten Polk."

CHAPTER XX.

THE WAR INTINERARY.

War times—Adjustment of his ministry—His personal relations—Oath-taking—Political opinions—Non-political Church and pulpit—Army Diary—An itinerant evangelist—Woodville Station—Off at protracted meetings—A Sunday at Jackson—Preaching at Little Rock—At Jacksonport—A prayer-meeting incident—At Des Arc—Pastoral visitation—Greenwood—Doty-home—Preaching excursions—At Shreveport—Sermons at Marshall—A personal tribute.

THE surrender of General Lee, April 9th, 1865, was virtually an end of the war. It was followed rapidly by that of every command of the Confederate forces. The armies of the Trans-Mississippi Department were the last to surrender—Gen. Taylor, on May 4th, and Gen. Kirby Smith, who was disposed to fight on, not till a month later, after negotiations protracted from May 23d to June 2d. The duration of the war accorded with Marvin's expectations when he left St. Louis, in February, 1862. During this period less than one-half the time was spent in army labors proper—the remainder in pastoral charge and in the work of an itinerant evangelist. Those labors were exceedingly abundant and fruitful, and belong, under its caption, to this chapter.

The war was the great event of his times—his position in reference to it proper to be noticed; and more especially, what the adjustment of his ministry to it, as an important part of its history. No more, however, is intended than a cursory notice.

His political views, held as a citizen, have been sufficiently indicated. He would not, because he could not, take an oath of allegiance to the Federal Government at Washington City. The usual history of test oaths transpired during the civil war—misleading and debauching the public conscience. Good men, as judged by ordinary standards, were betrayed into loose views as to the sanctity of an oath—ready, as it was commonly said, to swear to anything and absolving the conscience by mental reservation. As required under pains and penalties, it was considered as in the category of a highwayman's challenge to surrender and the extorted pledge to silence. In his own view there was not insurmountable compulsion, and it was a wicked sophistry, as he termed it, by mental reservation to hold the conscience unbound by the oath which had been subscribed by the hand. It is manifest that his own views are expressed in his notice of the oath-taking by his friend, Caples: "He took the oath and his conscience was bound by it. He took no sophistical sedatives with it. He did not admit to himself that he might innocently trifle with the name of God to which he had appealed. He was not *forced* to swear. He did it freely as the alternative to be chosen in preference to something worse. The necessity was an incident of the war. He submitted to it and all it involved. He took the oath, and, to the best of my knowledge and belief, kept it inviolate." The oath, if taken, would have bound him, and what it involved, as shown by word and deed, would have been more intolerable to him than to have gone to prison at St. Louis, or than the self-exile in the South.

The protracted and painful separation from home and other history of peculiar hardship and trial are in evidence to the sincerity and strength of his convictions, in reference both to his political sentiments and sense of duty. Of those sentiments it need only be said that he was fully allied in sympathy with the Southern cause and held to the Southern view upon the questions at issue in the contest. His political views and the spirit of his sympathy with the Southern people may be seen, as they were recalled by travel amidst the battle-fields of Old Virginia and found expression in eloquent apostrophe:

> At four o'clock we reached the town of Lexington. The first thing I saw was the ruins of a burnt mill. Ah! that was a sad accident. The earnings of a laborious life went to ashes in an hour. Accident! Oh, no. I remember! Hunter led his command through here in 1864. That explains it. The buildings of the Military Institute were burned at the same time, and Washington College was pillaged. Old Virginia! "Mother of states and statesmen!" She offered herself at last on the altar of constitutional freedom, and (as a State) perished there, in the midst of fire and blood. She fell as became her, in grandeur. Her history of proud pre-eminence in statesmanship culminated in proud pre-eminence of agony when the old Union of the States under the Constitution was given to the flames, and the consolidated despotism of the majority was inaugurated by the sword. She received the blade of the mad sectional Janus to the hilt, for the Constitution could not die till Virginia perished. She covered it with her bleeding body for four years, until quivering with a thousand ghastly gashes, she bled to death and fell. Upon the dead body of the State the Constitution was sacrificed. The vandal work was done.

The personal integrity of the man as well as his decided views and ascendant sympathies are recognized in words for these pages by Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, of the Federal Army, and who, at the time, was a member of the M. E. Church, but attended Marvin's preaching and Governor Polk's class-meeting at Centenary: "He went one way and I another; neither of us could have done otherwise."

Such views he held as a citizen, but held them, it is the chief purpose of this notice to say, in strict subordination to his sacred vocation and ministerial work. There is no subject on which his sentiments were more, or, perhaps, so strongly positive and pronounced, as upon the purely spiritual function of the Church, and the correlative fact of a non-secular and non-political ministry of the Gospel. In some strictures published in the *Southern Review* for April, 1872, in reference to political partisanship on the part of the Church, he pronounces this strong admonition:

The Church is the bride of Christ. She is debauched by political alliances. They are a breach of her marital vows. Her purity is lost when she goes after other lovers. A church which becomes a politico-ecclesiastical organization is a hybrid—a cross between religion and politics. The progeny of this cross is a *monster.* The very conscience that comes from the spiritual side of its pedigree is fanatical and unnaturally sensitive, and by virtue of this it is always remorseless. It is a monster and always a bloody one. The Inquisition was its work. It is the mystic Babylon, drunk with the blood of saints. It has had a delicious quaff of blood in this country within the last decade.

"This great fact—'My kingdom is not of this world'—contains within itself," he added, "the purity and the safety of the Church in all ages." In similar terms he reprobates a prostitution of the sacred office to political ends and would hold it free from the contaminating touch of secularity in any form. Among considerations of expediency which he names, this was prominent in his sentiment: "It breaks up that concentration which is an essential condition of the highest success in the ministry. A divided mind cannot bring the full measure of its force to bear on any one object. When God appropriates any man for His work, that work suffers in the measure of the diversion of personal force upon any other object." The chief consideration specified by him was conclusive with him, as a matter of principle: "It destroys the fact and consciousness of *consecration* in the pulpit. It induces a secular character in men who ought to be wholly devoted to God and His cause. In the case of ordained Methodist preachers, who have solemnly promised to give themselves wholly to 'this one thing,' it is a gross violation of vows."

The above views held by him, it is manifest, had the authority of a platform of principles. It guided and controlled his ministry. Upon that his whole personal force was concentrated, and in its whole course he was separated unto the Gospel. The absorption of his ministerial consecration appears in all the chapters of this history. If it had been supplanted for a time by the pervading and intense excitements of the war it might not have been considered strange; nor that the tremendous political disruption and social upheaval of the times had turned somewhat the course of "cares and studies" from the old channels in which they had flowed during his whole ministerial life. The war was a severe test; but his principles stood inviolate, supreme and commanding. While he was within the Federal lines, it is known to the writer, he reprobated whatever might identify the Church, in the conduct of its ministers and agents, as a partisan in the strife. War-talk was universal, and feeling, commonly, was demonstrative. To have escaped wholly the contagion of the widespread excitement would be impossible; but it is known that he proposed to himself the utmost prudence in speech and behavior as a public man. "The minister," he has since said, "who denied himself for Christ's sake at that time, and kept his mind and tongue employed about the Gospel, and that alone, was surely in the path of duty."

Similar utterances made at that time are remembered in connection with remark deploring the hindrance to the Gospel in the pre-occupation of the public mind by the excitements of the war. Caples, he says, under the stress of circumstances which he could not without difficulty control, allowed himself to perform military service. "I regret that he did so," he adds. He did not go to the army at first—not till after he had been in the South ten months, and then on call to ministerial service, and there at no time in any official connection with it. During the four years the larger part of his labors was in pastoral charge and in the visitation of the churches. It was not in doubt how closely and ardently he was allied to the fortunes of the Southern people and their cause, but peculiarly he was among them and impressed himself on them predominantly in his office and character as a minister of the Gospel. He held to his ministry, and held it supreme in his affections and cares, and held it above all secular involvements and free from foreign admixtures of whatever kind. He was in the army and going up and down in the land engaged in his loved employ and on his old errand—preaching the Gospel and saving souls.

At date September 24, 1863, he put on record the course of his travels and labors up to that time. Occasional diary entries are added reaching to the beginning of the following year. The Diary is given here entire for the various uses it may serve. It will be relished by the reader. It is illustrative of this remarkable man and will be appreciated—the unconscious self-disclosure here and there, the outcropping of underlying principles, the simplicity of his character and the humility of his spirit. The modest autobiography appears more illustrious in connection with the biographical records which cover the same period and testifying to the magnitude of his labors and the greatness of his fame.

September 24, 1863.—I left St. Louis on the 17th day of February, 1862. Since that time many things have occurred of sufficient interest to justify a record. I never kept a diary at any time. But we are at present in circumstances that will furnish matter of interest for the future. I will in future jot down the most striking facts.

Last December I went to the army at Grenada, Mississippi, and met with Major I. Brinker, of Brunswick, Missouri, Chief Quartermaster of Price's Corps. He invited me to his tent, which has been my rallying point in the army ever since. To him and Captain Pflager I am indebted for a thousand acts of Christian kindness and courtesy, never to be forgotten.

From Grenada we moved, in the winter, to Jackson, Mississippi, and in March came over to Little Rock, Arkansas. Since that time we have made the disastrous attack upon Helena, and retreated from Little Rock before a superior force of the enemy. We are now at Arkadelphia, on the Ouachita River, awaiting events.

I desire here to record my gratitude to God for His mercies, of the least of which I am not worthy. He has brought me in safety by the way by which I have come to this place.

I have no regular connection with the army, but am "acting chaplain of Price's Division," by courtesy. In this relation I have been treated courteously everywhere in the army, and find the soldiers always ready to hear the Gospel; God grant a blessing upon His word.

This morning I am in camp and quite unwell. But I strive to trust all in the hands of God. His goodness has never failed me to this hour, and it would be wicked to doubt Him now.

Yesterday was the anniversary of my marriage. Eighteen years ago Harriet Brotherton Clark became my wife, and no man ever had a better. Eight children, four boys and four girls, have been the fruit of our union. Three of the boys died in their infancy. The living are sweet children. Shall I ever see them and their mother again? May God in His infinite mercy grant it.

Saturday, October 3.—I have been sick ever since the former date—part of the time *very* sick. I am now apparently convalescent, but improvement is very slow. Through the kindness of Rev. J. E. Cobb, Brother Crouch, of Arkadelphia, was made acquainted with my case. "I was a stranger and he took me in," out of camp. He and his wife have been untiring in their kindness. The Lord reward them "in that day."

I have been a very slothful and wicked servant, but a very highly favored one. In this sickness I feel that the hand of the Lord is on me for good, and though I have suffered much think I have not murmured. "Bless the Lord, O my soul."

Part of the army has moved forward toward Washington, and is now camping on the "Little Missouri," some thirty miles south of this place. My mess has gone with the rest. We have intimation that General Smith intends to concentrate his forces so as to be ready to throw the whole strength of this department against the enemy at one point—the only plan that seems to promise any result now.

Sunday, 31.—Able to attend church this morning. Heard a sermon from Rev. Lewis Garret, who has been in the ministry for forty-eight years. It was a sensible sermon—a type, I imagine, of the ordinary Methodist preaching half a century ago. It did me good. After sermon we had sacrament—a very profitable season. It was a Quarterly-meeting occasion, but the Presiding Elder, Rev. A. Hunter, was absent. The country is so upset by war that I suppose he did not feel safe in leaving home.

The conference collection was taken up. Like all collections now, it was large. There never was such a time for raising money for church purposes. Money abounds more than anything else, and not being worth much, people would as soon give it to the Lord as not. This is the uncharitable view of the case. The truth is, men give much because they have much to give.

Wickedness abounds, but there is much true piety in the land still—and some in the army; and herein is my hope that for the elect's sake the Lord will shorten these days.

When shall I worship God with my own family again? How my mind recurred to home scenes in the love-feast this morning!

At four o'clock attended daily prayer-meeting. This has been kept up here for a long time past and was well attended until the church was taken for a hospital. Since that time services have been held in the Female College, and but few have attended the prayer-meeting. But some faithful souls are there every day. It was a good meeting.

A great many of the churches of the South are used as hospitals now. But God can keep His church, and will. The sick soldiers have a hard time of it at best. It seems a wonder that they do not all die.

November 10.—Since the last date, I have been so much afflicted with an inflamed eye, as not to be able to write; and even now I have to use the hand of a friend.

From Arkadelphia I went to Falcon with Father Garrett, in his buggy, and stayed for more than a week at the house of Brother J. S. Bryant. At Falcon I preached on Sunday to a good congregation, and enjoyed the day much. Employed Dr. Roberts to treat my eye, but received no benefit from his prescription. Enjoyed much the hospitality of my friends; left them on Saturday and went to Lewisville, where I preached on Sunday—a cold sermon in a cold house, to a cold congregation—a chilly business.

At Lewisville I remained during the session of the Ouachita Conference, enjoying the hospitality of Brother Welbourne. I employed Dr. Lee for my eye; received no benefit. Dr. Kavanaugh was in attendance at the Conference and undertook to medicate my optics; but in spite of all doctors my eye became ulcerated. Neuralgia supervened and I suffered much.

Dr. Kavanaugh brought me intelligence of my appointment by Bishop Paine, on behalf of the Missionary Board, as Chaplain of one of the army corps of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Dr. Kavanangh having been appointed to the chaplaincy of General Holmes Corps, I am at liberty to choose between the other two, and have determined to take General Taylor's, to which I shall proceed so soon as I am able for service.

In the mean time Brother Moore very kindly invited me to his house where I would be convenient to General Price's camp, so that I might place myself under the treatment of Drs. Wooten and McPheeters. I have now been at Brother Moore's for two weeks and my physicians have put me under a very thorough course of treatment, both local and constitutional; but I am not yet conscious of any relief. The prospect is discouraging. I have not preached for the last three Sundays, and am in no condition for service; but the future belongs to God. I have endeavored earnestly to be resigned to His will. I think I am so. I know I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies He has bestowed upon me, and in all that I have suffered—

"His strokes are fewer than my crimes,
And lighter than my guilt."

I know that He intends by this affliction to purge me of my earthliness. I am on His anvil and under His hammer. I know that the strokes are wielded by a master-hand. May He fashion me after his own pure image.

I heard from home on Sunday through Dr. McPheeters, who had received a letter from his wife; it contained the information simply that my family were well. This meagre piece of intelligence from home is the first that I have received for several months; but God knows I am deeply grateful even for this.

December 17.—I fear I shall never be a good hand to keep a journal. I am too inattentive to it. But may be I will improve.

I was at Brother Moore's house five weeks laid up with my eye. The kindness of that family I will never forget. If I had been a son or brother they could not have been better to me. May the best blessing of God rest on them all.

Brother Moore went with me to the Louisiana Conference, at Homer, in Claiborne Parish, about sixty miles from his house. Sad evidences of the war were seen. Many of the preachers were absent. Much of their work is in the enemy's lines and has been abandoned. Many of the preachers are therefore without work. Several of them are ready to take chaplaincies in the army.

Dr. Keener presided. He is a man of fine capacity and great dignity of character, and is well fitted for a presiding officer. Would make a good bishop. He preached on Sunday morning, on the Temptation of Christ—a sermon that edified me much.

At the Conference I delivered a missionary address, on Saturday night, with good liberty. Received much kindness from preachers and people, and will remember the Homer conference with pleasure.

From Homer came to Minden and lodged at Brother Wimberley's. Preached with liberty on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Saw some Missouri friends and enjoyed much hospitality. Reached Shreveport Sunday morning and preached. Enjoyed the hospitality of Sister Douglass and had the sad duty to perform of burying her mother, on Friday. Mrs. Lewis had been at church Sunday and died Wednesday.

Religion is at a low ebb in Shreveport, so it seemed to me. I have made an abortive effort to preach of nights this week.

Have had sad news from home. My wife has been arrested for holding secret correspondence with me. What was done with her I have not heard. May God have mercy upon my family.

I see no prospect of an end of the war. Bragg's late disaster at Chattanooga is very bad for us. The North will be encouraged and our people disheartened. Our wickedness is great and we deserve and need chastisement. May we be brought to repentance.

My eye is not yet well, though it is not hurting me much.

January 22, 1864.—For more than a month I have not touched my journal. I came from Shreveport, in the latter part of December, into the neighborhood of Greenwood and have been enjoying the hospitality of

Messrs. James and Jones Brother Harper and Brother Doty, from all of whom I have had much kindness. I have preached twice in the time at Greenwood to small congregations. Have had pleasant messages from home which seem to contradict the gloomy news heretofore received. Oh, that I could but see a letter from my wife!

In this first entry for this year I must record my gratitude to God for His mercies during the past. A very unworthy life is protracted—for what purpose He alone knows. May the future be more profitable than the past.

February 4.—Really, my life is too monotonous just now to make it worth while to keep a journal. I am still here in Caddo, preaching of Sundays and doing nothing all the week. It is noteworthy, however, that I have lately heard from home, and all are well. New Year's Day was the coldest on record there, as it was here. I have also heard from my friends in Mississippi: Judge McGhee's and Brother Burrus' families. I count them my best friends in the South. For six months I was at home with them—as much at home as a man can be out of his own house. I can never forget it. It is a most painful thing to me to be cut off from communication with them. Woodville seemed a sort of oasis in my desert. Their letters, when I used to receive them, were messengers of peace. Acquaintance and association with them made an event of my life. They have suffered from Yankee raids within the last few months. May the Shepherd of Israel keep them through this tempest.

If it were not for the difficulty and hazzard of crossing the river, I would go and see them this winter. I know of nothing this side of home that would give me so much pleasure.

During the remainder of the year 1864, with his home at Mr. Doty's, near Greenwood, La., he made preaching tours in that section of the country, and at intervals visiting the army encampments in Southern Arkansas. After the surrender, in 1865, he took charge of Marshall Station as a supply and remained in charge till the spring of 1866. Those two places and Woodville Station were the location of his more settled ministry and the base of extensive labors on both sides of the Mississippi River during the greater part of his residence in the South.

Woodville was his first field of labor. On the 16th of March, 1862, he was still at Memphis. From there he started southward to reach the home of Edward J. Gay, at Placquemine. At Vicksburg he appears as the guest of Rev.

Whitefield Harrington, preacher in charge at that station. Subsequently he was a sojourner at Woodville, and while he was there the pastor was compelled by ill-health to relinquish the charge, and he was engaged to take it till Conference. This fact is communicated by the wife of an itinerant preacher of the Mississippi Conference, Mrs. Mary J. Parker. What she adds concerning his labors, together with the little incidents which are characteristic, will interest the reader:

> It was at Woodville that I first knew and loved him. Indeed, the charm and fascination which he held over all hearts was wonderful. His deep humility, too, was a striking trait. On one ocsasion, a gentleman addressed him several times as "*Dr.*," thinking, of course, such a great man must be a D.D. Marvin's modesty could not allow this mistake to go uncorrected. "Sir," said he, "I am simply *Mr.* Marvin; please do not say, *Doctor*." While in Woodville he visited many country churches throughout the county, and some of his finest discourses I heard delivered in those "piney-woods" log-houses. Many conversions followed his ministry during those months, and some of our best members in this section of the country (Wilkinson County, Mississippi), ascribe their conversion to his ministry. I had the good fortune to be much in his society, at different times that year, and it constitutes a bright page in my life's history. I remember two other instances of his modesty and self-abnegation. We were returning from church to the parsonage one day, when a young lady passing him on the street, said: "Mrs. —— requested me to ask when you would preach again, as she wished to be present." (A protracted meeting being then in progress.) Said he: "Tell Mrs. —— to come at any time, and she will hear a good sermon, as all our preachers are good preachers." Mrs. —— was High Church. At the close of the year the Church in Woodville idolized Marvin and were almost clamorous to have the Bishop appoint him to that charge for another year; but M firmly refused, saying it would be depriving some member of the Conference of a good appointment. Woodville, Mississippi, was at that time one of the most important, as it was one of the strongest and wealthiest stations in the Conference. I could relate much more; but, perhaps, you can make no use of this. It is reliable, as I speak from personal observation. The name of Marvin has been a household word ever since at Woodville.

Than at Woodville, perhaps, there is no history of his pastorate during his entire ministry which was so much prized and cherished by him. It was in his thought ever after, as well as in the nearer memory recorded in his Diary: "Woodville seemed an oasis in my desert." One of the most memorable of his "preacher's homes" was at the charming home of Judge McGehee. As pastor in that family, some of his most interesting labors were performed. It began an endeared mutual friendship and its association was kept up by correspondence and an occasional meeting till the end of his days. Many of the war-letters received by him are from the matron and daughters of this Christian household. They show by abundant testimonials how the endearments of friendship which he has expressed in his Diary were cherished reciprocally at the McGehee mansion. He was, it seems in those letters, a joyful presence at their hearthstone and at the family altar. "His morning and evening prayer," it is said, "brightened and hallowed the beginning and end of each day."

When the last above sentence had been written, it is mentioned as a coincidence, the mail was laid on the writer's table, containing the *Western Methodist*, of January 18th, which had a notice of the venerable head of this family, which may be found in the foot-note.* His consort died October 31st, 1873. Her letters evince the accomplishments for which she was noted. They are aglow with intellectual brightness and the noblest sentiments of humanity and religion. Liberty is taken to appropriate one for this

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*The venerable Judge E. McGehee, of Wilkinson County, Mississippi, for a long time known as one of the princes in our Israel, has been recently threatened with paralysis. He is now in his ninety-fourth year—a very long life he has enjoyed, a life of remarkable usefulness and prosperity as a citizen and as a Christian. Great wealth he acquired and it was liberally dispensed by him. The Natchez, Mississippi, *Democrat* says of Judge McGehee: "As a contributor to the educational institutions of the Methodist Church he has been surpassed by none, and in the excellent and prosperous female school now doing so much good in Woodville, he has established for himself, we hope, an enduring monument. Full of years, he is also full of honors."

page, which exhibits her as a type of the noble women of the South, who illustrated the heroism of the Southern cause. It is appropriate to this history in the allusions it contains to his former charge at Woodville and his new field of labor in the army, upon which he had just entered and concerning which he had advised her. The following is the entire letter, except some passages referring to domestic history:

AT HOME, January 9th, 1863

REV. E. M. MARVIN:

May you live to see many happy returns of many a New Year, in your own beloved Missouri home, my dear brother, and surrounded by the dear ones from whom you are now exiled. May it please God to grant that the next New Year's Day shall find our country in peace, and long separated families re-united.

We owe you thanks for your two pleasant letters, to Mary and to Mr. McGehee, full of interest and information. We sympathize in all that concerns you and joy in your joys Your notice of Gen. Price's army and of the especial condition of the Missouri troops is deeply interesting to us. Our hearts beat and our eyes moisten at the recital of the sufferings, the endurance, the bravery of that band of heroes—may they live to realize and to enjoy all that they have struggled for—live to see their now "crownless and prostrate mother raised into the sunlight of peace and prosperity." If I never felt the emotion of gratitude before this, I certainly feel it now, toward the self-denying and heroic men who have made of their own bodies a bulwark for our defense. I would love to perform for them the offices which gratitude dictates; to bathe the toil-worn feet; to smooth the pillow for the head, so often pillowed on the bare, cold earth; to nurse the sick, to feed (oh, how gladly!) the hungry. I am conscious how impotent mere words are to express these emotions, and long to make to them some palpable demonstration of our sense of obligation. May the Almighty God crown their later days with happiness and give them to see the blessed fruits of their suffering and their toil. You have the privilege to preach to them! I can well imagine how the occasion and the scene must have stirred your heart to its profoundest depths. And you thank God for the privilege, I doubt not! Oh, the precious message of love and pardon—the news of reconciliation through a dying and a risen Saviour—with what strange power it must be offered to such hearers as these! Thank God for this honor which he has put upon you—and to preach Christ to these soldiers of their country, that you and they may rejoice together in a coming day over the message given and the blessing received. Our sick soldier, Martin, died on the 19th of December, but died in peace, hoping, trusting, believing in Jesus. He professed to find forgiveness more than a week before his death and continued in a very calm and happy frame of mind till he passed away.

* * * * * * *

Mr. McGehee continues about as you left him. He misses you sorely, and recurs to the hours spent with you as among his past pleasures. When shall we see you again? Shall it be on these shores of time, or must we wait for a final meeting beyond the Jordan? When you write to your excellent wife, tell her she has friends in Mississippi—friends who thank God for the good words heard from the lips of her husband. Pray for us.

Very truly, your friend and sister,

MARY BURRUSS MCGEHEE.

In answer to his letter announcing his arrival with the army at Little Rock, the same noble heart dictated the sentiment of sympathy in the trial of his exile from home and family, and of a generous devotedness in personal friendship, which are expressed in the following extract from her letter in reply:

May your marches and journeyings be all ordered by God and may you be kept in peace and safety. I do enter most heartily into your trial, and can, perhaps, imagine something of its bitterness. Oh, that it might please the Omnipotent God, soon, very soon, to overrule the purposes of our foes and to gather scattered households together once more, under their own roof-trees. But remember, that if, in the providence of God, you or yours should be cast out of your own home and left to seek shelter somewhere, remember, that as long as we have a roof to shelter *ourselves*, you and yours shall find a welcome there.

One of the most interesting passages in the history of his pastoral labors is connected with the indoctrination and Christian nurture of a daughter of this family, then in bright and joyous youth. It has fallen to her, now Mrs. Snowden, to furnish for these pages, in response to call for them, the memories of the Woodville pastorate, of which she said in one of her letters, "God sent you to us." Her communication is in the form of a letter to the author. It is written out of a full heart. The following are extracts:

About ten days since (during a visit to the homestead, which my father is still permitted to adorn and bless with his presence) your letter to my brother was handed me, with the request that I would reply to it.

Your letter opened a door into the sweet, sad past, which has let in a tide of memories from its shores into my present—refreshing and cheering me in a time of sadness. Mr. Marvin was so dear a friend, and my association with him was so peculiarly filled with the highest and purest emotions, that I cannot recur to it without a return to the states of mind and feeling in which I then lived. I think he elevated everyone with whom he had any intimacy, and being just at that age when my tastes and opinions were forming and being most intimately associated with him in the home-life of my father's fireside during his exile, I was peculiarly susceptible to his influence. To him I carried all my grave doubts, which I could have carried to no other human ear; doubts of the orthodox teachings on every point, which sprang hydra-headed in my mind, as soon as I began at thirteen years old to think for myself—doubts of the orthodox trinity and atonement, of God's goodness and mercy in permitting evil to enter the world, and allowing the Devil to be a power in it. From my dear friend's patient and careful teaching, God only knows how much peace I found. From his hands I received, and by his counsel read, Bledsoe's Theodicy and several kindred works. Though many doubts have assailed me since, and although I cannot yet number myself among the thoroughly orthodox, I cannot consider myself heterodox, altogether, while I remember the broad foundation of love and faith which he gave me, or helped me to find in God's words, and still seek to build upon that. I remember well his charge to me concerning the Devil: "My child, never let go your belief in the Devil, for I have always found that a fruitful source of unbelief in everything else taught in God's word. As surely as you live, there is a Devil. He will win you for hell if he can."

You ask how Bishop Marvin came to find his way to Woodville, and who the minister was who gave place to him. It is very strange, that ransack my memory as I will, I cannot recall how it was—where he came from or why he came. I only remember that he took charge of our church when we had been without a preacher for some time. We were in a state of drought literally, when Mr. Marvin came. Mr. Marvin's glorious argumentative sermons, and the persuasive ones, and the clear, forcible, didactic ones, all came as "showers on the dry ground," and our church waked into a life unknown to it for years.

For five delightful months our house was Mr. Marvin's home, and from it he went out to his parochial duties, and back to it he brought the spirit of cheerful, true Christianity; day after day making us love and revere him more. He had long chats with me under the summer moon, telling of his home and children and noble wife, and often with tears; wondering when he should rejoin them—wondering if the circle would be unbroken when he should be united to them—and most of all sorrowing that they should be subjected to the taunts and humiliations of Yankee associates and Yankee rule.

It was in October that he held a protracted meeting in Woodville—

preaching most powerfully, once and often twice a day for two weeks and holding various meetings between the regular service hours. A large number joined the church and many professed conversion, and to many who had not the latter blessing assured, was given a deeper insight into the truth and stronger determination to live as servants of Christ.

In a letter from Mrs. Snowden received by him in the army at Grenada, there is this paragraph, welcome to him at the time and characteristic of him and his ministry: "All the servants wish to be remembered, each by name, to you; but the list would be too long. The messages of all are very much the same—'Wishes of health and happiness to you and a determination to meet you in a better world, if not in this.' Most of your young seekers have stood firm, notwithstanding all the temptations of Christmas balls and holiday frolics." "All the children send their love," is a message to him from the houses of his sojourn. How he won their hearts! How his character and the saving truth were impressed upon them!

This paragraph must be given as "the little corner in your book," requested by Rosa Brown, for an incident which kindled a light at the time in the path of childhood and which has not ceased to illumine her way:

> I knew the Bishop before he was made Bishop. He came to Woodville, Mississippi, as a refugee during the war, in the year 1862. He visited us quite often at our home, not far from Woodville. Although I was quite young he made a lasting impression upon me as being the holiest man I ever met. One night, in the year 1862, he spent the night with us. After having prayer, he was preparing to retire for the night; but as he was to sleep in a room a little distant from the house, and it was dark and raining, we gave him a lantern, so that he could see the way to go. Just as he was leaving the parlor he held the lantern down at his feet, and quoted the 105th verse of the 119th Psalm: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." He has proved it, too, by his life. Often and often have I thought of that verse while listening to him preach, and while reading his "Letters of Travel Around the World." I send you this little incident of our dear Bishop's life. I thought, may be, it would do to go in some little corner in your book.

While stationed at Woodville, he appears in his old, customary history—off at other charges, holding protracted meetings. Lexington and other interior towns are among places named. There is a letter arranging for a meeting at Vicksburg; and another from Rev. P. Lane, the pastor at Jackson, entreating his aid at a meeting which he would commence on the 22d of September, if he could attend. The appeal was an influential call to Marvin—"desiring a great awakening." He had made a visit to Natchez, where he first met George H. Clinton, then the station preacher, and began an association which became intimate in after years, as will appear in subsequent pages.

There are invitations cordially soliciting his attendance at the Mississippi Conference, held in 1862, in November, at Jackson. His home was, probably, in a family by name of Hamilton, whose letters followed him in his army life, inviting affectionately and hoping for renewed visitation. His appearance and labors at the Conference have been noticed by Mr. Forsythe, his old pastor, in an early chapter of this history. In the following contribution from Rev. H. P. Waugh, of the Holston Conference, a Sunday service at Jackson appears, which will interest many readers.

> In the latter part of February, 1863, I visited Jackson, Mississippi, on business, and spent two or three days in that beautiful city, and then and there, for the first and last time, I saw the lamented Dr. E. M. Marvin. It was on Sunday morning as I was going down the street, a stranger in a strange city. I saw a tall, slender, fine-looking man coming across the street from the direction in which I was going, and overheard some one remark, "There comes Rev. Mr. Marvin," and when I met him I spoke to him and introduced myself to him as a Methodist minister, chaplain in the Confederate army and a member of the Holston Conference. He gave me a very cordial shake of the hand and seemed glad to meet me. I think he was then coming in from camps, and had the appearance of being much worn down and fatigued.
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> Learning that he was to preach that day in the principal Methodist church of the city, of which Rev J. J. Wheat was the pastor, I concluded to attend that church that day and heard him for the first time. I had read his sermon in the *Methodist Pulpit South*, and knew that he was one of the ablest ministers in our connection. At the appointed hour he was in the pulpit and preached to a large and intelligent congregation of officers,

soldiers and citizens, a grand, heart-cheering and soul-stirring sermon, that seemed to melt all hearts to tears. His sermon, I think, was on the divinity of Christ, and was handled in a masterly manner. The pastor invited him to preach again at night, which he did to a crowded house. His subject was eternal punishment and the loss of the soul; and no doubt that sermon was indelibly impressed on the minds and hearts of many that were present, and the fruit of it will, no doubt, be seen in Eternity's morning! Oh, such burning words of eloquence, and such awful description of the loss of the soul! I never expect to hear the like again. The pastor requested me to take a seat in the pulpit and conclude the services after him. I gave out that familiar hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and requested the congregation to sing it in the spirit, to the tune of "Bozra," which they did; the spiritual thermometer rising to a high degree, and none seeming to enjoy it more than Dr. Marvin himself, and Ex-Governor Polk, of Missouri, who was present. Brother Wheat, the pastor, at the close of the services gave a special invitation to Dr. Marvin, Governor Polk and myself to dine with him on the next day at the parsonage, which we did, spending several hours together. It was, no doubt, a source of pleasure to Dr. Marvin and Gov. Polk to meet, as they both belonged to the same church, and lived in the same city, St. Louis, Mo. I well remember how Dr. Marvin would rise and walk the floor as he would get into animated conversation. How I enjoyed their society and was edified by their godly conversation. A little more than three years from that time Dr. Marvin was elevated to the Episcopal office, and ten years from then made his noted tour around the world. Marvin and Polk have since met in the sun-bright clime. May all the readers and the writer meet them in "the far away home of the soul."

One of the most notable meetings of his war itinerary occurred at Little Rock. It is related by Dr. McPheeters:

Early in March, 1863, General Price and staff crossed the Mississippi River at Port Hudson, and proceeded to Little Rock, Ark., where they arrived on the 25th. Mr. Marvin followed shortly thereafter, and on reaching Little Rock he became the guest of the Rev. T. R. Welch, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. At the earnest solicitation of Dr. Welch, he continued to preach for several months in the Presbyterian Church, with great power and acceptance, to large and interested congregations, composed of citizens and soldiers.

I have never known the Gospel more ably or effectively preached than by him at this time. Many of these discourses made a deep impression—one especially I remember distinctly, even now: the subject was "The Parable of the Sower." His delineation and analysis of the various characters mentioned by our Lord, under the similitude of the different soils into which the seed fell, was striking and original, and the whole subject was applied to the hearts and consciences of his hearers with a power and unction peculiarly his own. The impression that he made in Little Rock as a preacher was of the highest order, and when he left the city Dr. Welch took occasion to thank me for having introduced him to "our good brother, Marvin," as he justly styled him.

Towards the middle of June, the army under command of Lieut.-Gen. Holmes took up the line of march for Helena, on the Mississippi River, with the view of attacking that strongly fortified post. On this, as on other occasions, Gen. Price commanded the Missouri troops, and Mr. Marvin accompanied the expedition.

There was a blessing of his ministry at Jacksonport, Ark., during Price's encampment at that place. In all the places of his sojourn he sought the House of God. In his circumstances his ministry must be largely "out of season." He made it "instant." Opportunity was sought as well as seized upon. There he was preaching and holding prayer-meetings at the church, and the impression has remained to this day in the heart of the pastor and, doubtless, in many other hearts. A prayer-meeting incident related by the pastor is a touching episode in the land of exile and life of a pilgrim and stranger. "So the Lord alone did lead him."*

When I first became acquainted with Bishop Marvin, I was stationed at Jacksonport, Ark. He was there with General Price, and spent a part of the time in my office, reading, conversing, etc. It was, however, in the pulpit, and in conducting a prayer-meeting, that I realized the greatness of the man. I was very much impressed by a personal narrative which he gave in one of the prayer-meetings, and which showed the true character of his piety. He stated that he had recently been traveling in the wilds of Arkansas—his mind was oppressed, his heart sad. He had been driven from his family and home by the invading foe, and could not hear of their welfare, and it seemed to him that clouds and darkness had completely enveloped him. In this state of heart he approached an old log-cabin in a very dilapidated condition. As he drew nearer he distinguished the sound of some female singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." He at once alighted and went in, for the sound seemed to enter his very soul. He found there the singer—a poor old widow woman, in the midst of poverty, but who was happy in spite of her loneliness and want. He felt and said that if an old widow in such want could sing such a song, that certainly he could. He gave to the wind his fears—his full confidence in an overruling Providence was brought into lively exercise, and from that day he went on singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." This simple personal narrative made a deeper impression on my mind than even the rich sermons he preached and with which I was delighted. And now doubtless he sings in a nobler strain, as he gazes with ineffable pleasure upon the glory of the Infinite, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." This narrative was given the week before the terrible fight at Helena, Ark.

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*Deut. xxxii. 12.

There is a note of his preaching at Des Arc, and connected with it an interesting account of his ministry to children and in the homes of the people. This from a lady, Mrs. Nannie Evans, now resident at Memphis:

It was on a lovely Sabbath morning in July, 1863, that I was in my beautiful home near Des Arc, Ark., blessed with the presence of my aged and Christian parents, my father having been a minister in the Methodist E. Church nearly fifty years. I felt sad and desolate; clouds of anxiety had broken in upon the calm home, where previously joy and peace had found a place to dwell. But now it was lonely because of the absence of my kind and devoted husband, who had volunteered his services in behalf of our country. My nephew came out to accompany me to church, saying that a celebrated minister from Missouri, chaplain of Gen. Price's division, would fill the pulpit that morning. I immediately prepared myself for church, and when the Rev. E. M. Marvin rose before me, I felt that he was a man of God, and my first impression will never be erased, for no minister ever impressed me as he did.

I was like the woman who desired to touch the hem of the Saviour's garment, and at the closing of service I remarked to my sister, that I felt as if I would be made a better woman by shaking hands with the strange minister, and was introduced by our pastor, Rev. B. G. Johnson. I invited them to my house, and on the following Tuesday both came and spent the day. I shall never forget the pleasant and profitable conversation we had in the parlor that day—to me, a blessed privilege. Bishop Marvin, our pastor, my parents and nephew were present. My little darling was then fifteen months old, and without a name. I requested the Bishop to give her one. He suggested his favorite name, and on Friday, 15th of July, spent another day at my house and administered the rite of baptism, and gave the name of Ada. I added Marvin.

Bishop Marvin remarked to me on that day, that a very little thing often made a deep impression; he was away from home among strangers; his heart was sore and tender; and that the invitation to visit our house had proven to be an enjoyable occasion. He spoke of his family in the most affectionate manner, and seemed to enjoy to the fullest extent the hospitality I was enabled to give. In the afternoon he took an affectionate leave of all, and started on his journey to the southern part of the

State, whither the army was then marching, leaving in each heart many pleasant remembrances, with a name as familiar as "household words."

Greenwood, La., was the head-quarters of his ministry during the remainder of the war, from the middle of December, 1863. The last entry in his Diary, at that date, introduces him to his Doty-home. Later entries, if made, would have connected this home in his grateful acknowledgments with the McGehee "At Home," at Woodville. It had a similar place in his affections and the same history of lifetime correspondence, and other associations of a lasting friendship and an undying Christian fellowship. Its memories were often on his lips and the sojourn has never faded out of the memory and heart of the family. The noble and beloved matron of the household has gone to her high reward—his sad privilege to preach her funeral sermon. In like manner a daughter, now Mrs. Annie E. Norris, of Galveston, as at the Woodville-home, was blessed by his ministry, as testified by a letter to him—"Never to be forgotten is the prayer you offered in my behalf when I was a penitent at the altar; and while I live I will bless you for it."

Mr. Doty is well known in his ministerial history as one of the oldest and having been in the days of his prime one of the most prominent members of the Louisiana Conference. Though unknown to each other, Doty as chairman of his delegation and Marvin as visitor were brought together at the General Conference at St. Louis in 1850. His name is still on the Conference-roll as a venerable and honored superannuated preacher. During the war his house was a home for refugees—wide open for refuge to a Methodist Preacher, as Marvin, the St. Louis refugee, found it during two years for himself, and for his family as well as himself, when they were rejoined and dwelt under his roof for two months. "If I outlive Doty," he once said, "this shall be his epitaph—'Here lies the Methodist Preacher's friend.'" The older man is survivor and has written the memorial words of personal friendship—"I loved him dearly and hope to meet him in heaven." He has added the larger testimonial in this history of their association:

> Late in the winter of 1863, immediately after the Louisiana Conference, which was held that year in Homer, a gentleman came to my house, looking weary and sad, poorly clad in a worn suit of homespun. He said to me, as he opened the door, "I am a Methodist preacher—have been directed by some brethren at Conference to come to your house, where I could be quiet. I am feeble, in poor health, have sore eyes, barely can see, can't return to my family in Missouri because I am a Southern Methodist preacher—I want a home and quiet for awhile—can I get it with you?" His appearance and the humility of his manner took hold upon my heart. If I ever can cry, it is when I see a Methodist preacher in distress. Our home, heart and sympathies were open to the stranger. We were crowded with refugees. At the proper time the stranger was asked to hold prayer for us. The condition of his eyes was such that he could not read, but he read from memory a chapter without the failure of a sentence; and such was the emphasis and manner of reading that upon every verse new light was thrown. I looked at the stranger again—I could see no correspondence between the elegant reading and his appearance.
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> Time augmented my appreciation. Sabbath morning came, and to the refugees and servants of the household he preached a sermon for power and pathos I never heard surpassed. I thought he had no more in store of that sort, but I soon found my mistake; for, to congregations large and small, to white or black, his sermons were great. I heard him preach the funeral sermon of Gov. Allen, of the State, and then of a faithful old plantation servant—of the two sermons, the latter was the greater. Then his prayers around the family altar—he talked to God, and pleaded as a child to its father. I thought then, and now, that I never heard such prayers, such unction, such fervor. God's spirit was in every heart, and in every crevice of the house, in answer to his prayers. And then such songs—"Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," etc., carried us with him to the third heaven. He was consecrated to God to a greater extent than any man I ever knew.

Mr. Doty furnishes an additional statement concerning his home and health and labors:

> He made his home with me until about the time of the surrender. During that time, however, he was absent frequently in the army and in long preaching excursions. General Price and Staff came three times to see him. He was a great favorite with the General. Though a man of peace, at Helena he cried to the soldiers, "Onward, my brave boys!" He kept his room at my house from January to about the 1st of April, 1864;

then he took a trip off; but much of the year was spent in preaching through the parish and adjoining counties in Eastern Texas. In Penola County, hundreds were converted through his instrumentality. The winter of 1864 and '65 was spent principally at my home, as the former. When the spring of 1864 opened, he was either in the army or preaching in the surrounding country. In the summer he was feeble, and I provided him a room with my family at a watering place in reach, called Breckenridge Springs, in Penola County, a new place, with a Doctor Campen, where he made full proof of his ministry.

Prominent among the preaching excursions to which Mr. Doty alludes was an extraordinary meeting held at Shreveport. It is reported, with interesting details, by Rev. John H. McLean, of the Northwest Texas Conference:

To embalm in grateful remembrance, the worthy deeds of the illustrious dead, is alike praiseworthy and profitable. You cannot, therefore, fail of the commendation of an appreciative public, in your labor of love—in writing up the life and labors of our lamented Marvin. To aid in this good work, and in accordance with your general request and private note, I furnish this imperfect sketch of personal recollections of this good and great man.

I had known something of E. M. Marvin through public print, but not until the spring of 1864 was I privileged with a personal acquaintance. He had retired from Price's Army, and found rest and relief under the hospitable roof of Rev. W. E. Doty, near Greenwood, La. I heard of his preaching in that community, and addressed him an invitation, to visit my pastoral charge at Jefferson, Texas, and hold a protracted meeting, to which he kindly consented, and put in a prompt appearance.

Our first interview was in the parlor of that large-hearted layman, John C. Murphy, who has since gone to his reward. I readily recall his benign countenance, unpretentious manners, plain apparel, a carelessly tied cravat, good-fitting brown jeans coat, with black collar and cuffs, vest and pants to suit.

Though jaded by travel, he preached that evening the first of six consecutive sermons on the great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," etc. His incisive mind brought forth clear-cut views of the plan of salvation, whilst his earnest impassioned soul fallowed the ground for their reception. His voice was full—a little hoarse; his manner easy and natural. Beginning in rather measured tones, he would warm and quicken with his theme, until his earnest appeals became quite irresistible. He had versatility of style, could be analytical, metaphysical, argumentative, descriptive, but always earnest, and generally pathetic. He was a man of results, his mission was to all, the lofty and the low. The courtly and the abject shared alike his ministrations.

This meeting, of three weeks continuance, resulted in about fifty conversions, and as many accessions to the Church. He conserved the results of his labor. The morning prayer-meetings were among the most useful services. His close, searching talks, abounding in scriptural allusions, could not fail to beget deep introspection of heart, on the part of his hearers; whilst his fervent, sometimes wrestling, prayers, and spiritual mellowing songs, such as "Nearer, my God, to Thee," would, as by sweet constraint, draw all hearts nearer, closer to God. What a magnetic nature he had! How he drew all hearts unto him, and how wonderful his hold upon the people, without seeming to seek it and without seeming to know that he had it! My predecessor, the sweet-spirited Rev. Charles L. Hammill, rendered good service in this meeting, and not many months after passed from labor to rest.

I cannot forbear the mention of a suggestion of his to the penitents—"they they would read prayerfully, upon their knees, in secret before God, the fifty-first Psalm;" and in so doing a brilliant, cultivated young man realized the blessing of a "clean heart" and "right spirit."

At the close of the meeting, Dr. Marvin delivered an instructive admonitory sermon, from the allegory of the "Vine and the Branches"—mainly intended for the young converts. And, with the figure in hand, right happily did he impress upon them the vital union between Christ and his people, and their utter dependence upon him for continued spiritual life.

From this time until fall he was engaged almost continuously in protracted meetings, in and around Jefferson and Marshall, and everywhere having good success.

Another principal station within convenient reach of the Doty-home was at Marshall, which he visited on several occasions during the year 1864. On a visit there in the fall of that year he preached on special topics by request. The reporter, Rev. Mr. Leaton, represents the pulpit of the day as masterly, and was himself so impressed as to remember, besides the general argument, particular passages in the discourses. In the sermon in the morning on Baptism, from the text "Leaving the first principles of the doctrine of Christ," etc., he stated the fact that he had not been baptized in infancy, which he regretted. "He had to go back to first principles when he became a man and commence *de novo*." His night sermon was on Joshua's choice, introduced by an apostrophe: "The grand old man! I love the firm man—I love the solid man—I love the man that stands bravely to his principles in emergent times! Such a man always commands my veneration and my love." It so happens that these characteristic utterances close the record of his War Itinerary.

Of the historical data furnished for this chapter, that visit to Marshall bears the latest date. About the same date he met the Military Governor of Missouri, who had his headquarters at Marshall. That interview has occasioned the following testimonial and tribute, which may properly close this chapter: presented by it in an attitude of character and office, which his whole history vindicates, and which he rendered eminent and preserved unsullied—the man of God and the Christian minister.

St. Louis, Mo., May 18, 1878.

Rev. Dr. T. M. Finney:

Dear Sir,—In compliance with your request, I give you my recollections of the late Bishop Marvin's sojourn in the Southern Confederacy.

I had often heard of him as an eloquent and greatly beloved preacher of the Gospel in Gen. Price's division of Confederate troops, and was surprised to learn, when in Richmond, in January, 1863, that he had served all the time without pay or suitable military rank. I called the attention of the Confederate Secretary of War to these facts, and he at once directed Mr. Marvin to be commissioned as chaplain. I did not see him personally until sometime in the summer of 1864, when he dined at my house at Marshall, Texas, and this was the only occasion on which we met during the late civil war.

Mr. Marvin, although very quiet and unpretending, was a prominent figure in the Confederacy, on account of the great esteem in which he was universally held, and the wholesome moral and religious influence he exercised over the Missouri troops, and all with which he was at any time connected. I was impressed and charmed by him in an unusual degree. He realized the idea of a "saintly" man, and yet I have never met a clergyman who had less of purely clerical ways and manners; in social life he was simply the well-bred courteous gentleman. In conversation on religious subjects (which happened to be touched upon during his visit to me) he was brilliant and yet profound; decided, but charitable. The similarity of his Church to that of which I am a member, (the Protestant Episcopal,) prevented anything resembling discussion between us, but his remarks left upon me the impression that he had a mind of great logical power and comprehensive grasp. This was only confirmed by the discourses I heard him make, after we had both returned to Missouri. I sincerely mourned his death; and consider it a very great loss, not only to his own church, but also to the religious world generally, and to the entire community in which he lived and successfully labored.

I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

Thos. C. Reynolds.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARSHALL STATION.

Appointed to Marshall Station—Joined by his family—Their journey—Mrs. Marvin's narrative—The meeting of the family—On the road—Incidents—Rueben and Sukey—At the Louisiana Conference—East Texas Conference at Jefferson—The Waco Conference—Third visit to Louisiana Conference—His relation to St. Louis Conference—Its Sessions resumed in 1864—Remained in the South at Marshall—His last pastoral charge—A characteristic sentiment.

IT is a noticeable incident that the war-intinerary closed as it began, with the supply of a vacant charge—at Marshall. It occurred under circumstances detailed by a citizen and member of the Church at that place, Mr. W. M. Johnson:

In May, 1864, it was announced by our pastor, that Dr. Marvin of Missouri, would fill the pulpit at this place on the next Sabbath. His fame as a man and preacher had preceded him, and as the hour for service arrived all were eagerly looking for him, he being a stranger to all except our pastor. Soon a strange minister, handsomely dressed, came walking up the aisle. All eyes were turned upon him, while it was whispered from one to another, that is Dr. Marvin. In a few minutes another man in soldier's garb came up the aisle and ascended the pulpit. He had only spoken a short time before the hushed whisper again ran through the congregation, that is Dr. Marvin. Such power of thought, energy of style and profound reasoning could emanate from no one less gifted than E. M. Marvin.

From the very beginning of his career in this place he was popular; and as his real character became known in a social as well as ministerial capacity, a deep love sprang up in the Church, which has flowed on uninterruptedly.

During 1864, he preached often in Marshall in connection with C. L. Hamill, who was then our pastor. In February, 1865, after visiting the army, of which Dr. Marvin was chaplain, our pastor returned home, and in a few weeks died. After the death of this good man, we requested Dr. Marvin to supply the Station, letters were exchanged, his consent obtained, and he was formally appointed to this Station by the Presiding Elder.

At about the date of these negotiations an influential application is before President Lincoln for permission to Mrs. Marvin and family to pass through the Federal lines. It is granted, and in March, 1865, the brave woman is on her way South. The husband is at Homer, La., holding a meeting among the soldiers of Gen. John B. Clark's Division of Missouri troops. The rumor has traveled several hundred miles—"Mrs. Marvin has been seen at Gaines' Landing." The three years have expired. The family are re-joined.

The date is within a few days of the surrender of Lee. In the narrative of Mrs. Marvin, her travels mingle with the closing scenes of his dramatic war-history beginning in February, 1862.

A special permit to pass through the Federal lines was obtained for us from President Lincoln, and in March, 1865, we started South. We traveled on the steamer Henry Ames, and were put off on a gun-boat, and ashore in a skiff at Gaines' Landing. We were detained at and near the Landing about ten days, on account of high waters in the bayous and floods which had washed away the bridges—stopping at Mr. Batchelor's at the Landing, and a week at Gen. Gaines', a mile or two further on. The place was neutral ground between the armies, and our stay was expensive—about five dollars a day—and no information accessible to direct our movements. Before leaving Missouri, we had not been able to communicate with Mr. Marvin and did not know where he was. Our plan was to get within the Confederate lines, and await an opportunity to communicate with him. Starting on we were met by Confederate soldiers, who assisted us to cross a bayou, and we journeyed on till we reached the house of Mr. Henry, where we remained three or four days. Our arrival excited interest in the neighborhood; and among the callers were Mr. Daniel and Judge James F. Lowry. Mr. Daniel was satisfied of our identity at once, saying, that our daughter, Marcia, was the image of her father, whose engraved likeness in the Methodist Pulpit, South, he had at his house. They at once took us in charge, offering the hospitalities of their homes. We were conveyed to Judge Lowry's, and after a few days, by our preference, we occupied a house in his yard and cared for ourselves, being liberally furnished with family supplies by them and other generous friends, without any charge. Here we awaited intelligence from Mr. Marvin. A month had passed, when one afternoon he appeared unexpectedly and unannounced on the porch and in the doorway. I flew to meet him. The children did not at once recognize him in his strange attire; but soon we were all in his arms, and the girls crying for joy.

The frequent messages sent by passing soldiers came to him in the rumor, which reached his ears at Homer. He started at once with George W. Primrose, formerly a preacher in Missouri, as traveling companion and guide. Thirty miles away he met a man who had seen the family at Judge Lowry's. As soon as he reached the premises, "Brother Primrose," he said, "my family are there, in that cabin" —there his longing, "more than they that watch for the morning," came to an end.

Among her notes by the way, Mrs. M. mentions the pleasure of meeting old Dr. Lacy, the father of Rev. Dr. Lacy of Missouri, at El Dorado. "He had formerly lived in our section of Missouri, in St. Charles County. He was a venerable old gentleman, his snow-white beard reaching down on his breast. It was a pleasant re-union in the land of exile."

She relates an amusing incident happening at that place and about the time of Lee's surrender and when it was expected that the leaders would flee to Mexico. "Mr. Marvin," she says, "rode a large, fine horse, named Beauregard. His attire, when he met us, and which disguised him a moment from his children, was odd—a suit of gray, frock coat, hat of white wool and broad brim, hair untrimmed and long beard reaching down on his breast. As he rode through the town of El Dorado, where he was a stranger, with the brim of his hat turned down and his whiskers flowing in the wind, our son overheard the remark— "There goes Jeff Davis in disguise."

The Doty-home was the destination of this travel. What welcome awaited them is in the words of Mr. Doty:

"When he arrived at my house he said with emotion, 'I have brought my wife and children to your home because I know that I am welcome.' And so he was, as much so as my own mother's son would be." Mrs. Marvin's narrative concludes with the testimony to the kindness of that home and settlement at her own:

> Mr. Marvin had received from Mr. Doty and his brothers-in-law, Mr. Vinkler and Mr. Jones, the utmost kindness; and these families extended the most hospitable attentions to us all. There were in the neighborhood many refugees from Mississippi and Louisiana, and the society of the place was most delightful. Mr. Doty had considerable fortune and a large plantation and roomy house, furnished with a fine library and many attractions of home; and he dispensed there abundant and elegant hospitality. During our three weeks' stay at his house, we met Gen. Price, who called, as he was leaving the country for Mexico, to bid Mr. Marvin good-bye. The little girls, Minnie and Neely, greatly prized their kiss from the General. We had now, since leaving St. Louis, been wayfarers and sojourners during three and a-half months. At length we were settled at home in Marshall, where, it seemed providential, Mr. Marvin had, before joining us, concluded an engagement to supply the station.
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> At that time the population was about three or four thousand. Our church, a good brick edifice, was the best in the place. The membership numbered about two hundred, and the congregation was the largest in the city. The Federal soldiers attended his church and visited him at the parsonage; and at times he preached for them at their barracks. It was one of the most pleasant residences in our itinerancy. We were continued there the following Conference year, the charge being left to be supplied by Mr. Marvin.

Mrs. Marvin has not omitted from her narrative one incident of domestic history—the separation from the old family servants on leaving Missouri. The personal attachments subsisting between the whites and their household slaves is illustrated by a passage contained in one of Mr. Marvin's army letters received from a Missourian, whose servant went South with him. He had mentioned intelligence of the death of a friend, a Confederate officer, and adds: "At the same time I received another dispatch, stating the sadder intelligence of the death of my favorite negro, whom I loved as a brother, having been the favorite of our whole family in Missouri. Though a poor negro, still the long-continued relation to our family, and his personal merit and piety, and noble conduct toward me during my lifelong, cause me to grieve over his death."

Reuben and Sukey are cherished names in the Marvin household. When he went South for a three years' absence, he intrusted his family to their care and protection. At their departure to rejoin him, in the parting scene, they said: "Missus Harriet, you see you leave us; you can't say we left you." During all the time the "Home Guards" and the Germans of the neighborhood were keeping the negroes agitated and excited about leaving their old homes. But it could not shake their fidelity. "Reuben," says Mrs. M., "was proud of the confidence reposed in him. He was about seventy years old, small in stature, active, hardy and industrious; of good intelligence and business judgment. He took on him the whole management of the farm and disposed of the produce, rendering intelligent and faithful account of sales. His wife, Sukey, was about sixty years old, black complexion, strong and stout, and an excellent household servant. She had been in our family on hire for several years, till, in the course of the administration and distribution of the estate to which she belonged, she was sold. She begged Mr. Marvin to buy her, in which her husband joined. He did so, purchasing first the life estate from the widow and afterwards the full title, at a cost altogether of one thousand dollars. She is a good Christian woman and has served us with the greatest faithfulness. At the parting she cried like a child; and Reuben was deeply affected. We left them on the "Old Place," where they remained as tenants till 1876, when they purchased a small farm about six miles away to the northeast, near Wright City."

While the first chapters in these pages were being written, the following postal was received:

You have heard us speak of the faithful old servants, Uncle Reuben and Aunt Sukey. The old man died last Friday. Cornelia and Minnie and I went up to his funeral. They almost raised Cornelia and Minnie, and there was nearly the attachment of parents and children between them. Uncle Reuben (Reuben Pratt) was born in Culpepper County, Va., Oct. 3, 1808. Died in Warren Co., Mo., Aug. 2, 1878.

Yours, F. M.

Among the unused materials for this history, there is some connecting it with the last days of the great Civil War and the career which this chapter introduces. One of his particular friends and correspondents during the war was the present superintendent of the Mission to Mexico, Rev. W. M. Patterson. He has accompanied the transmission of some letters of Bishop Marvin with the following note:

CITY OF MEXICO, June 20, 1878.

DEAR BRO. FINNEY.

I inclose some letters of Bishop Marvin. They contain nothing new, perhaps, but they are all I can now find. I had other and better ones—and I remember of seeing them among my papers just before leaving the States. But I cannot find them now. There was one very long letter,—a letter of friendship, written in a lively style, combining wit, philosophy and religion, which I esteemed very highly, but it is among the lost.

I was with him much during the war, principally in Mississippi and Texas, but I have forgotten dates, etc. After the surrender of Vicksburg, I went to the Trans-Mississippi department, by authority of the Church, to engage with Bro. Marvin in publishing a paper, tracts, etc., for that section of country. He accepted the commission I bore him, and while I was arranging the business department of the work, I was taken prisoner and kept to the close of the war. This put an end to our publishing enterprise. After the war closed we arranged to publish a paper, "*S. W. Evangelist*," at Marshall, Texas, at which place he was pastor of our church. The General Conference at N. O. settled that matter for us. He did valuable service for me while I was stationed in Memphis, but you have plenty of such services already to mention. Once he came to hold a protracted meeting for me—was complaining—and when I asked him what he would have me do for him, he replied that he thought plenty of hard work would make him all right, though many a preacher had located, who was in no worse condition than himself. I gave him the work to do, and he did it as faithfully as ever any minister of the Gospel did his work.

I am glad you are to publish his life. I must get a copy when it is ready. Remember me very kindly to his family, whose pleasant hospitalities I have often shared.

Your brother in Christ,

W. M. PATTERSON.

One of the most marked characteristics of Marvin was his hearty participation in the *Esprit de Corps* of the body of Methodist preachers. As a class of men he was bound to them by sentiments of the deepest admiration and affection; and among his highest enjoyments was the associations of the session of an Annual Conference. In addition to such occasion of official business as might have called for his attendance, he embraced every opportunity to meet the preachers at their annual gatherings, when he was a sojourner among them in the South. His presence at the Mississippi and Ouachita Conferences has been already noted. From the latter in the same year he went to the session of the Louisiana Conference. His presence and labors there and subsequently at other places, are reported by Rev. W. H. Moss, at present of the North Texas Conference:

> I first saw Enoch M. Marvin at a session of the Louisiana Conference, held in the town of Homer, Louisiana, in the fall of 1863. He was then connected with the army as chaplain.
>
> One day, immediately after the adjournment of the Conference, I was introduced to Brother Marvin. But I did not think of its being E. M. Marvin of Missouri, whose sermon I had read in the *Methodist Pulpit, South.* He was dressed in home-made jeans, considerably worn, having a leather shade over an ulcerated eye. I did not see the greatness in the man then. But the next morning when Dr. Keener, who was presiding, asked brother Marvin's opinion of some question, as soon as he began to speak, my eyes were opened as to who he was.
>
> He was appointed to deliver the Missionary address, on Saturday evening. It was doubtless an address well prepared, which he had delivered some time before. It appeared to me that it was everything necessary to constitute such a thing great—thought beautiful and sublime, delivery easy, correct and pathetic. From the first word he uttered till he closed, profound attention, quiet and delight reigned in the congregation. I went away from the church that night feeling that I had seen the greatest and best man I had ever seen—that one of the old prophets had risen, and that mighty works showed forth themselves in him. I did not think he was so great by nature, but that grace had done the work. He impressed me as a servant and friend of God, living in close communion with him.
>
> On Sunday evening he preached on "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." I have heard him since, but never have I heard him

when he came up to that effort, although, some of his ideas were new to me, to which I did not at the time nor do I yet accede to as correct. I allude to his position, that physical death is not penal, but remedial and corrective. Never shall I forget, while he was speaking of the benefits of affliction, he cried, "I am on God's anvil in this war, and while I take this view of the subject, I will say, 'Strike on! strike on! strike on!'"

After the close of the Conference he went to Shreveport, where he had sent an appointment to preach on Sabbath. He spent Saturday night on the west side of the Red River, and crossed over into town next morning and went into the church. Bro. Iler, from whom I learned these facts was in the house. Bro. Marvin asked him if there was to be preaching there that day. He answered, a man named Marvin has an appointment here. He preached at eleven, to a small congregation; but the news spread over town that a great preacher was in town, and that night he preached a fine sermon to a house full, on "I am the bright and the morning star."

He spent sometime at the house of Rev. W. E. Doty, where I visited him a few times (I was then a member of the Louisiana Conference), and found him to be one of the humblest, sweetest spirited, and most sociable men it has ever been my privilege to know. And when I was there he had on a pair of home-made cotton pants that some sister (I suppose Sister Doty or Sister Jones) had given him. He said "I would not take a hundred dollars for my breeches." Brother Doty suggested that he was exaggerating, but he persisted that he would not. I fell so much in love with him that when our oldest son (now living) was born, I called him Marvin.

In 1866, after he was made Bishop, he preached the commencement sermon of the Mansfield Female College, of which Rev. C. B. Stuart was President, from Ecclesiastes Chap. 12 and v. 1. The gentleman who was selected to deliver the address to the graduating class not being present, brother Marvin delivered it. When he arose, his first words were: "I graduated in a log school-house in a black-jack thicket in Missouri, and I had actually ciphered clean through Pike's Arithmetic. If any body had told me then that I should ever preach a college commencement sermon, I would have thought they were making fun of me."

It was at his suggestion I transferred to the East Texas Conference, at a session of which, held at Crockett, in the fall of 1871, I met with him for the last time in this world. There I saw that he was a Bishop as well as a Preacher. I thank God that he was made Bishop. He was not only honored by the Church, but he was an honor to the Church as Bishop.

Rev. John H. McLean, with whom he became closely associated in personal friendship and ministerial labors, has narrated his visitation at the Louisiana Conference the following year, 1864, and at the Texas Conference in that and the year 1865:

In October of this year (1864), he met with the East Texas Conference, in their annual session at Jefferson, Rev. J. B. Tullis presiding. Here, also, we had Dr. (now Bishop) Keener, Dr. J. E. Cobb, and other interesting ministers from sister Conferences. This was an interesting and important session of the Conference—to steer aright the ship of Zion, amid those perilous war times was matter of no small moment to God's ministers. The Conference, perhaps, partook a little too much of the war fever, but found considerable apology in the pressure and provocation of the times, and their deep solicitude for their people and the cause of the country. The "Magnates" of this occasion were Drs. M. and K.; their speeches and sermons were listened to with great interest and profit. A novice, in attendance upon the Conference, conceived the idea, that these "D.D's" were rivaling each other in their pulpit ministrations. And upon leaving Conference and having occasion to make mention of his visit, stated, in his own characteristic way, "that he saw two big preachers at Conference, trying to beat each other preaching—they had it nip and tuck—until one (M.) got hold of the Golden Candlesticks, and then he outshined them all." To none was the laughableness of this supposed rivalry more enjoyable, than to those able divines themselves—Dr. M. being no little amused, at the grounds upon which the "palm" was awarded him—his *shining text*, Rev. 2, 1. Out of this text, he evolved a most impressive and appropriate sermon to the ministers; but strange to say, afterward, in private conversation, chided himself for having presumed to preach to ministers, on the ministerial office—such was his characteristic modesty. From this Conference, he went to Waco—the seat of the Texas Conference.

From several other contributors there is cumulative testimony to the pleasure the members of that Conference had in his visit, and the deep impression made upon them by the saintliness of his spirit and character, as well as eminent pulpit power. One of the most brilliant passages in his entire ministerial history is connected with his visit to Waco. The enthusiasm of admiration was unbounded, and the impression made, deep and abiding, is shown by practical testimonials of it, appearing further on in this history. Of that visit and at Minden, the seat of the Louisiana Conference, Mr. McLean writes:

From Jefferson he went to Waco, the seat of the East Texas Conference, having been equipped for this trip, two or three hundred miles, with a buggy, span of mules and driver, by that same steadfast friend, Rev. W. E. Doty. With consent of Dr. M., the driver and I exchanged conveyances, and with profound pleasure do I remember the intimacies of the trip. Dr. R. Alexander, a veteran of Texas Methodism, presided over the Conference.

The reputation of Dr. M. had preceded him to the Conference, and with great cordiality was he received, and with eagerness listened to. His sermon Sabbath morning, on the "Night passage of the Galilee," Christ constraining his disciples to go before him to the other side, the intervening storm, and the timely deliverance, were all portrayed in lifelike manner, and with thrilling effect upon the congregation.

He preached again at night from the "Parable of the Prodigal Son." This text was perhaps suggested by the arrival of an old Missouri friend, Capt. S., who had ridden sixty miles to see him and hear him preach. He felt the responsibility of preaching, under the circumstances—his friend was unconverted—he must not daub with untempered mortar; the Gospel must give no uncertain sound. His soul was full. In tracing the prodigal he traced his friend in his waywardness and wanderings; waxing warmer and warmer, louder and louder, until, in the acme of his solicitude, he exclaimed: "Wanderer, come home!" and he came, over benches, through the press, and prostrated himself at the feet of the impassioned speaker. The whole congregation seemed to be moved and melted, and a good old local preacher developed into an old-fashioned case of "jerks," the first I had ever seen, but had no trouble in diagnosing it, from what I had read of this singular affection in former times.

This Conference over, he started for the Louisiana Conference, to meet at Minden. On the way we broke the buggy at a very opportune time and place, and lay up in "dry dock" a few days in the town of R., where I served my first year in the ministry. He could but twit me with having broken the buggy on purpose, suspecting I had lingering affection there, and which the sequel seems to have vindicated. But, be that as it may, it was a good place to break down, and he did good preaching there, and will long be kindly remembered by those hospitable villagers. At Minden he preached with his accustomed power and pathos, and a revival influence broke out, extending to citizens and soldiers.

Having filled the station at Marshall, he attended the Conference in the fall of 1865, and also made a third visit to the Louisiana Conference, where he had formed strong personal attachments. Several interesting incidents of these two visits are given by the same informant.

He met again with the East Texas Conference October, 1865, at Paris, Rev. W. H. Hughes presiding. His former visit to this Conference only made this visit the more welcome. He preached on Sabbath, on the "Authenticity of the Scriptures," by invitation. And a most convincing sermon it was. A promising young lawyer, Capt. L., from that sermon, renounced scepticism, and during the progress of the meeting embraced religion and joined the church. The meeting continued several days after the adjournment of Conference, under the ministry of Dr. M., and with happy results.

En route to this Conference, he spent a Sabbath at McKenzie College, preached to the students, and cultivated a most agreeable acquaintance with the principal, Rev. J. W. P. McKenzie, who, though still lingering upon the shores of time, must soon meet his ascended friend.

From Paris he went to Mansfield, the seat of the Louisiana Conference, Bishop Andrew presiding, and the first Bishop to preside west of the Mississippi River since 1861, the war preventing. Bishop A. was received with great joy, and, though in age and feebleness extreme, yet was his heart full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and he rendered efficient service. Dr. Marvin's presence and preaching were received with accustomed favor at this Conference.

In going to this Conference he exemplified the virtue of patience with a balky team. Most men would have abandoned the team and the trip, but he did neither, and made it through, much to the joy of the young ladies accompanying him, his eldest daughter of the number, and much to the improvement of the quality of the team.

In the fall of 1864, the St. Louis Conference held its first session since the year 1861, or, perhaps, more properly, since 1860, which was the last session at which there was a full attendance, and that was presided over by a Bishop. Its annual sessions, though small in attendance during the times of political reconstruction, were held regularly thereafter. Many of the members had gone into self-exile or banishment. Their names were duly called and laid over, awaiting intelligence from them and their return to the State. Marvin's name was in that class. He himself continued his connection with his Conference in Missouri; but his purpose was not certainly known, and only that he had committed himself to the supply of the pastoral charge at Marshall. In consequence, and owing, also, to his long absence from the State and Conference, he was not on the list of delegates elected to the General Conference of 1866.

Under the circumstances of his history during the war he had not received a Conference appointment for five years. His travels and labors were under providential direction purely, and in answer to the voice of the people. Marshall Station is signal in the history of his pastorate, as the last and one of the most acceptable. Mr. Johnson has added to his statement the following testimonial:

> I think some of his most powerful efforts as a minister were certainly made while filling this station. Not only in the pulpit did he exert an influence, but he had the capacity of bringing his great mind under control, and so simplified his conversation that even the children could comprehend the great truths of which he was so faithful an expounder. Never can the people of Texas who had the good fortune to know him forget how faithfully he warned sinners of the dangers that were in store for them without repentance and return to God, with what earnestness and zeal he would urge them to make their peace, calling and election sure. Often would he arise, read a hymn, and ask the audience to adopt the sentiments contained therein, and pledge themselves to do it by rising from their seats: then, such singing; it would seem that heaven and earth had almost met. Very many of those songs are endeared to us from their associations with the sainted Marvin.

Mr. McLean has furnished several incidents of the Marshall Station. One is the mention of a remarkable prayer made at the Baptist Church at a morning meeting. It was at the time of the break-up of the Confederacy in the closing days of the war. "It was," says our informant, "a gloomy time. The people were depressed and in a great measure impoverished. His prayer had reference to this condition of the country and of the times. None who heard it will ever forget that remarkable prayer. He talked with God. All hearts were melted."

Soon after, military rule was being inaugurated; and Federal soldiers were quartered over the country. Arrest became frequent on slight cause, and sometimes without cause. Mr. McLean, giving the above facts, adds, that Dr. Marvin was not without solicitude, and tells a characteristic anecdote in reference to it: "Upon one occasion seeing a file of soldiers coming into his yard, he made sure the time for his arrest had come; but upon being approached by an officer, and handed a paper, he read to his great surprise, a polite invitation to appear at camps and *preach* to the soldiers. This he unhesitatingly did and attracted many officers and soldiers, by his preaching in camps, to hear him on the Sabbath at his church. Their relations became pleasant, and he would sometimes facetiously remark to them, 'not to press *re-construction* too fast, but allow the Southern people a *little time to sull*.'"

The other incident is the last record of Marvin's immediately pastoral relation to the Church. The date of it is fixed from record evidence in March, 1866. It shows the same spirit of high consecration, as at the beginning, so at the end of his pastorate. The sentiment which concludes its history crowns and glorifies it. "I have already referred," says Mr. McLean, "to the depression of the times—few were in circumstances to feel it more acutely than Dr. M. and his family. Without a home, and only such resources as an impoverished charge could offer, he passed a crucial test. A newspaper enterprise was contemplated by some of his friends, and he was solicited to take the editorial management, with assurance of ample salary to support his family. He took the matter under advisement. It insured support for his family, but was a divergence from his life and heart-work. A Sunday or more after, when engaged in preaching, the matter was finally and fully settled. As by inspiration, his faith quickened, and a flash of triumph played upon his countenance, as he exclaimed: 'Brethren, I am resolved what to do. As long as God gives me and mine *coarse clothes* and *corn bread*, I'll preach the Gospel.'"

CHAPTER XXII.

1866.

The General Conference at New Orleans—The State of the Church—The Address of the Bishops—Strengthening the Episcopacy—Action of the Conference—Election of four Bishops—His name prominent—Choice of the West—Providential marks—Incidents of his manifestation to the Church—The office not sought—The vote—Arrival at New Orleans—First information of His Election—Hesitation to accept the Office—Incidents—Ordained Bishop.

The General Conference of 1866, holding its session at New Orleans in the month of April, was the most memorable in the history of the Southern Church. As Marvin was not a delegate, it does not belong to these pages to review its proceedings, except as to the election of Bishops. That action, however, has connection with the peculiar condition of the Church at the time of the assembly of that body. It is set forth at large in the address of the Bishops.

It emanated from the Senior Bishop—so the writer was informed a few years ago by the late Rev. Dr. J. A. Duncan, who read it to the Conference at the request of Bishop Andrew. The address, it is well known, reviewed an interval in the sessions of that body of eight years, spoken of as embracing a period during which important and startling events had crowded on each other in rapid succession. Four of the years were marked by the convulsions of political revolution and the desolation of war. From the firing of the first gun at Fort Sumpter, there was not a State within the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, except on the Pacific Coast, nor a Conference in its bounds, in which the roar and clash of arms had not been heard. Following the end of the conflict in battle, was the disastrous history of political reconstruction under military rule, completing the humiliation and impoverishment of a conquered people. Under auspices of the military power and attaching itself to the machinery of government, ecclesiastical aggression had been openly proclaimed and was vigorously prosecuted. The address declines detailed account of the state of the work, and specifies only, in general, the wreck and disaster to the leading institutions of the Church—the Publishing interest greatly damaged, Male colleges closed, the Missionary work nearly ruined, and the pastoral work straightened by the impoverishment of the people and the disturbed social condition of the times.

The condition of the times—its emergencies and its opportunities—required the largest wisdom of the legislature of the Church and the utmost enterprise of episcopal administration and executive force and vigor. Such considerations were specifically enunciated in the Episcopal Address; and doubtless, they entered into the ballot for Bishops and into the question of the number recommended by the Committee on Episcopacy. The Address held the following language:

> On only one of the points suggested do we regard it becoming in our position to speak directly; and that is in respect to the increase of the number of the Bishops. For such an increase as will give the Church a more efficient Episcopacy, we think there is an urgent necessity. The infirmities of age press heavily upon some of us, and diminish our ability to answer to the demands of the work for general Episcopal Visitation. The great and increasing extent of our territory should be considered. We should by all means have a Bishop, for obvious reasons, residing on the Pacific Coast. And while we do not recommend a Bishop for every State or Conference, we are fully persuaded that the number of Bishops should be so increased as to enable them to be pastors of the people as well as chairmen of conferences and pastors of the preachers. If we would carry out the invalu-

able plan of our itinerant general superintendency, we must have an addition of a number of vigorous, active, and pious men to your present College of Bishops.

The Committee on Episcopacy at an early period in the session reported tho following resolutions, with recommendation for their adoption:

Resolved, first, That the following be incorporated in the Book of Discipline, to take the place of Item 11, under question 3d, section 5, page 63: "To travel during the year, as far as practicable, through the Presiding Elders' districts of each Annual Conference which may be included in his Episcopal District, in order to preach and to oversee the spiritual and temporal wants of the Church."

Resolved, secondly, That the Episcopal College be strengthened by the election of six additional Bishops.

As appears from the legislative history, the resolutions were coupled together, as mutually conditioned—on the idea of the memorial of the Virginia Conference and of the Bishop's address, the more extensive travel of the Bishops and more prominently the relation of pastors to the people; and for that purpose, the strengthening of the Episcopacy largely. That idea obtained widely in the body. It was contained in the proposed project of Episcopal Districts for a quadrennium, which received fifty-four votes. It was indicated, also, in the final action on the report in its second resolution. On a question of the change in the number of Bishops to be elected, in the various propositions it ranged from two to ten. It was fixed at four.

In the data furnished by various contributors, there is review of the ballot, and by some, interpretation of it, as respects the election of Bishop Marvin. "On the coming of the delegates together," says Rev. Dr. F. A. Morris, of the St. Louis Conference, "it seemed to be conceded, without any opposition, that a man west of the Mississippi was to be one of the new Bishops; and E. M. Marvin was the spontaneous choice of all the Western and Southwestern Conferences. No one else was thought of, and his election was regarded as a certainty."

To the same effect is the understanding of Rev. C. I. Vandeventer, of the Missouri Conference, who says: "The minds of the preachers of the West, at least of Missouri, seemed to have been turned instinctively to him, as one who would likely be, and ought to be, chosen for the Episcopacy. Such, I think, was the prevailing conviction in the Missouri Conference; and such was perceived to be the wish in several Conferences further South, where he had been, providentially, sojourning and laboring in the cause of the Redeemer for some years."

According to information from other sources, though not literally an unanimous vote, yet the voice of the Missouri delegations was full and hearty. "It will do—we will go for him," was Morris' sentiment, and a representative one for Missouri.

What the favor of the Conferences Southward has appeared in the pages of the foregoing chapter. His nomination came primarily, perhaps, and certainly was earnestly advocated from that section. It has been seen how general, and how profound the impression made during the period of his sojourn and labors at the South may be seen in the following extract. The writer, Mr. Doty, was impelled to take an active part in bringing to the knowledge of the Church his fitness for the Episcopal office, of which he had himself the earnest conviction, expressed by him in concluding words of a review of his ministry during the period of the war: "Now, permit me to say that after the closest intimacy for nearly three years, I have not known his equal among men. The clearness of his head, the depth of his piety, and his entire consecration to God were unsurpassed. As a preacher, take him all in all, he was the best I ever heard. To the little group in the pine woods, to the freedman in his cabin, to learned and unlearned, to the rich and the poor, it was the same message. It was the power of God. Is it strange that I craved that such a man should be one of the Chief Pastors of the Church of God? With this conviction I went to New Orleans and conferred with delegates, believing that his election would promote the cause of God."

"He was a providential Bishop," Mr. Doty says, adding, "I hope all our Bishops are." The reference particularly to Bishop Marvin is made in connection with the broad line of providential direction, which appears in his whole life and ministry, and which marked him out as the choice of preachers and people from the Mississippi to the Gulf—then, when a Bishop was to be taken from the West. In the same view the reader, perhaps, will recur to the sentiment of Dr. Morris in regard to his history at the South: "I think that he was called by the Spirit of God, who sees the end from the beginning, to leave all things here and go forth on a new and wide field of labor and usefulness."

It was the second instance in the history of the Church, of the choice of a Bishop from the West. The first nearly fifty years before—Bishop McKendree. The historian notes in it, "the finger of Providence." Two indices, as named by Dr. Bangs, are quoted by Bishop Paine in his Life of McKendree—one in these words:

> Mr. McKendree had been commended to the attention and approbation of the Conference by a long, laborious and faithful service in the itinerant field of labor, during which time God had set his seal to his ministry in a most remarkable manner. * * * It was from this field of labor (the West) that Mr. McKendree came to the General Conference in 1808. And such was the confidence inspired in his wisdom and integrity, in his zeal and prudence, in promoting the cause of God, and such a halo of glory seemed to surround his character, that the finger of Providence appeared to point to him as the most suitable person to fill the office of a Superintendent.

The other was the memorable sermon preached at Light Street Church, Baltimore, the Sabbath before the General Conference of 1808 assembled. Dr. Bangs heard and has described it—in the appearance of the man, "clothed in the very coarse and homely garments which he had worn in the woods of the West;" in the first impressions of the preacher, made upon him, like many such of Marvin by strangers, "looking at him not without some feeling of distrust;" and of the sermon, portraying which would alike describe the unction and power of Marvin's pulpit up and down the Mississippi Valley on both sides of the river, and the effect of the Baltimore sermon like that of Marvin at Waco: "The congregation was instantly overwhelmed with a shower of divine grace from the upper world. At first sudden shrieks, as of persons in distress, were heard in different parts of the house, then shouts of praise, and in every direction sobs and groans. The eyes of the people overflowed with tears, while many were prostrated upon the floor or lay helpless on the seats. A very large, athletic-looking preacher, sitting by my side, suddenly fell upon his seat, as if pierced by a bullet, and I felt my heart melting under emotions which I could not resist."

The intuition of the Church, as a divine finger, pointed out the one, as it did the other Western Bishop—"when he descended from the pulpit all were filled with admiration of his talents, and were ready to 'magnify the grace of God in him,' as a chosen messenger of good tidings to the lost, saying in their hearts, '*This is the man whom God delights to honor.*'"

A similar sentiment was universal at the West, where Marvin was known. The entire and combined vote, however, of the seven Trans-Mississippi Conferences amounted to less than half the number required for election. His reputation soon became widely and favorably known to the whole General Conference. It was sterling—"the more talked of," as one of the Bishops said, "the better; as his character was like gold, the more it was rubbed, the brighter it shone." The spontaneous choice of the West was remarkable. Inquiry was general and responses assuring. "Some of the Virginia delegates," says Mr. Patterson, "asked me about Brother Marvin. I told them there was not a man in the Church who could do *more* or *better* work, as a Bishop, than he."

In this history of his manifestation to the Church, some of the incidents are peculiar and curious. The following are contributed by Rev. W. J. Cotter, of the North Georgia Conference. "Brother Crumley," he relates it, "one of the Georgia delegates, was entertained during the General Conference in New Orleans by a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church. In one of their first conversations his host inquired of Mr. C. about the business of the General Conference, and, among other things, he told him that very likely some new Bishops would be elected, and, probably, one from the West. 'Well,' said his host 'let me suggest to you the name of Mr. Marvin. I was up in Texas and saw and heard him preach, and regard him as one of the great men of the day; and I think, that of all your great and good men, no one would make a better Bishop than my man, Marvin.'"

Mr. Cotter adds the following, concerning his own impressions:

> It was never my good fortune to know much of Bishop Marvin, personally. However, I will state, that as far back as 1848 or about that time, I first saw articles from his pen in the *Expositor*, edited by Dr. Latta, and since then, when he wrote for the *Christian Advocate*, at Nashville, about 1858. I was drawn to him though a total stranger by his letters. I had never then heard a word of his ability as a preacher and of his promise to the church, but the opinion I formed of him then was, that if he averaged up in other respects, he was certainly a man of fine abilities. During the war I lost sight of him, till after its close. I saw an obituary of a Georgia lady, written by him at Marshall, Texas. This obituary breathed to me the same charming spirit. I was glad that he had survived the war and that I had heard of him once more.
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> Without hearing a soul mention it, he was my man for a Bishop. As Brother Anthony, one of our delegates to the General Conference of 1866, and my presiding elder then, was starting to the General Conference, I asked him, "Will you not elect some new Bishop?" "Yes," said he "perhaps two, or possibly four; and there will be some Western man elected, but I don't know whom." Said I, "Elect my man, Marvin." Not know-

ing who Marvin was, but guessing, and for an answer, he said, "I am afraid he is too much Young America." I answered, "None of that; you don't know him."

After his elevation to the episcopacy, of course we all soon received information of his brilliant career in his own Conference, and looked forward with great interest to his first episcopal visit. It was in Atlanta, and one of the most delightful sessions of the Conference we have ever had. Of his goodness and greatness the half had not been told us. Others will, no doubt, furnish you with the particulars of that visit to our Conference.

The only object that suggested itself to my mind, inducing the mention of the cases of the Presbyterian and myself, was that it seemed as if the Lord was showing him to the Church as an acknowledged light and leader in Israel.

An incident of similar character is mentioned as happening in the case of a preacher from another of the Gulf States, who, it is reported by himself, said on mention of Marvin, "Yes, I will vote for him. I was so impressed by a dream on the way that it was my duty to do so, that I then determined to vote for Marvin." From various sources of information it appears that among the delegates from the East as well as from the West, their minds turned strongly, and in some instances strangely, towards Marvin. Though nominated by the West, the vote for him was in an unusual extent, perhaps, general, representing every section in the Connection.

In this review of the history of the election, a final statement is a word of testimony from his own lips. It was spoken under peculiar circumstances in an opening address, in 1869, at the session of the Pacific Conference: "Standing face to face with these responsibilities, I feel a profound personal gratification in the fact that I never sought this relation to the Methodist preachers." He was aware of the sentiment in regard to his election to the Episcopacy and discouraged it. "For more than a year," says Mr. Doty, "I felt that he ought to be in the Episcopacy, and naming it to him, he said that I was the first to intimate such a thing, and the thought seemed preposterous to him. He did not know what manner of man he was. Others as well as myself thought he ought to be Bishop, among them Dr. Keener, now Bishop." It is an interesting fact in the personal relations of this living and the dead Bishop, that each sought the elevation of the other.

It has been remarked that his election in his absence is a solitary instance of such a thing. More remarkable, in that his absence was on purpose and for the reason, as a colleague has stated, "that he knew he had been talked of for Bishop and was sensitive about even the appearance of personal influence." It was a rare instance of discretion, and performed under much self-denial. He longed to be present at New Orleans. In an autograph letter written at that time, lying before the writer, is this sentence: "Give my love to the Missourians. Oh, how much good it would do me to see their faces!" The letter, addressed to Mr. Patterson, shows that he was projecting work for the future other than Episcopal labors—not a word about the election, and making this record in the month the Conference was making him Bishop. "I spent a week at Rusk. Had a meeting of extraordinary interest and power. There was a number of bright conversions."

On the twentieth day of the session, April 24th, the ballot was taken—its history, copied from "The General Conference Daily," as follows:

> Bishop Early took the chair.
>
> In accordance with a resolution adopted at the evening session of yesterday the Conference spent an hour in prayer, and then proceeded to the election of Bishops.
>
> The Chair appointed Rev. Dr. J. E. Edwards and Rev. Dr. B. Craven as tellers.
>
> The following is the result of the first ballot:
>
> W. M. Wightman, 75; Thos. O. Summers, 20; J. A. Duncan, 27; J. E. Evans, 8; J. C. Keener, 42; S. Register, 10; Enoch M. Marvin, 73; H. N. McTyeire, 43; D. S. Doggett, 43; C. F. Deems, 14; E. H. Myers, 1; J. B. McFerrin, 45; E. W. Sehon, 44; B. Craven, 8; Jessie Boring, 16; A. Munroe, 1; W. A. Smith, 2; A. Hunter, 5; A. L. P. Green, 9; E. E Wiley, 24; F. A. Morris, 7; O. P. Fitzgerald, 2; J. H. Linn, 6; S. Watson, 1; S. S. Roszell, 7; L. D. Huston, 3; J. C. Granberry, 1; J. Hamilton. 7; C. K.

Marshall, 1; F. B. Sargent, 1; W. M. Steele, 1: R. Alexander, 2; J. M. P. Hinckerson, 1; D. R. McAnally, 5; Whiteford Smith, 1; W. H. Anderson, 3; L. M. Lee, 2; J. Anderson, 2.

The Bishop announced the whole number of ballots cast 144. Rev. Dr. W. M. Wightman, of the Mobile Conference and Rev. Enoch M. Marvin, of the St. Louis Conference, having each received a majority of the votes cast, were declared duly elected Bishops of the M. E. Church, South.

Bishop Pierce suggested that Rev. E. M. Marvin should be notified, by telegraph, of his election, and his attendance here requested.

Rev. W. M. Prottsman, of the St. Louis Conference, said that he and another brother were about attending to that duty.

A second ballot was then had to elect the two remaining Bishops, with he following result·

SECOND BALLOT.

J. B. McFerrin, 44; E. W. Sehon, 38; E. E. Wiley, 6; J. C. Keener, 44; H. N. McTyeire, 56; D. S. Doggett, 57; C. F. Deems, 5; J. A. Duncan, 23; T. O. Summers, 5; scattering, 7.

Bishop Early announced that, no one having received a majority of the votes cast, there was no election. A third ballot was then had, with the following result:

THIRD BALLOT.

D. S. Doggett, 80; H. N. McTyeire, 75; J. C. Keener, 43; E. W. Sehon, 29; J. B. McFerrin, 43; J. A. Duncan, 7; scattering, 8.

Bishop Early announced that Rev. Dr. D. S. Doggett, of the Virginia Conference, and Rev. H. N. McTyeire, of the Montgomery Conference, having received a majority of the votes cast, were duly elected Bishops.

Later in the session, when he supposed the election would have transpired, he started for New Orleans to see his Missouri friends. Whilst telegrams were being dispatched here and there over the country, summoning his attendance for ordination, he was on a boat steaming down Red River. Mr. McLean gives this note of the journey, as Bishop Marvin related it: "He was sitting on the bow of the boat in meditation, when, he said, 'the devil suggested to me, as I thought, that I was going down to New Orleans to be ordained Bishop.' Startled at the temptation as he regarded it, he went immediately into his state-room and kneeled before his Maker, bewailing the mere thought." Rev. Dr. Deems was the first to meet him on his arrival at New Orleans. With a pleasant note authorizing its use, he sends from the "Editor's Portfolio" of *Leslie's Sunday Magazine* his printed report of the interview.

It so happened that we were the first man to tell Mr. Marvin that he was a bishop-elect. It was in New Orleans. The General Conference of his Church had elected him in his absence. He had been roughing it in Texas. Sixteen years before, he and we had become friends in St. Louis. On leaving the steamer he came direct to our lodgings in New Orleans. At the foot of the stairs we met him with the salutation:

"Why, Bishop Marvin, where are you from?"

He looked surprised and displeased.

"Did you get the telegram?" we said.

"Tell me what you mean by all this stuff?" he replied, looking agitated.

With serious face and tone, we said:

"You were elected Bishop yesterday, and telegrams have been sent in several directions for you, and I supposed one had found you and brought you."

"No," said he, "I had business with ——, and came to see him."

He was deeply agitated and stretched himself upon the bed.

Other ministers entered, and in the general conversation he seemed to revive. He was the first man in his Church who had been elected to the Episcopacy with a full suit of beard. We recollect distinctly that the senior bishop called us to him before Mr. Marvin's consecration and said:

"See here, Doctor, couldn't you persuade the new Bishop to have his face shaved."

"Don't know, Bishop: it's dangerous to take a man by the beard."

That evening, while the conversation was general and genial, we took the liberty to suggest that the beard was an offense to some of the brethren.

"They'll have to stand it," said he; "they elected me in my beard and they must endure me in my beard."

"Yes," we suggested; "but remember that you were not present when you were elected. I doubt whether they could have been persuaded to elect you if they had seen what a homely man you are, shaved or bearded."

He laughed at this sally, but insisted on keeping as much of his homeliness as possible "under hair."

In a private note Bishop McTyeire reminds us that sixteen years ago we remarked that Bishop Marvin's nose stood on his face as the nose of Calvin is painted on his. We believe we did notice that, but we do not see that our engraving quite brings out that characteristic. But it is a capital likeness.

"On his first appearance in the Conference room after his arrival," said Bishop Paine to the writer, "I saw him come in and take a seat on the rear bench in the corner of the Church. His attire was common and worn, and his hair was untrimmed, and his beard long, and covering his face. I called Bro. Doty to me at the platform and told him to take Bishop Marvin to the barbershop and clothing store, and have him in order for the ordination next day.'' Mr. Doty reports as follows: "On his arrival in the city he put up at a boarding house. I procured an invitation from my host, Hon. W. H. Foster, to stay with me. He was very poorly clad and I took him down into the city and dressed him in a Bishop's suit at a cost of sixty-five dollars. I then proposed that we go to the barber-shop, as Bishop Paine had suggested. This he pleasantly declined.''

Joshua Soule refused an election to the Episcopacy on a question of Episcopal privilege and prerogative, and was not ordained till the Conference re-invested the office of Bishop with the appointment of the presiding eldership. Wilbur Fisk declined his election entirely and finally, on a question of personal conviction as to his providential work in another field and his better adaptation to it. These are the only two instances of such character in Methodist history. A third instance was pending in a serious doubt in the mind of Bishop Marvin—a question of conscience. It is narrated by Rev. O. R. Blue, of the Alabama Conference:

> My acquaintance with Bishop Marvin began at the General Conference held at Columbus, Georgia, in May, 1854. An incident, trifling in itself, but characteristic of the man, drew me towards him, and made me wish to know more of him. After that I saw or heard little of him, until I met him in the Conference room at New Orleans on the day after he was elected Bishop. As soon as I found he was present, I went over to where he was sitting alone, and congratulated him on his election. He replied, "I don't know that you can congratulate me." When I asked why he said this, he answered, "I don't know that I can stand up there and say I believe that I am called of God to this office." "Well," said I, "if any man ever could truly say that, I think you are the man." I then told him that, before leaving home, without correspondence or consultation with any one, it was strongly impressed upon my mind that he

was a suitable man for the Episcopal office; that when I got on the train and talked with other delegates whom I found there, they had similar impressions, even though they had never seen him; and that when we reached Mobile, where many of us spent the Sabbath, I found a large number of delegates of the same views, none of whom had corresponded with any other on the subject. This statement seemed to cheer him then; and four years ago he told me in this connection, that I had done him more good than any other man living; that the statements I then made had relieved his mind, and opened his way to ordination as a Bishop.

Mr. Vandeventer reports the same remarkable history, with additional incidents of it: "I saw him soon after his arrival in this city. He looked troubled and was in some apparent doubt as to whether he ought to accept the election. He did not know that he was in any specific sense 'called' to the office and work of a Bishop. He could regard it as the call of God in the sense in which he had often been called from one place and position in the Church to another by the voice of his brethren, and by the economy of the Church, and which indications in the line of duty he had not hitherto felt at liberty to disregard. The office sought *him;* he did not seek *it*. He had a keen perception and heavy sense of the responsibilities involved; and in making up his mind prayerfully, to be ordained, it was with the expressed hope and belief, that *he might multiply his usefulness in the Church through his relations to the preachers*. In what a marvelous manner, and to what an enlarged extent, have his wishes in that regard been realized; and they will yet be, more and more."

"On Sunday morning," writes Mr. Doty, "after prayers and breakfast, I accompanied Bishop Marvin to the residence of Mr. Thomas Price, where all the Bishops met to arrange for the ordination. He was rallied about his beard by Bishop Wightman. Bishop Andrew stopped that. It was on this occasion that Bishop Wightman asked him, 'Where did you graduate?' The reply was, briefly: 'Nowhere.'" The ordination sermon was preached by the venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce. Bishop Andrew, the Senior

Bishop, had ordained him Deacon—twenty-three years after his hands were laid on the same head, Bishop-elect. Appropriately, Rev. Dr. Sargent's words shall describe the occasion:

> At the ever memorable Conference of 1866, when he was elected on the first ballot, on invitation of Brother Prottsman, I accompanied him to the office to telegraph to our new Bishop his election. He was supposed to be at Marshall, Texas. To the surprise and joy of all he arrived in New Orleans that evening. I was at once introduced, and found him overwhelmed and trembling with emotion and quivering with the humility and modesty which our ordination service ranks so high in qualification for the ministry. How gladly would he have been excused. Yet he who had consecrated all to Christ, gave himself in this also, and was blessed. I stood over him, in the Carondelet Street Pulpit, when he was solemnly ordained and the three who were with him, and had fellowship in their deep emotions. I had, as the French say, "assisted" at twelve previous General Conferences, in the consecration of ten other Bishops; but had deeper feelings at this than on those occasions. My heart clave to all, but especially to Marvin.
>
> After the Conference adjourned and all were gone, we two remained for nearly a week in daily communion, and both preached twice interchangeably at Carondelet and Felicity Road, so that neither could hear the other. But every intercourse then, and subsequently, led me to "esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake," until, to my deep sorrow, "God took him."

Andrew Monroe and W. M. Rush, presented him for Ordination. "At the close of the service," says George M. Winton, a Missouri delegate, "we came forward to greet him. In the hearty hand-shaking, as I passed in turn, I addressed him as *Brother* Marvin. Some one said, 'Say *Bishop*.' 'No,' interposed the Bishop, 'say Brother Marvin. That's right. It suits us old friends best.'"

"Brother Marvin," says Dr. Morris, "arrived in New Orleans the day after his election. I met him at night in the Conference room. There was no appearance of elation. He seemed to be as humble as ever, and full of deep seriousness. He said nothing to me about his election. As for myself, I was so glad to see him, after so long a separation, that I hardly thought of his being a Bishop-elect. I was not present at the ordination—being appointed to preach on that Sunday in the city of Baton Rouge. He presided in the Conference for the first time after his ordination, with that gentle dignity and quiet self-possession, for which he was always so eminently distinguished."

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE COLLEGE OF BISHOPS.

His age at Consecration—Personal appearance—The Episcopal College of Southern Methodism—Its first Western Bishop—Providential manifestation—Personal relations in the College of Bishops—The history of his election self-interpreting—His views on the Episcopal office—Methodist Episcopacy at the North and South—The veto power—Dr. Smith's Soule-Memorial sermon—The Constitution of the Church—Testimony of the Fathers—Constitutional Episcopacy tested by trial and maintained intact.

BISHOP Marvin entered the College of Bishops in the twenty-fifth year of his itinerant ministry and in the forty-third year of his age. He was the youngest man of the College, and his elevation to the Episcopacy was at an earlier age than any of his colleagues except Bishop Soule, who, in 1824, entered on that office at the same age, and Bishop Andrew in his thirty-eighth year. The next youngest in years and date of consecration was Bishop Pierce—in his forty-fourth year.

His bodily presence, when a Bishop, appears in the engraving which fronts these pages. Since the other likeness was taken, when he was pastor at Centenary Church, twenty years of time and wasting toils and cares had limned the more angular contour and deeper lines and shadings of the face, photographed at San Francisco in 1876, and copied by the engraver of the full length picture. It shows still the jet black hair, but shorter cut, and more distinctly the stray lock of the roach which used to detach itself in the action of pulpit delivery. The beard was not clerical in the former time—not till a few years later in camp life, his allowed to grow. His posture was somewhat inclined forward in motion and the step hitched a little, as if there was labored movement of the limb, as there was of the lung, which in public and private discourse at intervals caught spasmodic respiration. In erect posture he stood six feet and one inch in height and stood square on his feet. The color of the eye was dark grey, and the features, in repose, not animated —accustomed to self-introspection, and thought lighting up the face and flashing from the eye, only when it was bodied forth in the flow from his lips and at the full tide of impassioned utterance.

Within the period of the separate existence of the Methodist Church, in the South, during thirty-three years, eleven Bishops have been elected and consecrated to that high office. Joshua Soule was the first President of the College. In his membership of the Board of Bishops in the undivided Church, he was the seventh in that "regular order and succession" dating from Wesley, which, Francis Asbury said, "I have traced," and adds: "Let any other Church trace its succession as direct and as pure, if they can." He honored the succession to which the biographer of Bishop McKendree bears testimony: "What a rich legacy has the Methodist family, North and South, in the character and labors of their early Bishops! And while we should never be proud of our succession, we have certainly no reason to be ashamed of it. May it ever be so in every branch of our Methodism!"

With Joshua Soule was associated Bishop Andrew in the link of connection of the Southern Methodist with the earlier and original Methodist Episcopacy, both adhering South at the organization of the Southern Church and making the organization complete as well as legitimate—the Church furnished with the Episcopal incumbency and the first General Conference with a Constitutional Presidency. At that Conference Robert Paine and William Capers were added to the College; in 1850, H. B. Bascom; and at the Conference at Columbus, Ga., 1854, George F. Pierce, H. H. Kavanaugh and John Early. Since the accession to the number in 1866, one other only, John C. Keener, has been added. Before Bishop Marvin entered the College, two of the number, Bishops Bascom and Capers, unlike except that both were great and illustrious, had passed away. Into such succession and colleagueship, Bishop Marvin with his associates in the election of 1866, Bishops Wightman, Doggett and McTyeire, was brought.

At the Conference of 1866, the representation of the West in the College of Bishops was a foregone conclusion. That claim was made and urged at the two preceding Conferences. It is understood, that at the election in 1854, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Boyle would have been chosen, except for the infirmity of an inferior memory, an effect of typhoid fever. In 1851 he had been brought down to death's door—his recovery attributed to a wonderful prayer by Wesley Browning. For some years after, with all his other mental faculties in full strength, his memory was very much impaired and was never fully recovered. In 1858, at Nashville, Bishop Marvin was solicitous and active in bringing forward Caples for the Episcopacy.

In devoted and disinterested friendship and with a higher motive, in sincere conviction of the high qualities and marvelous powers of Caples, he earnestly sought his elevation. He had talked of him in all the circles of private intercourse. If he did not in fact procure for him an appointment to preach at McKendree Church with a view to make him known personally and in his greatest strength, his pulpit-power; yet he tells us that he looked to that occasion with such an end. Caples broke down in the sermon and the hope of his friend failed. The sermon, which was a failure there and then, was one of his grandest, he said, having heard it not long before at St. Charles, in Missouri. So far as there may be predictions in casualties, not connectional, but Annual Conference fields were the appointed work of Caples. At the time, however, the physical disability under which he preached had comment only in pleasant raillery on the General Conference pulpit-scare and its qualm of the stomach.

But in the life of godly men there is providential destiny in their history. The reader has seen the first meeting of these two men, in 1842, at the frontier line of the Far West. The divine finger, then invisible but revealed in the subsequent history, pointed out the younger man whom Caples found sitting alone at the Camp-fire as the man of destiny—not Boyle in 1854, nor Caples in 1858, but Marvin in 1866—for the first representative of Missouri Methodism in the Episcopal College and first resident Bishop on the west bank of the Mississippi.

There is another index of Providence, it may be, pointing out the same destiny. Both were delegates elect to the General Conference for 1862. Caples was bound by his parole of honor, as a prisoner of war, to remain in Missouri. Marvin made his way through the military lines to be in his seat. The Conference did not convene, and he was compelled to remain in the South. There he began the wonderful itinerary and ministry—which had culmination in the Episcopal ballot of 1866.

The history of the intercourse existing in the College of Bishops is disclosed by a message to his colleagues from the death-bed of Bishop Andrew: "Tell the Bishops to maintain that harmony and love among themselves that has always existed among them." Of the standing and influence of Bishop Marvin in the associate body, Bishop Paine has testified: "respected and trusted." Of his personal relations, it is proper to speak only of the dead—of Bishop Soule, whose hand conferred upon him the highest order in the ministry, as an Elder in the Church of God; and of Bishop Andrew, who made him a Deacon, and pronounced the word of his consecration as Bishop. Holding both in the most profound veneration for the exalted purity of their character and their eminent labors, he had for the one the sentiment of highest admiration; for the other, of warmest affection. The latter, it is known, he looked to as an adviser, confiding in his sound and experienced judgment and in the fidelity of his friendship, which ante-dated long years their Episcopal colleagueship. Their reciprocal confidence and love had practical exemplification in the designation, already noted, of Bishop Marvin as the biographer of Bishop Andrew.

The facts in the history of his election are self-interpreting—the manifest providential direction and control; and equally manifest, how the spirit of the man entered into the history, from first to last. Obeying rule, prompt, decided, self-denying in duty and devotion to the Church, with faith in the presence of Christ in the Church and providence over the ministry, looking for open doors and entering them without hesitation and without fear, as without gainsaying — in this way of his feet he became, as in leadership among the sons of Jesse, manifest unto the Church as one of its chief pastors. It was mentioned to him, and seemed preposterous. It was seriously commented upon, and his reply: "I am not fit for it." In the disturbed condition of the country and peril of the Church, he favored, as a much needed and useful agency, the newspaper enterprise in the hands of Mr. Patterson, who delayed final arrangements, anticipating events at the General Conference and awaiting its action. He was to render aid in editorial work. "He told me," says Mr. Patterson, "he preferred that we should go on with the paper."

It was the fact that he did not seek the office. It was the least virtue of the history that he did not. "If he had sought the office," says Bishop Paine of Bishop McKendree, "he would have been unworthy of it." The history of his acceptance of it, in like manner, indicates the man—modest, humble, godly. The incidents are peculiar, but in their significance have distinguished parallel in the annals of Methodist Episcopacy. Bishop Roberts was "overwhelmed" by his election, and Bishop McKendree was "dejected." His biographer adds, significantly: "*His diary is silent here.*" Silence on that event, by which, it is said, "he was like one stricken by a bolt from the sky," was broken by this diary-entry: "At times I felt resolved not to submit, but when it came to the point I was afraid to refuse, I dare not deny. And while still deeply conscious that I did not possess qualifications adequate to the important station; yet, confident of support from my brethren, and relying on divine aid, I reluctantly and tremblingly submitted." The unfeigned conscience in these godly men compelled acceptance of the office.

The same conscience was in Joshua Soule, and compelled refusal of it at his first election, in 1820. Never was the office more highly honored than by that act, and by its acceptance afterwards—at first, in protest that the office should ever be at the cost of the barter of principle; and filling it only when the lustre of official honor and personal integrity were blended rays, and official fidelity could have sanction and support of the magistracy of conscience. At the same point of the inviolate ascendency of principle, the acceptance of the office was held in abeyance in 1866, as in 1820. "I do not know," said the Bishop elect at New Orleans, "that I can stand up there and say that I am called to the office of a Bishop." Whatever infirmity otherwise may appear in this hesitation, there was none as to the majesty of personal integrity and the supremacy of conscience. How the difficulty was solved has been said. In the solution, "the will of the Lord Jesus Christ" became apparent. That ended hesitation. To accept was duty.

Bishop Marvin had occasion to publish his views concerning the Episcopal Office. They are in accord with the established understanding of the Southern Methodist Church respecting its nature, duties, and powers.

Among the questions at issue in the great disruption of the original Methodist Church, in 1844, was the form of its government, and, particularly, the *status* of the Episcopacy. The subject has been thoroughly examined. It was discussed at the time at large, on the floor of the General Conference, and, subsequently, before the highest judicial tribunal of the country. In the early years of his ministry it was brought directly to his notice. One of his very first votes at an Annual Conference was on that question, affirming the Southern view; and during the course of his ministry subsequently, the causes of the division continued to be a practical question in his pastoral administration. His views were intelligent and mature, as they were decided and earnest. After the lapse of nearly thirty years, in the first years of his Episcopal administration, the question recurred in a practical form, in connection with the overtures made by the Board of Bishops of the Northern Church, looking to the reunion of the Churches. The reply by the Southern Bishops in the correspondence at St. Louis in 1869, and by resolutions of the General Conference of 1870, at Memphis, had attracted public attention. In following years informal fraternity in marked instances had occurred, and the question of organic union continued to be pushed on the Southern Church. Since the separation a new generation had come on, and there was liability to the public mind of the country and the Church being misled by those plausible overtures. Under these circumstances, an article from the pen of Bishop Marvin appeared in the April number, 1872, of the *Southern Review*, discussing the question of the reunion of the Churches, North and South. It is considered and opposed in the light of the original causes of division. Among them, he specifies the doctrine of the majority of the General Conference of 1844 in regard to the Episcopacy. The Southern view is concisely stated and vindicated in the following quotation:

> Incidental to the question of law there arose, in the case of Bishop Andrew, a question as to the *status* of Bishops in the Methodist Church, which developed a radical difference of opinion between the majority and the minority of the Conference. The opinion never obtained among Methodists anywhere that the Episcopacy was a distinct *order* from that of Elders. Indeed, the Methodist Episcopacy flowed from a Presbyterial fountain. It sprang from Mr. Wesley, and he was never, by virtue of a formal ordination, anything more than a Presbyter. The Bishop is distinguished from other Elders only by a special provision of the Church in which he holds his office. His *status* is determined by the legislation and usages of his particular Church.
>
> Certain leaders of the Northern party, in 1844, affirmed the doctrine that Bishops were only officers of the General Conference, the same as book agents and editors, and might be appointed and removed at will, for any cause. They were the mere creatures of the Conference, which might do what it pleased with them, and as it pleased. On this ground it was maintained that Bishop Andrew might be deposed without any form of trial, for any reason, no matter what, and in the most summary way.
>
> Against these propositions the minority took issue. They asserted that so far from Bishops being creatures of the General Conference, their office originated before there was any General Conference. Mr. Wesley was, in the providence of God, the Bishop of all the Methodist Societies in the world; that is, he was their Superintendent, for that is what a Methodist Bishop is. In fact, Mr. Wesley preferred that title. He designated Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury for this office in America. Dr. Coke he ordained in England, and authorized him, on his arrival in America, to ordain Mr. Asbury. Mr. Asbury, indeed, submitted his case to his brethren in Conference, and was not ordained until they had approved his designation.
>
> Thus the history of the office shows it not to be the creature of the General Conference at all, but to have sprung from another source. The written law makes it a part of the very organism of the Church. Its existence and functions are guarded with great jealousy by the Restrictive Rules. Both by the written law and by uniform usage it is a fundamental, organic part of the Church. The Bishops, then, are not mere officers of

the General Conference, but a coördinate branch of the government with the Conference. They are at the head of the executive department of the Church. The functions of their office, as defined by law, clearly show this to be the case.

The fact of their solemn ordination, together with the character of the vows required of them, is inconsistent with the hypothesis that they are mere officers, removable at will. You cannot think of a Book Agent or Missionary Secretary being ordained with such forms, or put under such vows, as a condition of entering on his office.

That the tenure of their office is not the the mere will of the General Conference, is further evident from the fact that a form of trial of Bishops is a part of the statutory law of the Church. They can be deposed only under form of trial, upon being found guilty of some act adjudged to be sufficient to disqualify them for their high office.

The Bishops are at the head of the executive administration of the Church; but they are not mere administrative officers. They have a pastoral function, the care of all the Churches. They are to promote, by all rightful means, the peace, purity, and growth of the Church. In the Annual Conferences they are not mere presiding officers, with power to station the preachers; they are also pastors, whose duty it is to promote all the interests of religion according to the wisdom that is in them. Their executive authority is great. In them are lodged the tremendous forces which are to keep the vast itinerant machinery in play. The organ of such forces must be well placed. It cannot be efficient as a side attachment. It must be at the heart of the organization, and fixed upon a stable foundation. Doubtless its powers must be duly limited, and regulated, too, as they are by the laws of the Church.

Legislative bodies need, also, some checks and balances upon them. Unlimited range of functions is dangerous in any body of men. Nothing is more common than hasty, ill-considered legislation under excitement. The distribution of powers between legislative and executive organs is always wise. Neither one must be the incident of the other. Each must inhere in the constitution of the body. Each must have an organic position in the Society.

The Episcopacy is integral in the structure of Methodism; not accidental. It is an organ of the Church itself, and not merely of the General Conference. The doctrine of the majority in this, as in other cases, was radical and disorganizing; that of the minority, conservative and tending to order and stability.

Bishop Marvin has expressed the opinion that the views respecting the Episcopacy held at the South are so radically opposite to the Northern view, and so important and vital, as to justify and require the separate existence of the Southern Church. Since 1844, the divergence of view and practice has widened. Pursuing the direction marked out for it at that time, public sentiment at the North has reached extreme opinions, developing considerable strength in favor of an elective Presiding-Eldership and a quadrennial term, in lieu of life-tenure, in the Episcopal office. Practically, Episcopal oversight has been diminished. Proportionately to the number of conferences and numbers in society the per cent. of diminution has increased, since the division of the Church, constantly and largely. On the contrary, at the South, as shown by the statistics, the old ratio of a Bishop to about each hundred thousand members and to a small Episcopal district has been uniformly maintained. The *N. W. Christian Advocate*, an official organ of the M. E. Church, at date 1871, giving a tabulated statement concerning the proportion of Bishops to members and preachers since the year 1808, appends the following comment:

> Our membership is to-day nine times what it was in 1808, and we should at the same rate have at least eighteen Bishops, even if amid the vast enterprises of every sort there were no more call for Episcopal services now than there was half a century ago. All the advantages of travel nowadays are far more than counterbalanced by increased demands upon the Bishops. Our preachers, too, are nineteen times as numerous now as in 1808, and if we had Bishops in like proportion we should have at least thirty-eight in active service now.
>
> The Church South confessedly feels the power of her increased superintendency, and our laborers on the border and in the South are lavish in their presentations of the ever-present and tireless energy of their Episcopacy. If, in any place, the Church South outstrips us, it is through this power. To a membership of 568,595 they have ten Bishops—about the proportion we had in 1808; and at the same rate we would have, as said before, eighteen. They have 2,546 preachers, we four times as many; and with Bishops in equal proportion with them we should have forty. The Episcopal Church, with a membership of 220,000, has fifty-one Bishops. Had we them in the same proportion, we should be able to count three hundred.

In the Southern Church, before and since the separation, the ancient usages and the constitutional prerogatives of the Episcopacy have been jealously guarded. Since its separate existence, legislation has tended to foster the institution, in its integrity and efficiency. Prominent among measures of legislation is the Veto power of the Bishops, to which allusion is made, with approval, by Bishop Marvin in the foregoing extract. In itself and in its legislative history, that provision of Discipline indicates the sentiment which distinguishes the Southern Church in favor of a strong Episcopacy; and, more especially the recognition of it as an integral part in the structure of the government. That measure was originally introduced by Rev. Dr. Wm. A. Smith; and Rev. Dr. L. M. Lee was the author of the report recommending its adoption at the General Conference of 1870. Their views differed concerning the nature of the measure: By Dr. Smith held, that the power of veto was an existing and inherent Episcopal prerogative, and the *proviso*, the formulation and regulation of it; by Dr. Lee, that it was a new power conferred by that action; both agreeing that it was a wise and proper investiture. In either view, under the operation of the Restrictive Rules, the measure required the sanction of the Annual Conferences, which pronounced in favor of it by an unanimous vote.

Another source of information respecting Bishop Marvin's views on the Episcopal Office is the sermon by Dr. Smith on the occasion of the death of Bishop Soule, delivered in Centenary Church, at St. Louis. He had himself been requested by the Preachers' Meeting to preach the sermon, He replied, recommending Dr. Smith for that service, particularly in view of his fitness as a more immediate cotemporary, and his ability to set forth the representative character of Bishop Soule. The sermon has been published. It is stated in the preface that several of the Bishops joined in the request for its publication. It was heard by Bishop Marvin; and its interpretation of the Constitution of Episcopal Methodism, it is the understanding of the writer, was approved by him.

The views held by Bishop Marvin, it is supposed, accord with the interpretation of the Methodist system of government by the earlier Bishops, as contained in their writings and illustrated by their administration. A clear, full and most authentic history of the government may be found in Bishop Paine's late work, "Life and Times of Bishop McKendree." That publication has received general endorsement and the high sanction of a place in the course of study for the preachers. The review covers the first fifty years of the government—the year 1808 a cardinal date, called by the author "an era in American Methodism." The preceding years were an era of development in the government—in 1808 readjusted, receiving legislative definition, and placed under constitutional protection. The import of that action Bishop Paine has embodied in the following concise statement:

> It completed the work begun in 1784, by placing the Articles of Religion, the General Rules, and the Itinerant Episcopal form of Administration, as well as the rights of preachers and members, beyond the control of the Annual and General Conferences, except under certain "*limitations* and *restrictions*," and reserving the Articles of Religion from their control forever. This act, giving constitutional permanency to the fundamental principles of Methodism, was crowned by the substitution of a delegated representative body in the place of mass-meetings of the Elders.

In the above statement, 1808 is connected with 1784, as supplementary to it. In effect, perhaps, it may be said, that the one date was the tentative, and the other the perfected organization of the Church. Particularly, the legislative department was radically modified, amounting to reconstruction of the government. The General Superintendency was not created; but was only formally recognized in its place, as a co-ordinate branch and supreme executive of the government, and its powers secured in constitutional permanency. In general, the marked changes are likened by Bishop Paine to the civil history of the thirteen colonies in the adoption of a Constitutional Union in the place of the Old Confederation. The act of 1808 was in a real sense and in large measure organic. It has, hence, been denominated by Bishop Soule a "Constitutional Compact;" and by Dr. Charles Elliot, in his Life of Bishop Roberts, "the Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Such is the accepted interpretation of the restrictive regulations; and, it is known, by the adjudications of the highest civil courts, as well as in the history and jurisprudence of the Church, it has been recognized as the fundamental law. The organization of 1784 was substituted and superseded by the Constitution of 1808. In that compact, hence, is to be found the adjustment of the several departments of the government and a definition of their powers, respectively.

In two notable instances the powers of the Episcopacy and their security under constitutional protection have been under review, and have been construed and determined, definitely and with emphatic decision. One was at the third delegated General Conference, in 1820, in connection with the Presiding Elder controversy, and the passage of resolutions joining the Annual Conference with the Bishops in the appointments to that office. That action is reported with great fullness and authority of statement by the biographer of Bishop McKendree. The passage of the resolutions was the triumph of a protracted effort, begun eight years after the inauguration of the Episcopacy in 1784, to diminish its powers and limit its executive prerogative. This action was openly, officially, and strenuously resisted by Bishop McKendree. His dissent was on grounds which contained the strong assertion of both the independence and the supreme executive powers of the General Superintendency. The resolutions were suspended after their passage for four years; but the Bishop had prepared a paper to be submitted to the General Conference, substantially in the form of an Executive veto, pronouncing them unconstitutional. In another paper the grounds of the decision are specified, asserting for the Episcopacy a delegated trust alike with the General Conference as the law-making body; as, therefore, a separate and independent department of the government, and secured under the protection of the Constitution from any modification or abridgment of its powers, except in the form prescribed in the sixth restrictive rule, or, as he termed it, *eo nomine*, "the sixth article of the Constitution." In the same paper, which was an appeal from the action of the General Conference to the Annual Conferences, as the original source of all powers of the government, he argues against the measure itself; asserting the necessity of strong and undivided executive control, as the condition of an efficient Itinerant General Superintendency and of the integrity of the Methodist itinerancy. "It is the duty of the Bishops," he argues, "to travel through the Connection at large, '*to oversee* the spiritual and temporal interests of the Church.' But to oversee or superintend implies power to overrule or manage business officially." Otherwise, in a following paragraph, it is added, "there would be no propriety in requiring the Bishops to travel through the Connection at large (say six thousand miles) annually, 'to *oversee* the business of the Church;' nor could they justly be responsible for the administration while thus deprived of official control; for, although they might travel through the Connection and see abuses, the instructions of different Conferences clashing, their Presiding Elders administering differently, and coming in contact with each other in the execution of discipline, their interference would be unofficial and of no effect."

The position taken by Bishop McKendree received strong support, and was brought into impressive prominence by the conduct of Bishop Soule in reference to those resolutions, in consequence of their passage resigning his election. In a letter addressed to Bishop McKendree the situation is stated in the following extract:

> The Constitution, which secures her government and guards the *powers* and *privileges* of her ministers and members, I have ever held sacred. To touch it *in any other way than that which is provided in the Constitution itself*, awakens my sensibility, and gives me indescribable pain. In this state of things, the important question is, *How shall I act?* O, that wisdom from above might guide my decision!
>
> I was *elected* to the office of a Superintendent when the *constitution* and *government* were *untouched;* but by an extraordinary train of occurrences, between my election and consecration to office, a law has been passed with special reference to the Episcopacy, which, in my judgment, transfers an important executive prerogative from the Episcopacy to the Annual Conferences, and which law I cannot conscientiously administer, *because* I firmly believe it to be unconstitutional, and therefore doubt my *right* to administer it. If I receive the imposition of hands, under these circumstances, without an open and honest declaration to the body which elected me, how shall I sustain the character of INTEGRITY?

Accordingly, he addressed a communication to the College of Bishops, which was subsequently laid before the General Conference, declaring, in his own words: "Under the existing state of things, I cannot, consistently with my convictions of propriety and obligation, enter upon the work of an itinerant General Superintendent." His determination was upon two grounds of dissent—"the Constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church is violated, and that Episcopal government which has heretofore distinguished her, greatly enervated." "I was elected," he adds, "under the *Constitution* and *government of the Methodist Episcopal Church* UNIMPAIRED. On no other consideration but that of their *continuance* would I have consented to be considered a candidate for a relation in which were incorporated such arduous labors and awful responsibilities."

The suspension of the resolutions was continued for four years more, and in 1828 the anti-Episcopacy party was powerless. The resolutions were both unconstitutional and revolutionary; not only in an unconstitutional mode divesting the Episcopacy of its executive prerogative, but destroying the function of a General Superintendent, in any substantial sense or efficient way, "to oversee"—to enforce the rules, to preserve uniformity and harmony in administration of discipline, to correct errors, to restrain abuses, and maintain the peace and order of the Church. The question to whom the Church is indebted for preservation from these evils threatened to be introduced into the polity of the Church, Bishop Paine has answered—"To William McKendree and Joshua Soule." Of the action of both true, what he says of the honest conviction of the latter—"fealty to the delegated General Conference would be treason to the Church."

The dust of these grand men and noble Bishops sleeps in the same grave, under the same monument—there, "side by side, the Cavalier and the Puritan, one in Christ; and hard to tell, which was the nobler, the purer, the more useful man and minister." The oration at their reinterment in the campus of Vanderbilt University, associates their names in this reference:

> The General Conference met in Baltimore, in 1808, at a critical juncture. Dr. Coke was in England, not to return; Whatcoat had died; Asbury, the only General Superintendent, was worn with age and toil, and felt that his work was done. Like the first leader of Israel, his solicitude was for a successor, like-minded with himself, and who would naturally care for his people. Before he went hence he desired to install him, and to see the polity and doctrines of American Methodism secured under a Constitution not subject to the caprice of Conventions. In his Journal for May, 1808, the patriarchal man notes these two events with the joy of a *nunc dimittis:* The constituting of a delegated General Conference, meeting once in four years, to make rules and regulations for the Church, under wise restrictions and limitations, "and the electing dear Brother McKendree Assistant Bishop. The burden," he adds, "is now borne by two pair of shoulders instead of one; the care is cast upon two hearts and heads."

> That was a happy coincidence—a double gift; for with the Constitution came the man who thoroughly understood it, clearly expounded it—and, when it was in danger, saved it.
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> As Elijah had his Elisha, so McKendree's mantle fell upon Joshua Soule. The latter took up the work where the former left off, and carried it on in the same spirit. McKendree had associates in office—he stood not alone, as Asbury had done, in old age and feebleness. But though holy and useful men, *they* were not equal to the perils that beset the Church in 1820–24. A man of clear vision and firm hand, as well as of good heart—a standard bearer like himself—was wanted; and Joshua Soule was raised up. How he stood in the breach then and afterward, our history gratefully records.

That history records the sentiment of both 1820 and 1844. Bishop Marvin has stood reverently at that mausoleum of the author and expounder and official guardian of the Constitution. The sentiment survived in him—of Joshua Soule in 1820: "To every man who spoke to me on the subject, previous to my election, I unequivocally declared my entire adherence to the old-established plan, and that *I stood or fell with the Constitution and the government.*" On a similar issue in 1844, it was the same spirit and the same sentiment: "I will not be immolated on a Northern altar, neither will I be immolated on a Southern altar; but I take my stand on the Constitution of the Church. If it perish, I will perish with it; but it shall never perish, while in my power to preserve it."

The stout words of these men were not cheap sentiment. Soule's pen, recording the first utterance, signed away, at the time, an Episcopal ordination; the other cost reproach and obloquy in 1844. That befel McKendree in 1820—a peaceable man, but conscientious and brave, "he yielded," says his biographer, "everything but principle to peace." In consequence, it is said, "many hard things were said and written against the Senior Bishop. * * The most mortifying circumstance was that his motives were impugned and the Discipline denounced as 'anti-republican,' 'popish,' etc." It is added: "Against such accusations he could not condescend to make a public and formal defense of himself." In his journal he wrote of it: "Until that time I had, so far as I know, the confidence and affections of the preachers generally, but after that I had to feel the effects of an astonishing change. Old friends met me with cool indifference, or with retiring, forbidding reserve, and sometimes even with rudeness. My best-intended movements were misconstrued—sometimes converted into faults or magnified to my disadvantage and to the injury of the cause which we were mutually bound to support."

The O'Kelly outcry of 1792 has had a prolonged echo. It filled the ears of Asbury and McKendree. Since 1828 it has had a feebler utterance; but it has not been altogether silent. Their successors may not escape wholly. Bishop Marvin did not. Meeting their fortune, he exhibited the virtues of illustrious predecessors — their firmness and moderation, their discretion and fortitude; like them, sustained by conscious rectitude, and more concerned about personal integrity and official fidelity, than popular clamor. To a company of friends in Upper Missouri, who were solicitous for him, and who approached him to know what he proposed to do, he replied: "Nothing. I shall take care of my character. My reputation will take care of itself."

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN TEXAS.

Episcopal Residence—First Round of Conferences—Indian Mission Conference saved—First preaching—Funeral sermon of Gov. Allen—Ante-railroad travel in Texas—On the road—"Charioteers"—"Go and preach"—Roadside Dinner—The night sojourn—Notes by the way—First sail on a sloop—The Insurance Agent—Texas sense—Quarterage-Bacon—At Conference—Religious tone of sessions—On guard to purity of the Church—Three sessions of Northwest Texas—Division of Conferences—Transfers—East Texas Conferences—Organized Colored Conference—Two Conferences held at once—The German Work—Reminiscences of War Itinerary—New Church at Galveston dedicated—Texas Conference—Educational Work—Publishing Interests—West Texas—Revival—First Conference pulpit—Mexican Border Mission—Hernandez—Missionary platform—After-Conference labors—Testimonial.

THE Texas delegations had been most prominent and active in promoting the election of Bishop Marvin. At once, he was formally requested to locate his home in that State, with assurance of an Episcopal residence to be provided for him at whatever place he might select. The correspondence on the subject is highly honorable to both parties. The active competition for the location of his residence in various parts of the West occasioned him great perplexity. Acting under the advice of Bishop Andrew, he fixed it in Missouri, at St. Louis, from which numerous and urgent solicitations had come. In the West, generally, there was a felt want of adequate Episcopal oversight. He undertook to supply it, at the cost, it will be seen, of extraordinary personal privation and consuming labors. In Texas, his ministerial service extended over a period of about five years, and his Episcopal oversight during three visitations, in which he remained in the State and traveled through the Conferences for five or six months at each visit. They were embraced in his first Episcopal tour and assigned to him in the plan of Episcopal visitation for two years consecutively, in 1870–71, and 1871–72.

After the adjournment of the General Conference, he returned to Marshall, and continued in charge of the Station till the first of August, preaching three times on Sunday—in the afternoon, as usual theretofore, to the colored people. The intervening time till the sessions of the Conferences in the fall, he spent in traveling and preaching; everywhere, it is said, winning souls to Christ.

His first Episcopal tour contained augury of the wonderful career he accomplished—in administration and in pulpit performance unsurpassed by any record in his subsequent history. The Indian Mission Conference was the first over which he presided. The situation in that Conference and how he retrieved it make a marvelous record, unparalleled in his own or any other Episcopal administration, except that of Coke, the first Methodist Bishop. The Missionary Board had not been able to make any appropriation, and the people were utterly impoverished by the war. The disbanding of the Conference seemed inevitable, and was suggested. He rescued it. He sent the preachers to their Circuits and charged himself with their support, drawing on himself for five thousand dollars, payable in quarterly installments, and traveling throughout the Church during that year, collecting the money to meet the drafts. That extraordinary fact is narrated in simple terms by one of the leading members of the Conference, Rev. Young Ewing:

> I first met Bishop Marvin at the session of the Indian Mission Conference held at Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory, in

the fall of 1866. He informed the Conference that at the meeting of the Board in May, it was ascertained that they could not do anything for the Indian Mission Conference for another year, and it was proposed to discontinue the Conference, upon which Bishop Marvin said, if the Board would allow him, he would undertake to sustain the Conference for one year by personal effort, and would raise five thousand dollars for that purpose. And well did he fulfill his promise. I may say it is to Bishop Marvin that we owe our existence as a Conference to-day. This act of itself made a lasting impression upon my mind. During the deliberations of the Conference he manifested a wonderful interest in the Mission work. He seemed to take in at a glance our condition and wants. There was also a manifest determination to meet the necessities of the Conference.

It was my good fortune to be with him about two weeks upon that occasion. When the Conference adjourned he went with me and remained nearly a week at my humble home. I can never forget his visit at my house; he made himself so interesting to my family by his conversation, kind disposition; and, above all, his songs and his prayers still ring in our ears and impress our hearts.

His first year in the Episcopacy was signalized, also, by the most distinguished success in the history of his pulpit, at any time before or subsequently. It was on the occasion of the funeral obsequies of Gov. Allen at Shreveport, June 23d, 1866, under the direction of the municipal authorities, by whom he was invited to preach the sermon. The Rev. Mr. Doty reports it:

He stood upon a table at a corner of one of the streets of the city of Shreveport, and discoursed to, perhaps, five thousand persons. His theme was the Resurrection. The crowd stood nearly two hours, not being aware of the time. I never saw such interest manifested by such an assemblage. The sun poured down intense rays until it was almost scorching heat, but all were silent as eternity. Youth, mature age, and hoary heads, stood in breathless silence, as the man of God pictured the last day and the great throng meeting the Lord in the air. I have heard Bascom in his prime; Pierce in his happiest efforts; Munsey in his unexampled combination of logic and fancy; and Beecher in his happiest efforts; but for power and effect, this effort exceeded them all. The hardest hearts were softened; the dryest eye moistened. The feeling was intense and general, extending to the outskirts of the great multitude. There was something in his voice that was pathos itself.

The travel of Bishop Marvin in Texas antedated the railroad period in that State. "The horse," he said, "was still a Methodist institution." The preachers came to

Conference on horseback and in buggies and carriages. He relished the scene and his own participation in it. That was the manner of his own travel—conveyed from Conference to Conference by the brethren. Their courteous attention he has warmly acknowledged, and chronicled their skill as charioteers—so he called them; not omitting panegyric of the good team, which, he said, a Methodist traveling preacher ought to have, and, if he can, will have. Even McLean's mules are made historical; the best of mules, he wrote, but said, also: "Is a mule as good as a horse? No!" On an occasion, other than in Texas travels, he made a charioteer glad, but only for a moment, with the compliment: "You are the best driver I ever knew;" adding, "you can hit every stump in the road." Graves, of Texas, had a similar but sober compliment, which, however, he credited to his span of horses—"the best I ever drew a line over." At places the road had been badly washed by the rains, with deep gulches on either side, and only a few inches for the wheels to play on. The Bishop was nervous, in spite of Graves' protest that he could keep the track, and had jumped out of the buggy twice, into mud half way up to his boot-tops. After the adjournment of the District Conference, as he took his seat in the buggy, he said to the bystanders: "I'll keep my seat hereafter with Graves, as driver; he can go just where he says he can."

Incidents of travel abound in his Texas Itinerancy, in 1870 and 1871, which he communicated at the time to the columns of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, to which credit is hereby given for much of the matter of this chapter. His letters serve the uses and have the value of a diary. On the road occupies a large space—much of local and transient interest, but much, also, containing interesting passages in his history, and furnishing indices of personal and official character.

One of the Texas preachers was his traveling companion from St. Louis to Texas, in 1870. He went as a transfer, then a young man; in St. Louis, taken to the Bishop's house, and to accommodate the straightened pecuniary circumstances of the young preacher, he changed his route of travel, after having procured his own tickets. The preacher tells at large of the singular kindness of the Bishop, and how the accommodation to him occasioned delay at Fort Smith—detained there for twenty-four hours, among drunken Indians, in a leaky old house, with poor fare and intolerable beds, and, worse than all, the prospect of missing his appointment at Sherman. The young man was distressed. The Bishop comforted him, but did not spare the railroad officials.

Bishop McTyeire has said that he had never known him to exhibit petulance but once, and that was impatience at a friendly chiding about his over-work. By the failure to reach his appointment at Sherman, at least, he was much put out.

> I was grossly deceived by the advertisements and by private statements of the representatives of the line of travel to Sherman, Texas, *via* Pierce City and Fort Smith. Woe to the traveler who has important engagements to meet and depends on their statements. He will inevitably suffer for it. To be deceived by advertisements is bad enough, but when you apply to officers of railroad and stage companies, and can get no truth out of them, and are thereby involved in trouble and grave embarrassment, it is a great trial of your patience.
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> It is a fatiguing trip. But that I was prepared for, and make no complaint except that I was deceived as to time, so that instead of reaching Sherman on Saturday morning, as I was promised, it was one o'clock P. M. on Sunday when I arrived. Thus I was involved unwittingly and unwillingly in Sunday traveling, and also missed my appointment.

It has been said that, in all his itinerary from Ocean to Ocean, and from the Gulf to the Mountains, there is note of only four instances of failure to meet appointments—three of them in Texas, in week night appointments at Bastrop and Lagrange and a day late at the session of the

Trinity Conference at Sherman, in 1871. There are several solutions how he contrived to be so uniformly punctual—one, a simple solution, is furnished in his hard travel, in 1870, from Sherman to the seat of the Trinity Conference at Jefferson.

> The history of Monday and Tuesday is soon given. Rain and mud, with their incidents, give the whole story. Our road was soft and the load so heavy that on Tuesday night dark fell upon us ten miles short of Jefferson, the seat of the present session of Trinity Conference, which was to convene on Wednesday morning at nine o'clock. Our team was thoroughly jaded and the night so dark as to put traveling out of the question. Yet we had ten miles of mud to make, at the rate of two and a half to three miles an hour. A gracious Providence put us with an excellent Methodist family, who permitted me to arouse them at three o'clock, and the good sister gave us coffee a little after four. By a few minutes after five we were on the road. A waning moon beyond the clouds mitigated the darkness for us, day soon dawned, and energetic driving brought us to town by half-past eight. Thanks to a merciful Providence and to kind friends.

The line of travel from Conference to Conference was marked by appointments to preach. In 1870 the weather was extremely cold. "I should call it winter," he said, "in Missouri." At the East Texas Conference he contracted a severe cold, from which he suffered much pain, causing, he said, oppression upon the lungs beyond measure, and producing great hoarseness. He was entirely disabled by it from appearing in the pulpit one Sunday. Nevertheless, he undertook to fill the pulpit at the week-night appointments made for him along his route of travel. These occasions are too numerous for particular mention, ranging from three to five times a week, ending a day's travel of thirty or forty miles with a sermon at night. On the travel with Rev. J. M. Binckly from Sherman to Jefferson, one hundred and eighty miles, is a specimen of the customary week's work in his Texas tours, holding for him two Quarterly Meetings on week days, at Kentucky Town and Harrel's Chapel; at the latter place preaching twice, and twice on Sunday at Sulphur Springs, with an address on Saturday at the laying of the corner stone of a Church at Greenville.

Notes by the Way are voluminous and various—grave and gay, full of humor or full of pathos; all of them a reflex of the man. There is frequent mention of the roadside dinner—the following, one of the most notable: "The Conference at Waxahachie closed on Monday night. Tuesday morning I started for San Marcos, to meet the West Texas Conference. For two days I traveled with Brother Carpenter. L. B. Whipple and R. J. Perry and their wives were of our party to Waco. At noon we stopped for lunch. The first thing I knew a fire was kindled, and three coffee-pots were produced, one out of each carriage. We had a most abundant Texas lunch. All sorts of good things came out of the lunch boxes. The occasion was delightful. A fine flow of feeling produced a fine flow of chat. There were just enough to make a party. Sam (Brother) Hutson drove up with his family and accepted our hospitality. The three coffee-pots and the three provision boxes were fully equal to the demand upon them. Eight men and women and three hungry boys were abundantly fed in the wilderness (if a prairie may be called a wilderness)." At his lodging-place that night, Bishop Marvin appears in the midst of the preachers in an attitude, which will be recognized all over the connection—in the zest and charm of social intercourse. Brother Davis, a Scotchman, was notified that the Bishop would be at his house on Tuesday night, and Carpenter, the charioteer on the occasion, insisted upon making the appointment good, though the Bishop saw that the accumulating crowd to stop at the house would overwhelm the host, and proposed to stop a mile short at another house. At this point our extract begins:

At about sunset we *piled* in upon our host.

But poor Graves! we had out-traveled him, and when he drove up no persuasion could convince our landlady of the possibility of making room for another soul. We were sorry for Brother Graves, and more especially for his wife and babies. But there was no help for it. They had to seek refuge in a little cabin off the road, where they were hospitably received; Graves and his host sleeping in the cotton pen, and giving up the cabin to the ladies.

For the rest of us we had about as pleasant and social a crowd as ever fell together on the return from Conference. There was Perry and his wife, Whipple and his wife and little son, King, Peeler, Carpenter, and "the undersigned." There was much talk—talk about Texas; about the Indians and the early times; about camping out; about wolves and robbers; about last year's work and next year's prospect; about quarterage and missionary money; about the railroads and the new conditions arising in Texas; about class-meeting, pastoral labors and conversions; about promising young men coming on in the Conference; about transfers and a hundred things. Thus we sat around a blazing fire, conversed and enjoyed fellowship of saints.

After prayers the ladies retired to their room, and three beds in the sitting-room were prepared for seven of us. Then came more talking, in which it came to light that Peeler was inventing another plow. The quarter of a million of dollars he made on his first invention is all gone, except some three thousand acres of Milan County lands. These are not very salable now, being remote from timber, though they are of the richest, and some day will be valuable. All the rest of his property the war swept away. So he is inventing another plow. By the way, he offers a thousand acres of land to any Bishop who will move to Texas.

Besides our crowd, two other travelers spent the night here, having got in ahead of us. One of them was a Bell County planter, and the other a civil engineer, engaged in railroad surveys in Texas. He was about the *civilest* engineer I ever encountered. He had just whisky enough on board to make him obtrusively and pertinaciously polite. Our host, however, soon got him into another room, and he went to bed early, greatly to our relief.

His narrative is spiced with some amusing anecdotes. In his first travel on a sailing craft, from Corpus Christi to Indianola, he gives the following note from his log-book:

It is well enough to make a trip by schooner once in a lifetime, just to see what the thing is, but I should advise no man to make a business of it, unless business made it necessary. There are no accommodations on board; everything is in close quarters. The Captain, one sailor (I suppose he might be called the mate), and a cook constitute the crew of one of these vessels. There are four bunks for sleeping, intended to accommodate two men apiece. The kitchen is not over four feet from floor to ceiling. The cook is literally a *squatter*, and I suppose his authority in the kitchen is supreme, so that he furnishes a striking example of *squatter sovereignty*. Over the kitchen is a hatchway, which is open except in foul weather. Through this the squatter straightens himself up occasionally.

The men knew that I was a preacher, and on the first day the "mate" seemed disposed to "show off." He evidently tried to say the most wicked things in the most wicked way. But he overplayed his part, and a reaction followed. On the next day he was evidently ashamed of himself, and took a good deal of pains to show me polite attention, and forebore all profanity in my presence.

My fellow-passengers for the greater part of the way were negroes. There was a man and his wife with three children, and two other men. One of these, a light mulatto, had run on schooners a good deal. This man was the oracle of the party; the others were on salt water for the first time. The deference they paid to his wisdom was "beautiful to see." The other was a young man, of perhaps twenty or twenty-one years, and as black as charcoal. He came to me soon after we got afloat, and spoke very politely. "Parson," said he, "is you gwine to Corpus Christi?" Upon my answering affirmatively: "Dat's in my *circus*, too," he added.

On a Gulf steamer from Galveston to New Orleans, he encountered an Insurance Agent, or, rather, the agent fastened himself on to the Bishop, who narrates his part in the scene in the following extract:

In two or three instances, I think I sat three or four hours just saying No. Perhaps it was not so long as it seems to me to have been. Possibly it was not more than an hour, perhaps not half an hour, but it seemed to me a long time. I think, upon reflection, it must have been four hours. During all that time I only said "No." I attempted no justification of myself against the wrong-headedness and wrong-heartedness of my course. I admitted nothing, denied nothing, but just said, every time the point of issuing me a policy was reached, "No." I said it quietly, but I said it. I find it does not do well to put too much force into your negative, if you are likely to have to maintain it long. If you have to say no against a forty-horse-agent power for four hours at a stretch, just place yourself well and be quiet. Waste no strength in argument. Say nothing but the invincible word, No. Say it calmly, but decisively. Never falter. If you find yourself about to falter, run for dear life, like Joseph from Potiphar's house; run, if you have to leave your coat behind you. Once you begin to waver, your only safety is in your heels.

I made up my mind several years ago to these three negative things: First, never to allow a peddler to open his budget, or even lay it down, in my house; secondly, never to subscribe for a book that is to be published, nor for anything else that I have not seen; thirdly, never to insure my life. I have positive ideas, and have reached positive negatives, on these points. I pity the man who does not know himself in the presence of the agent. I advise him at once to take to flight, unless he is well assured of his power to say, No.

In one of his letters, is a homily on "Texas sense," which he duly lauds for practical wisdom—overdone, sometimes, he must have thought, as illustrated in an anecdote he picked up, and which he used to relate with the mingled humor and indignation, which appear in the printed narrative, in which he first told it:

I must tell you that, first and last, I have learned "a right smart" in Texas. Among other things I have gained some information on the subject of religious economy. For instance, it was a Texan, who, during the war, when Confederate money went down to twenty for one, consoled himself that, at any rate, it was good for one thing—*it would pay the preacher*. On this trip I have met with another case which is too rich to remain in obscurity. I am assured by several credible witnesses that it occurred literally as follows:

A Steward in one of the best Circuits in the West Texas Conference contributed, as quarterage, one hundred pounds of bacon. Now, bacon was ten cents a pound, but at the quarterly meeting the brother brought in his bill, charging fifteen cents. Objection was made to the price. The brother acknowledged that if he had taken his bacon to town he would not have thought of asking above ten cents for it. Upon being asked why he charged the preacher more than the market price, he gave, in all simplicity and seriousness, this reply—that all he gave to the Church was exactly so much *treasure laid up in heaven*. It was important to put his bacon at a big price that it might swell that account as much as possible. I gave it up. This exceeded any case I ever heard of in Missouri.

To augment one's treasure in heaven by a sharp transaction with the preacher was a bran new operation. The preacher was to be fleeced that this dear brother might be rich in eternity. He is quite a prosperous planter, and they say his account in heaven is small—uncommonly so for a Church member of his means. He feels the importance of making a little go a good way.

How this species of thrift may prosper in the matter of heavenly treasure I shall not undertake to surmise. But I can imagine I see the old brother stand by, in the great day, when his account shall undergo revision, and insist upon the full credit for fifteen cents a pound. Will it be allowed?

Well, well, Bishop Andrew says that human nature is a great rascal, any how.

The first session of a Texas Conference over which Bishop Marvin presided, was at the Northwest Texas Conference. It was signalized by a remarkable revival of religion. From the first, what characterized his Conference Presidency throughout its history, he sought to make the session a season of grace. He stressed that point in his talk from the chair, in his prayers, and by the example of his own pulpit ministrations and attendance on special devotional exercises. Notwithstanding the burdens of office, he was present at the early morning prayer-meeting, and was rarely, if ever, absent from the Conference love-feast. An elevated spiritual tone of the Conference was promoted and enjoyed by him. It appeared and often had peculiar expression during the routine of Conference business. In an account of the East Texas Conference, at its session in 1870, he wrote: "The preachers seem to me to be consecrated men. An excellent tone of feeling is prevalent in the business sessions and in the public assemblies. The brethren are praying for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit during the session. I feel that God is near. His presence hovers about us. It is good to be here. The gracious assurance, 'Lo! I am with you,' has fulfillment even here. He is faithful that promised." In similar terms he speaks of the West Texas Conference, in the same year: "The Spirit of God was on the Conference. 'Odors of Eden' filled the very atmosphere. The business was transacted with a sense of the overflowing love of God. 'It was good to be there.'"

It so happened, in 1870, that his attention was directed by extraordinary circumstances to the subject of the purity of the Church and the necessity of a pastorate, itself spiritual, and fearless and faithful to acquit itself of responsibility in the care and culture of the Church. He had read in a New Orleans newspaper of a raffle and even a horse-race, to raise money at a Catholic Church festival. At Austin he learned the certainty of the notorious "St. David's Hops;" a resort to the revel of the ball-room for the benefit of an Episcopalian Church of that name at the State Capital. It came nearer to him and poignantly, when he heard that preachers, some in each of two Conferences, had attended the circus. Another preacher had come to him with the candid confession of having lost spirituality. These incidents became the occasion of the most severe rebuke and most solicitous and faithful admonition known to the history of his pastorship of the preachers, the temper and tenor of which may be gathered from the following extracts:

> There were many revivals in this Conference last year, some of them very extensive. The preachers, for the most part, are devoted men. Many of them are men of deep experience in the things of God. There was one, however, a sincere and earnest man, who complained to me of a loss of spirituality since the earlier years of his ministry. Alas! that this should ever be so, especially in the case of a man who ministers in holy things. How shall he feed the flock if he himself be unfed?. Oh! for the power of the Holy Ghost upon the life of the ministry. We must be holy. We must not only preach holiness, but experience and live it. Mr. Wesley would never have done a great work just by preaching holiness. The power of his preaching was in his own character. So it will ever be.

The other extract is a more painful and an indignant remonstrance:

> I have encountered one thing here which is, I believe, without precedent in the history of traveling preachers. Two members of the Conference had been to the circus. I write this with hesitation. But it is a *fact*. Indeed, one of them was quite an old minister, a man of high standing. I was amazed. The fact is, there has been a good deal of looseness in this particular. The members, and, perhaps, even local preachers, had been attending circuses in this country with impunity, until the demoralization had reached the pitch indicated in the fact which I have named.
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> The Conference did what seemed to it necessary to recover the Church from this malady of worldliness. It was sad to see a man of gray hairs called to account in the Conference for going to the circus. But the deed had been done, and the Conference could not overlook so grave an irregularity. I hope never, while my head is warm, to hear of another *Methodist pastor* so far forgetting all the proprieties of his character and position.

But what caused me the profoundest grief was the information that reached me afterward, that at the Trinity Conference this very offense had been winked at. I heard nothing of it while I was there, or it would not have been passed over in silence.

These cases are the more noteworthy and aggravated, occurring as they did, so soon after the solemn deliverance of the General Conference on this subject. This Supreme Council of the Church, by vote, constituted the Bishops its organ to give an authoritative utterance against "fashionable and worldly pleasures." The Pastoral Address thus put forth placed the circus in the category of "such diversions as cannot be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus." And now these reverend Elders in the Church of God, who have been bound twice by solemn ordination vows "reverently to obey those to whom the charge and government over them is committed, following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions," deliberately contemn the voice of their chief pastors—the voice not only of their Bishops, but of the General Conference. The measure of guilt involved in the violation of ordination vows I will not undertake to determine. For one, I should hesitate long before I could take the sacraments of religion at the hands of those who have done it.

Is the flock to be fed by such shepherds? Is Christian character among us to be formed by such teachers and exemplars of it? Surely this evil can proceed no further.

Two sessions of the Northwest Texas Conference were held by him at Waxahatchie, the seat of a Conference school, bearing his name—Marvin College. The third was held at Corsicana, of which, he says, it was a most delightful session in every respect. The Chairman of its delegation at the late General Conference, reporting his labors in Texas, says, in the concluding paragraph: "He presided three times over the Conference of which I am a member, and I hesitate not to give it as the voice of my Conference, that he sustained himself admirably, in the chair, in the cabinet, and in the pulpit. I esteem it as a favor from God that I have been blessed with his company and counsel, and the Church with his labors. When shall we see his like again?"

At its session in 1866, the East Texas Conference, under authority from the General Conference, divided itself—greatly, says Bishop Marvin, against my views. He instances the division of the St. Louis Conference, in 1870, as a parallel example of the evil of too great haste in dividing Conferences. In the division in Texas, the Trinity Conference got, he says, the lion's share, leaving to the other Conference the old name and most of the hard conditions and impracticable territory. In the work of the Conference there is faithful and self-sacrificing effort, but necessarily a feeble movement and meager results. He reports the stationing work, especially, as exceedingly perplexed; put to it, is his word, to supply principal places; greatly in need of transfers, and having them, but not of a kind to relieve, but to embarrass the situation.

> Texas does not get the character of transfers she needs. Very good men come, but in most cases they are too old, and have heavy families. The question of support for large families in this new country is a very grave one. When a transfer is announced, with eight or ten embarrassing *circumstances* on his hands, the appointing officer of the Conference is in hot water at once, and the transfer himself is fortunate if he does not find himself in hot water in a short time.

Under such circumstances, it is known to all who have sat with him in the stationing-room, what a strain there was upon his sensibilities, and how acute his sympathies—what he himself has disclosed of it, at the Conference held at Carthage, in 1870: "In the stationing work I gave due attention to every doubtful case, and decided everything with deliberation and prayer. I heard of but one brother afflicted in his appointment, and he did not complain in any bad spirit. I trust the Lord will greatly bless him in his work this year."

A prominent measure of his administration at the Carthage Conference was the organization of a Colored Conference, composed of twenty members, of good material, who had done good work, and starting off well, as a separate Conference. On this occasion it came to his knowledge, how in Texas, as in other parts of the Connection, the disintegration and absorption policy of some of the Bishops of the M. E. Church was in operation—among the negroes, he notes it, as an alliance with political reconstruction and in active political partisanship. It is known, how in his correspondence, at the time, that policy and its perverse methods were thoroughly exposed, and with scathing rebuke. Among the Germans it was prosecuted, and prospered by the aid of a rich Missionary treasury. The German preachers, who were corrupted and went off, were called by those that remained by the soubriquet, "Greenback preachers." Real injury was inflicted on the German work—some of the Circuits badly disorganized. In his two visits in 1870 and in 1871, he bestowed much attention on it, and it will not be forgotten by the devoted men, who stood incorrupt and faithful, how they were helped and enheartened by him in dark days of trial and poverty.

His visits at the East Texas Conference were of great personal interest. On his first visit it was held at Marshall; and on the second, he took his old station in the route of travel to Carthage, of which he makes the following interesting mention:

> At Marshall I spent several days in delightful intercourse with old friends. I have great cause of affection toward the people of this place. It was my first home after the war. Just at the time of the "break-up" I landed here with my family. Everything was in confusion. Labor was disorganized. The future was gloomy. The prospects of the country were forbidding. Yet, from the moment I took charge of the Church all the wants of my family were met, and we have never had a more comfortable support than we had at Marshall. It was a great treat to meet them once more.

It was a Quarterly Meeting occasion; and at his two sermons he was greeted with crowded congregations, and had fruits of his pulpit ministry, and a pleasant hour with the Sabbath-school children. He had similar pleasure in his visit to Jefferson, in 1870, at the session of the Trinity Conference, which he speaks of as the most delightful he had ever attended. He was the guest of his good friend, John C. Murphy, whose open-handed and habitual hospitality to the servants of God he had largely shared. He adds:

> My visit here brought up reminiscences of the war time. During the war I assisted Brother McLean, who was then in charge here, in a protracted meeting. This was over six years ago. It gratified me deeply to find much of the fruit of that meeting remaining. The work was not evanescent.
>
> After the close of that meeting Brother McLean and I held one at Kelly Town, four and a half miles from Jefferson. This meeting interested me greatly, especially in one feature of it. Brother G. A. Kelly, who was the proprietor of a foundry, and carried on a large business, dismissed his hands several days to attend the meeting, paying them their regular wages the while. It was a rare instance of subordinating business to religion, which impressed me greatly. Before leaving Jefferson I visited them again, and preached one evening. I found that this man of God has prospered in grace and business. He has come to be one of the wealthy men of Texas, while he is still the simple-hearted man of prayer he was six years ago, and, as I verily believe, holds all his property in trust for God, and uses it in such way as he sees to be most for His glory. He both devises and executes liberal things. He devotes large amounts of money to the cause of Christ. The *Home Advocate*, which is on your exchange list, costs him a considerable sum annually. He is the proprietor of it.

Two of the sessions of the Texas Conference were held at Galveston. There and at Houston he bestowed much labor and wise and careful Episcopal oversight, as was his uniform policy and practice at chief centres of trade and population.

In 1866 he brought to the station at Galveston Rev. L. M. Lewis, under whose administration the present imposing and costly church edifice was projected, and which was ready for dedication on his second visit in 1870. He had transferred to the charge Rev. Dr. Walker, after the completion of a long continued and eminent pastorate at Carondelet Street Church, New Orleans. At the time first appointed for the dedication the house was not quite finished. He held, however, protracted services for several days, including a watch-night meeting in the old Church, which had been erected thirty years before by Dr. Summers, the first pastor—a monument of his pioneer labor in Texas. The dedication took place in February, on the second Sabbath. Two hundred chairs were brought in and still some were left standing—the congregation estimated at one thousand. As to the sermon and the collections, discouragements accumulated upon the occasion, among them a Texas Norther. Nevertheless, the collection was one of the very largest in his record of such occasions—$12,000 raised in the morning, and the balance, $3,500, brought up by Dr. Walker at night, and the Church dedicated, out of debt. The religious services were protracted during the week. The history was marked by the affecting incident of the death of his host, Mr. T. H. McMahan, who had been among the most active and liberal in the erection of the new Church and worshiped in it just seven days—during the week of the meeting which followed. He was the most prominent man in the city and with larger affairs on hand than any other, he was the only business man that attended on the morning prayer meetings. The meeting was to him the finishing touches of grace, "his soul overflowing with the love of God; happy in death and joyfully submissive, 'made ready for his great reward.'"

His administration at the Texas Conference was signalized by the active and helpful part he took in the educational work of the Church. The session of 1870 was held at Chappell Hill, the educational centre of the Conference, the seat of Soule University and of the flourishing College for females, bearing the name of the place. At that Conference the measure was proposed to unite the Texas Conferences in the establishment and support of one college of high grade. He advocated it in an earnest address at Conference, and remained in Texas to preside at the Convention, called in pursuance of the action of Conference to meet at Waxahatchie, April 5th, 1871. At the next Conference, at Galveston, he presided at a meeting of laymen of the Church in that city, met to form a joint stock company to provide the endowment and complete equipment of the proposed University. At that meeting, also, like liberal plans and in the same form were inaugurated in behalf of the Publishing interest of the Conference. These movements commanded his highest admiration and enlisted him in the most spirited co-operation. He advocated those measures publicly and privately. In behalf of the *Advocate*, he canvassed for it, and the editor said in its columns, "making the best agent in the field."

The West Texas Conference, at the time of his visitation was young and small—written down by the Bishops as on the "outside row." Its frontier work was exposed to the depredations of Indians, and, literally, the Church was militant; the preachers equipped with carnal weapons, traveling their Circuits belted with pistols or gun on their shoulder, ready to preach to white people or fight the red skins. The condition of the Conference aroused the deepest interest in the mind of the Bishop, as a reproduction of the heroic days of the earlier Methodism.

The sessions of the Conference were characterized by remarkable religious interest. Sunday, at San Marcos, in 1870, was "a high day;" beginning with a rich lovefeast, and at night mourners, conversions and additions to the Church. A contributor mentions the topic of his Sunday morning Conference sermon at the Conference at Seguin, in 1866—the earliest record of the Episcopal pulpit at Conference, except one on Friday night, at the same Conference, on "What is Man?" etc., of which an old brother said: "Well, I never before thought I was much; but since hearing Bishop Marvin's sermon, I have concluded I am something." On Sunday morning the theme was Sanctification—good, but rare at that hour. In his later ministry he has frequently preached on that subject by request; one of such sermons heard by the writer, in which he vindicated the harmony of his exposition with the Wesleyan theology, and Mr. Wesley's experience and dealing with the subject. The Rev. Dr. A. R. Winfield, of Arkansas, furnishes the following note: "I wrote to Bishop Marvin, requesting his views on Sanctification. His reply was certainly one of the finest things I ever read. He stated his views in twelve propositions, and they were plain, concise, and unanswerable. I read them to Bishop Pierce, and he said they were the best exposition of the subject he had ever seen, and gave the best definition of sanctification he had ever heard. I have read them to several other persons, troubled on that subject, and they invariably gave satisfaction." The doctrine is standard, and ought to be plain to a common understanding; but it is known how vexed and perplexed it has become in the hands of class-room theologians. The Texas preacher furnishes this note on the sermon: "After the sermon, I told him that, according to my understanding, he had advanced one position, which was not correct. He replied: '*Well, sir, I hope you will come to a better understanding!*' He called on me to defend my position. I cited one passage of Scripture. He explained that away. There the matter dropped."

His labors in Arkansas began with his army-history. They have had large space in these pages. He held one session each of the Conferences in that State, in 1867. Of the session of his Conference, Rev. Dr. Winfield says: "His visit will never be forgotten by us. We never had a deeper religious impression made on our Conference. Our preachers have been more consecrated ever since. His preaching was truly evangelical, and his Missionary address was of the finest order. He has hosts of army-converts through this State. He was the John of Southern Methodism."

His Episcopal administration began in the Southwest. It was signalized at its close, as at its beginning, by his missionary spirit; opening it as the Savior of the Indian Mission Conference, and closing it as the Founder of the Mexican

Border Mission Work. That history transpired at the West Texas Conference, in 1871, held at Leesburg, and is furnished by his own pen, in a modest narrative:

> Two important facts have occurred at the present session. One is the occupation of an outpost on the Rio Grande. The town of Laredo bids fair to become an important railroad centre. It has already one thousand American inhabitants on this side of the river, and a considerable Mexican town has been built up on the other bank. The place is growing rapidly and is even now the centre of a very attractive business. The *Laredo Mission* appears for the first time in our minutes. The missionary appointed to the work is one of the best men of the Conference. He speaks the Spanish language with good facility, is a man in middle life, tried and true. Several members of our Church are already there, established in business, and others are going this winter. They hope to be able to build a Church in the course of the year. With the blessing of God we hope to build up a strong society at this place.
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> The other fact is the reception into the Conference on trial of Alejo Hernandez, and his ordination for the missionary work among the Mexicans. Our brother Hernandez is an educated Mexican, brought by strange providences to the knowledge of God, and by equally strange providences brought into our Church after his conversion. Few cases on record illustrate more impressively the grace of God.
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> He is held by our brethren, both lay and clerical, who have had large experience with Mexicans, to be a man of singular good sense and poise of character. Brother Wm. Headen, of Corpus Christi, a layman who was a member of the last General Conference, writes to me of him that he "is about thirty-one years of age, and is most anxious to do the work of one called of God to preach the gospel. His education is good. His advantages have been more than fair. His reading has been extensive and well directed since he embraced religion, and his doctrinal views are sound. It seems singular to me that he should be able to make, not only nice, but judicious distinctions in doctrinal points. Such careful distinctions have been made by him in his letters to the Congregational and Episcopal ministers here as are found only of easy utterance by one convinced and thoroughly persuaded of the doctrines, charity and fullness of the gospel. Let me say, in a word, the man is a Methodist.
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> "He is anxious to be ordained both deacon and elder. Our Quarterly Conference, fully persuaded of his piety, discretion, education and love, did not hesitate to commend him to the Conference for both orders."
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> So writes Brother Headen, who knows him well, and so voted one of our most intelligent Quarterly Conferences.
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> Whether these two events—the organization of a mission on the banks of the Rio Grande, and the reception into our ranks of an educated and intellectual native Mexican—may be seed of a great harvest, we commit to

time and to the mercies of God. We have done all for His glory and with solemn prayer and reference to His will. May the seal of His approval appear in the results.

The enterprise of a Mexican Mission had not been authorized by the Board. It was undertaken on his own responsibility, and he made its support his special concern. His published account of the movement brought remittances in aid of it from all parts of the Connection. After Conference, in his travels along the border, he collected for it himself, in "dribs," as he styled it. At the meeting in May, the Board adopted his work; and it has grown to the magnitude, at this date, of a Presiding Elder's district. The following interesting episode occurred at San Antonio soon after the session of the Conference:

I preached from Friday until Monday night, with the usual Sunday services, and a sacramental occasion. An incident of great interest to us all was the administration of the sacrament by our Mexican brother, Hernandez, to four of the converts, who are the fruit of his labors. They came to the table by themselves, he first addressing them in their own language upon the nature of the ordinance. Several Americans present understood the Spanish language, and, with one accord, were gratified to find his instructions so judicious and his statements so accurate. When they came to the table I gave him the elements and he distributed them to the new converts, who for the first time received the bread and wine according to our Lord's own institution, *in remembrance of him.*

This first sacrament in connection with the Mexican Mission I shall never forget. It was witnessed with profound sensibility by members of various evangelical Churches present. We prayed that these might be the "first fruits" of a very great harvest to grow and increase in the hands of the reapers for ages and ages to come. Is not this the handful of corn in the top of the mountain? Shall we see the fruit of it waving like Lebanon? May the Lord of the harvest send forth more laborers, for the fields are white!

Bishop Marvin closes his tour in Texas, in 1870, with the following paragraph—a characteristic utterance:

With the Texas Conference my "round" of Conferences for the year closes. Another period of anxious deliberation is at an end. There is a sense of relief, and in this instance a feeling of devout gratitude—gratitude, not only for personal preservation through the exposures of travel, but also, and especially, for the manifest tokens of the presence of God in the Conferences. The spirit of these occasions has been admirable. The business has been done in the fear of God. There has been a deep sense of consecration to the work apparent among the preachers. The appointments, with very slight exception, if any, have been received in the true itinerant spirit, and these men of God have gone to their fields for another year resolved upon the faithful discharge of their duty. Many of them will be upon short rations, but they are ready to *suffer* as well as to *do* the will of God.

The Conference labors during his three visitations of Texas were exceedingly onerous. It is apparent from his notes, how minute and painstaking was his inquiry into the condition of the work. It is testified by others, how all its interests burdened his heart and employed his speech in wise counsel and earnest advocacy from the President's chair. At none of the sessions was there a representative of the Connectional interests of the Church. He took on himself this work, and represented it effectively on the platform. His Missionary addresses are remembered to this day, both for their money-value and the grandeur of their intellectual character and spiritual influence. One, the most remarkable, for a small town, in its draft on the pocket, through the heart and conscience, occurred at San Marcos. He makes this mention of it:

> The missionary meeting yielded three hundred acres of land, a horse and saddle, and, I believe, over two hundred dollars cash. The horse and saddle were worth sixty or seventy dollars. The land was rated by its donor at one dollar per acre. Brother Seale, who knows the tract, says there is no better land in Texas, and if a certain railroad comes that way, as he thinks it will, the land will be worth, in a year or two, ten or twenty dollars an acre. Seale was appointed a commissioner to get the title and dispose of the land. I told him not to be in too big a hurry to sell.

It is, so far as known to the writer, an exceptional fact—the holding two Conferences at the same time, which he did at the East Texas Conference, at the organization of the Colored Conference, of which he held three afternoon sessions. "It taxed me severely," he says; but there was no limit to his energy and industry, and none to his solicitude to finish up his work, roundly and squarely. He adds: "But I slighted nothing, hurried over no business." At the Conference at Chapell Hill, it was moonless above and black mud beneath, during a storm which continued through the first three days of the session, so that there were no religious services till Friday night. He supplemented the session:

> I am remaining a few days at Chapell Hill since the close of the session of the Texas Conference—partly for relaxation, partly for the purpose of bringing up arrears of correspondence, and partly, also, because the public services of the Conference were reduced almost to nothing during the session by rain, and I have been requested to supplement the religious services of the occasion by remaining over the Sabbath. I am still enjoying the hospitality of Dr. Conner, President of the Chappell Hill Female College, occasionally spending a day or a night among the brethren. I propose also to supplement the Missionary Anniversary. Such was the inclemency of the night that the congregation was very small. Yet the collection and subscription was over seven hundred dollars. I involuntarily contrasted it with the Anniversary at the session of the Missouri Conference last fall. The contrast holds in every particular. Here the weather was "awful," the congregation quite small, the collection liberal—*very*. One brother gave $100, two gave $50 each, and many gave largely for their means.

His after-Conference labors, in preaching tours and pastoral visitation, took him to every part of the State and have record in every variety of ministerial work and Episcopal oversight.

In no part of the Connection, more than in Texas, has Bishop Marvin been appreciated, reverenced and loved. The following utterance by Rev. F. A. Mood, the President of Soule University, in his correspondence with the *Southern Christian Advocate*, will be accepted as a representative voice, for all the Conferences and all the preachers:

> The Texas Conference last night closed its regular annual session. The preachers were more generally in attendance than at any session since the war. The lay members, also, were very generally present, and gave close and interested attention to business. Bishop Marvin presided giving unalloyed satisfaction, both in the pulpit and in the chair. I had never before seen the Bishop, nor heard him preach, though I had heard him frequently spoken of in terms of unqualified praise by the preachers

and people of the State. It was a new sensation—among many others—that my adopted State had in store for me, to hear the tones, to look upon the face, to watch the administration of, to me, a new Bishop. Without going into details, let me sum it all up by saying, he is a great success. The tones of his voice have deep, authoritative resonance; dignity and kindness mingle admirably in his Presidency; his preaching, while eminently evangelical, and in many portions touchingly simple, at every starting point opened up to the mind lines of thought profoundly suggestive, while the whole man is suggestive of a sanctity the farthest possible removed from sanctimonious. All of us who had never before seen him found in him one more man to love.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The voyage on Ocean and return by Rail—Experience at Sea—Acquaintances—By boat and stage to Columbia Conference—Shasta—"The Teuton"—Old friends and former companions in labors—The session of Conference—"Oregon crossed from side to side"—The next session—Projected preaching tour—Sick—"Went as long as I could"—Pacific Conference at Sacramento—The second session—Address at opening—Characteristics of the man and officer—Preaching Prelate—Sheaves—Official communication to the College of Bishops—Sabbath-year—Fruits of Visitation—Seven years afterwards—Last words to Preachers on Pacific Coast.

AT noon, July 24th, 1868, on the steamer Rising Star, Bishop Marvin embarked from New York on his Episcopal visitation to the Pacific Coast. At Panama he took the steamer Constitution, and arrived at San Francisco at sunset, August 19th, just twenty-five days out. He returned by rail, five days to St. Louis; and after a few months' sojourn with his family, was on the Atlantic seaboard, at the city of Baltimore, making the return trip in traveling time less than eight days. He was in California when the last rail of the great Pacific Railway was laid by the Governor of the State—the golden spike, driven by his hand with a hammer of gold into the tie of silver-mounted laurel wood—with each of three strokes pronouncing: "'Tis done! 'Tis done! 'Tis done!" By a contrivance in the use of the telegraph wire, the great bells of the leading cities all over the country, at each stroke, were struck, in echo of the grand consummation. The glad sound from the steeples of the Churches, at the same moment, proclaimed the near neighborhood of shore to shore of a continent. It was an end of California isolation. The Methodism of the Pacific Coast was brought nearer to the heart of the Connection, and within easy reach to Episcopal travel and oversight. Theretofore there had been clamorous demand and actual need for it. The visits of Bishop Kavanaugh were timely; but for his presence and labors discouragement would have been profound, and, perhaps, even fatal, Bishop Marvin testifies. His own followed and forwarded the good beginning. It was at the cost of expensive and laborious travel, and exhausting cares and toils, remaining on the Coast fifteen months, and holding two sessions each of the Pacific and Columbia Conferences, in 1868 and 1869.

The sea voyage was his first experience. It was written about in a characteristic letter; on the whole satisfactory, though the "vast expanse," he complained, was shut in by a narrow horizon; and the "mountain-billows" were only little hills. There was no terrific gale, but the ocean was generally rough; then, the religious services allowed to be omitted. So, he preached once only, with a brief exhortation, after the prayers of the Episcopal service read by the purser, on another Sunday—the other days paying his devotions to Neptune; four days "*bad*," some others "uneasy;" stopping the writing about it because he didn't like to think about it. Otherwise, the voyage was enjoyable—treated with the utmost courtesy by the officers, and having pleasant associations among the passengers. At first he did not recognize a face he had ever seen—"a stranger on strange seas," he thought. Presently, however, he was recognized and accosted by a Mr. Taylor, who used to attend "Old Fourth Street," when he was there with Wesley Browning; and by another, Col. G. Wrenshall Dent, brother to Mrs. President Grant, of an old St. Louis County Methodist family. He had lived in his youth, near the site of the Gravois campground, and introduced himself with the pleasant remark that, when a mere boy, he had heard Andrew Monroe preach from the text, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free, indeed."

He did not lack acquaintanceship from beginning to the end of the trip; wherever he went, meeting old Missouri friends, some of them former parishioners, all along from his first Circuits to his last pastoral charge. On the dock at New York Drs. Deems, Moran and Marshall gave him the parting hand. As the vessel was tugged down the Bay, Brother Young, whom he had labored with in the temperance cause in Texas, shouted a salutation to him from the deck of an incoming steamer. Inside the Golden Gate Brothers Fitzgerald, Simmons and Miller were soon on board of the ship with the hand of welcome, and Brother Wm. T. Lucky was waiting on shore with a carriage to take him to his house, where he enjoyed, he said, the same hospitality he had received "a long time ago" in Missouri. After a sojourn in San Francisco of four days, including a Sabbath, in which he preached morning and night to full houses, at Minna street, he took his departure for Oregon.

The trip commenced with a boat ride up the Sacramento and ended at Roseburg, the seat of the Columbia Conference, with a stage ride, two days and nights; only four hours sleep on the route, and needing the nine hours sleep he took at its terminus. This fatiguing journey he made three times, the last before fair convalescence from an illness of six weeks, which had prostrated him, suspending his labors. One of those journeys he narrated for his Louisiana friends in the columns of their *Advocate*. After it had been written, he was tempted to lay it aside; his pen, he said, having taken such an eccentric turn. It contained a description of Shasta, inspiring the sentiment of sublimity and religious awe recorded on a former page, intermixed, however, with an experience of the ridiculous, to which he had ready susceptibility, and which seized his pen. Other readers will enjoy the description on this page, to be entitled, in the use of the soubriquet his own pen gave—"The Teuton:"

> Two employes of the stage company were out with the driver, enjoying sundry coarse and profane jokes, each of which was crowned with an uproarious guffaw. Teuton and I were left inside, looking at Shasta in silence. I had a fellow-feeling toward him, as one who was awed by the same magnificence, and I thought perhaps he was worshiping God in the presence of his works. The occasion was too great for speech. I had moved to speak once or twice, but words, such as I could command, seemed like impertinences, and I felt as one dumb under a divine presence.
>
> Teuton broke the spell. A few houses and little fields in the narrow mountain valleys were in sight. There was an accent of petulance in the tones of my friend. "Vat in te vorlt does anypody live here for? Dere's noting here. Dey can see noting. Dere's no pizness here. Dey sees no pebles. Noting makes *me* live here. I lives in de city, vere dere's pizness and pebles." O, Teuton! Teuton! were you born on the same continent with Schiller, and Goethe, and Luther?
>
> "Noting to pe seen here!" That was said in the presence of Shasta.
>
> "No pebles." Yes, *people* are great—greater than mountains or worlds. But Teuton has never seen *men* any more than he has Shasta. His eyes have been on both, but he has seen neither!
>
> All at once I saw what life was to my friend. The axle of the universe was in his lumber yard. To be in his little dirty office in the corner of this same yard, to hear of heavy immigration and good crops, to hear of much building and fencing, to hear the tramp of ever-augmenting multitudes, and the jostle of an ever-increasing melee of wagons in "de city," are all great facts to him. There is a happy augury in them all. They are prophetic of a growing lumber trade. "Pizness!"—You ought to have heard the tone in which this word was spoken. I had never before heard it sound so full. I thought it sounded as if a pulse were beating in the heart of it. *Business!* The periphery, the whole sweep and scope of life and destiny are in that word for Teuton.
>
> I looked at him and felt discouraged. But a moment's reflection relieved me. Successful business men are not all of this type. I know many a man who has made more money than this one, who would realize a greatening presence in these sublimities of nature. A man does not necessarily become too metallic through business to expand under the touch of such a wand.

After the foregoing speech of Teuton silence reigned inside of the coach and profanity on the top for some little time. At length the mind of my friend was diverted from "pizness." There *was* something that could achieve such a result—something that could master a spirit unmoved by all this mural majesty. What was that? It was a tight boot! Teuton had, with becoming regard to appearances on the part of a prosperous business man, provided himself with new boots for his pleasure trip. To all his other pleasures on this memorable trip had been added that most exquisite one, so often enjoyed by men who affect nice boots—tortured feet. And now we were suffering an uncommon degree of summer heat. The boot luxury became too exquisite. It was more than Teuton could bear, and he took off his boots.

Friends, I have never been troubled with fastidious olfactories, but I thought for awhile I would be compelled to take refuge on the top of the coach, in the midst of the profanity. But *that* stench was more intolerable than this, and I resigned myself to the consequences, be they what they might. Meantime there was a measure of compensation in contemplating the complacent look of the man as he laid back on one seat and stretched out his two caskets of perfumery upon another immediately under my nose.

After all, Teuton and I parted with mutual good feeling, and I think of him not without respect. I have no doubt he is a man of probity as well as energy, and not indifferent to the social virtues. But I must dismiss him with the remark that there are two things that would improve him vastly as a companion—soapsuds and ideas.

The Conference at Roseburg was held on a campground; significant of the earlier Episcopacy, when "the West," in his boyhood days, had its outer limits along the banks of the Mississippi and lower Missouri. It suited the genius of his piety and his pulpit. He greatly enjoyed the occasion —on personal accounts, also, full of touching memories. Among its members were, Benjamin R. Johnson who had belonged to the first generation of Missouri preachers, and B. R. Baxter who was licensed to preach at his Quarterly Conference on Liberty Circuit, and A. E. Sears at whose father's house near Fayette, Mo., he had sojourned, when he was on his first circuit, and who had been a companion in labors in the Missouri Conference, as had, also, E. K. Miller, pastor of Minna Street, in the Pacific Conference; and of that Conference, W. F. Compton, who had been a co-laborer in St. Louis and assistant preacher one year at First Church. Of the last-named, shortly before his departure to California, the writer remembers to have baptized his boy, giving him the name Marvin. He met, also, in Oregon, among the laymen, Brother Cauthorn, formerly of Mexico, Mo., who makes note of their meeting and the Bishop's labors:

> Last year and the year before, Bishop Kavanaugh was with us and greatly built up the Church; and last September Bishop Marvin came out, and though his stay in this State was short, his labors have been blessed. The ministers and members have been greatly encouraged; and though the anxiety of the people was great to see and welcome him to their homes, no one in Oregon could appreciate his company more than myself and family, for our long and intimate acquaintance, as well as the distance from our early acquaintance, caused my heart to beat with gratitude to the Great Being. Language can not describe my feelings when I saw him with Bro. A. E. Sears (and others) drive up before my door, and to see that familiar face, and to grasp that affectionate hand, was too much for my feelings, and weepings could not be suppressed. He preached five or six times for us, with great ability, and hastened back to California, but expects to return next summer and attend the Conference in this city.

In a private letter to his family, he mentions the session of the Conference:

> We had a precious time at the Conference. Great grace rested upon the preachers and the people. We had a feast of fat things. We had the sacrament of the Lord's Supper the last thing before the appointments were read out. The Lord was present with us indeed, and the preachers went to their work with a feeling of entire devotion to their holy calling. I trust God will give a great blessing upon the work this year. I thought of the sacrament at Centenary Church, where we all communed together just the day before I left home. O, that we may all love God with a perfect heart, and serve Him with a willing mind.
>
> My health is now tolerably good, though I doubt if this climate is going to be very favorable to me.
>
> May great grace abide with you all.

The after-conference labors are narrated by his own pen—given entire as a specimen of a General Superintendent on a tour of observation, as well as of the zeal and fidelity of his pulpit:

> After Conference closed I started for the famous Willamette Valley, which I have now traversed from the head of the Coast Fork down to

Portland, preaching at Eugene City, Harrisburg, Corvallis, Dallas, Salem, and Forest Grove, generally to large, and always to attentive, congregations. At Corvallis I spent several days. There we have a college doing well for a new country. The President and one Professor, Brothers Finley and Emery, are appointed from the Conference. They are choice men. But they need additional buildings, and ought to have some endowment. At this place we have a good society and large congregations.

I spent a Sabbath also in Salem. Here we have no organization. We had once a small society here, and built a small house on a large lot. But the house was sold for only a trifle above what paid the debts incurred, and the society was broken up. Salem is the capital of the State. When I was there the Legislature and the Supreme Court were in session. I had a good hearing. On Sunday night the crowd was great. I delivered my message in the name of the Master, and trust that some good was done.

Here, and at Forest Grove, I found near relatives, whom I had not seen for twenty-seven years, and of whom I had heard nothing for a long time. The meeting was most cordial. It was a return to the hallowed scenes so long past. We lived our childhood and youth over again. O, the heart that is in such a meeting!

To-morrow is the Sabbath. Unexpectedly I spend it here in Portland. The steamer is delayed somewhat. Already I have invitations to preach morning and night, which I have accepted. We have no organization here, but many friends, as we have also at Salem. It is believed by the brethren that if we had the right sort of men for the work, to spare, we might build up strong churches in both of these towns. It is of great importance that we should do so. The one is the commercial and the other the civil emporium of the State. Organizations at these points would be felt all over the State. But we cannot detail suitable men from work already organized.

The preachers of the Northern Church have treated me with great respect and courtesy ever since I came into Oregon. They have really, some of them, taken pains to give me attention. In this respect, I believe I am more fortunate than Bishop Kavanaugh was.

I have now crossed Oregon from side to side, and seen the country about Ashland and Jacksonville, and the Rogue River, Umpquah and Willamette Valleys. With the exception of the important country above the Dalles, I have, in a rapid way, had a view of the State.

He held the next session of that Conference at Corvallis, September 1, 1869. A heavy summer campaign of travel and preaching was proposed, to precede the session; but shortly after entering upon it, he was prostrated by a bilious attack. In June he was in attendance at the Commencement exercises of Corvallis College, at which he preached the sermon on Sunday morning, with a sermon thrown in on Saturday night, and an address at the close of the exercises. At the time he was under great physical debility—such his condition, that the Corvallis *Gazette* reported his telling sermons, and, at the same time, "that in justice to himself, he ought to have been in bed, instead of in the pulpit." He writes from Corvallis, August 28, to the Conference paper of his sickness, and of the work of the Church in that section:

> It was my purpose to write a long communication for the *Spectator* immediately after the commencement exercises of Corvallis College, but I was at that time suffering so much from an inflamed eye that I could neither read nor write more than a few minutes at a time. Indeed, it was about all I could do to read letters and write the briefest possible answers. A dreadful inflammation of the eye set in, with periodical paroxysms of neuralgia, until I was compelled to succumb, and now, for more than a month, I have done nothing but "doctor" myself. With very intelligent medical advice, I am now so far recovered as to be able to write this, and have good hope that I may be prepared for duty at the approaching session of the Columbia Conference.
>
> So far as preaching and visiting the Churches is concerned, I have done next to nothing in Oregon. I feel that the summer is a blank; for what I did do was so imperfectly done, from debility, that it amounted to very little. I could have borne the pain very well, if I could only have done my work efficiently. I have consolation, however, in two facts: First, God can very well carry on His work when I am on the shelf, as He has shown in this case. Second, I went as long as I could.
>
> I have seen much to gratify me in Oregon. The work has been prosperous this year. The increase is greater, I doubt not, than in any previous year; perhaps greater than in any two years. Our College is doing nobly.
>
> The preachers on all the Circuits have had encouraging success—several of them a large increase. God is with them, and they are known and read of all men. He gives His Holy Spirit on the labors of faithful men. The prospect in the future is bright.

After his return from his first visit to Oregon, on October 6th, 1868, he is at Sacramento, where the session of the Pacific Conference, the first at which he presided, was held. In a private letter from that place, he writes:

> My health is not very good; I am perpetually taking cold. So far, this

climate has not proved favorable to me, but they say it will be better after awhile. I hope so.

I have been on this coast now a little over six weeks, and have traveled since my arrival near 1,500 miles by stage, steamer, railroad, and private conveyance, and preached twenty-three times, besides holding the Columbia Conference. I have not preached so often as I did in Missouri; but generally I have had great liberty.

We had a delightful session of the Columbia Conference. Our Conference here begins to-morrow.

That session is reported by a well-known member of the Conference to a friend in Virginia:

Bishop Marvin was at Conference, of course, greatly afflicted with a rising on his jaw, the result of cutting a tooth. He suffered terribly before leaving Oregon, and all the time after his arrival could not wear his teeth; lump on his jaw as large as my fist, and yet in this condition he preached on the Sabbath after his return at San Jose, fifty miles from San Francisco; returned Monday morning, and we went up on the boat together. Opened the Conference Wednesday morning. *Such an address and prayer*. The Conference lasted ten days; had six trials. He presided in every session; and, after the fourth day, the trials were conducted before the Judiciary Committee every afternoon; then the Cabinet meeting at night; and, besides, he preached three times during Conference and the Sabbath after its close. During the latter part of Conference, had his jaw lanced, and his tooth extracted, yet in that condition he did all that amount of work. Three days after Conference he was off to Stockton, fifty miles by stage, where he labored in and out of the pulpit for more than a week. From there to San Francisco, where he had finally to succumb, and go to bed. It was feared he would be seriously ill, but after a week's rest he was again in the field, preaching every night, and laboring privately during the day; health improving. I ought to have said, after his arrival in San Francisco, his jaw was lanced twice, and finally began to yield to treatment. He is preaching everywhere with great power. Grandly has he taken the Conference and people captive. The world has contained few such men as Bishop Marvin.

That was the most remarkable Conference ever held by him or by any other Bishop, as known to the writer, except, perhaps, a session of the St. Louis Conference, at Boonville, in 1853, of ten days' duration, with three arrests of character. Bishop Soule presided, and guided the stormy session with a bold and firm helm. In that case, after the storm, there was a great calm and a purer atmosphere.

The delicate and difficult administration on the Pacific Coast, touching, it may be, at one of the points of weakness and decay, is alluded to, perhaps, in the report by a member of Conference of Bishop Marvin's Episcopal visit: "Besides this, he came to us, in the providence of God, at a time when our Church here, in its stability and very existence, was seriously endangered by a peculiarly threatening aspect of things, the dangerous elements of which none but the hand of a firm, wise and judicious leader could have commanded. The contrast presented by the condition in which he left us is such as to call for the devout thanksgiving to God for *such* a man at *such* a time."

The next session, held at Vacaville, October 6–12, 1869, is reported by the Conference organ:

> This session was one of the most pleasant we have ever held. Perfect harmony of feeling prevailed from the first to the last. Not an unkind or discourteous expression was heard. Brotherly love ruled supreme.
>
> The religious services of "Conference week" were attended by large audiences, and culminated in a wonderful outpouring of Divine grace during the love-feast exercises and the Bishop's sermon on Sunday morning. That love-feast and that sermon will never be forgotten by any who were present. A year of religious prosperity was crowned with a Conference session attended with extraordinary interest. A sacramental service closed the services on Tuesday night, in connection with which seven persons united with the Church.

The opening address is reported at large. The following extract contains personal sentiments, which indicate characteristics of the man and the officer:

> In opening the session, after reading the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, Bishop Marvin said, in substance: I have never approached an Annual Conference with so much interest as I do this. I am no flatterer, but now that I know the preachers of the Pacific Conference, after a year's acquaintance with them, I must say that as a body of ministers they have won my enduring respect and affection. They have everywhere treated me with kindness and respect, without the least approach to servility. My association with you, brethren, has elicited a strong personal attachment for you. Another ground of interest is that we meet after a prosperous year. God has graciously blessed your labors, and I rejoice with you. You will appreciate my candor when I say that I have had

> some fear that damage might result from this session; that the election of delegates to the General Conference might aggravate an old sore. But I am persuaded better things of you. You are here to "seek peace and pursue it." The *Pacific* Conference will realize the significance of its own name. Personally, I am more delicately related to the Conference than I was last fall. You will hold me more directly responsible for the appointments. I am not infallible, but I profess to act sincerely, in the fear of God. I wish to do exactly right. I have no enemies in this Conference. I will do as I would be done by. I foresee complications that will embarrass me no little. Standing face to face with these responsibilities, I feel a profound personal gratification in the fact that I never sought this relation to Methodist preachers.

Great was his boldness of speech—when the occasion called for it, with authority. In it, the Methodist reader will recall the advice of Bishop McKendree to Bishop Andrew, in the week after his ordination: "James, I have not much to say, but I will say this, never shrink from responsibility; for, remember, by this you assume the most fearful of all responsibilities." In the assertion of authority he was sustained by the history of his office: "It is of God, surely," he said to his friends at Marshall, on his return from New Orleans, after the election, "and not of my seeking." Acting in His fear, he had always, also, an abiding and unshaken reliance upon Divine guidance and support. One of his colleagues recently remarked to the writer, as a peculiar fact in Bishop Marvin's administration, that the preachers, in their grievance over appointments and otherwise, did not fall out with the Bishop. Perhaps his address at the Pacific Conference, in part, interprets the singular exemption. The preachers—least as well as greatest, from the youngest to the oldest—all knew that he loved them, "not hesitating," as the same colleague has said, "to tell them that he loved them." It was not in doubt, at all, that he was in sympathy with them—in their trials himself grieved, and exultant in their triumphs. More than all, it was not in doubt, the purity of his principles and the rectitude of his purposes—"to do exactly right." It was the authority of character, and reinforced by the authority of labors; among the laborers as a field-hand in the harvest, and bearing with them the heat and burden of the day.

On the Pacific Coast he was among the preachers, "as Chief," but, more than any of their number, could say: "Behold! I am among you, as he that serveth." He had the influence of both a leader and companion-in-arms, like that of a great Captain on one continent, in the passes of the Alps, who mounted a murmuring soldier on his own horse and took his place in the ranks. On this side of the Ocean, refusing personal aggrandizement, Gen. Lee's command, in personal rule transcending the authority of a Marshal's *baton*, was located in his partnership in the fatigues and fortunes of his followers: "If there is any money to spare, give it to my *private* soldiers." It would seem, indeed, that at the close of the first session, Bishop Marvin had appointed himself to the whole Conference for his Circuit; and, at the next, there was no preacher on the roll who had made so many pastoral visits, preached as many sermons, or reported as many accessions to the Church. He had traveled their Circuits from Napa Valley to Shasta, in the mountains; preached at Minna Street and at a store on Mariposa Creek; filled the pulpit of all principal stations, and held protracted meetings at all chief charges; attended and spoke at College Commencements; paid Churches and Seminaries out of debt; held District Conferences, and preached campmeetings through—at Conference, the wonder of the preachers as worker and evangelist, idolized as a man, and as Bishop, omnipotent.

Surely, this was a preaching prelate. He began, in the wagon road travel of the Pacific Coast, the connection of Conferences by a line of appointments to preach; in cities, and as well at villages and country Churches—on a round of the San Francisco District, connecting the Quarterly Meetings in the same way. Not, since the session of Conference till that round, in January, with E. K. Miller, the Presiding Elder, had he *heard* a sermon; in nearly four months' itinerancy among the circuits, doing all the preaching, most of the time twice a day—on Sabbaths, with a morning prayer-meeting or a love-feast or the sacrament, and always, where there was a Sunday-school, a talk to the children, added to sermons morning and night. On several occasions there is a week's preaching, as at San Francisco, and a week at Sacramento, and two weeks at Stockton—many two days' meetings, and, at a multitude of places, the single sermon. In his official communication to the College of Bishops, in May, 1869, he noted having averaged, since his arrival on the Coast, in the preceding August, fully one sermon a day. In a journal of travel and preaching, covering about nine months, with an entry every day, there is mention of only two rest-days; in one, "lazed about," he said with composure, and of the other, "not satisfied with the day." Festival days were work-days—on New Year's day, out on the road all day, in the rain, in travel to a Quarterly Meeting at St. Helena. This was his holiday-week and his Christmas day:

> We had the benefit of a visit from Bishop Marvin during the Christmas holidays. He preached eight sermons of great power and pathos. Every one here speaks of him in the highest terms of praise. No man has been more popular with us than he. We would like to have him on our coast permanently. If we had him—specially for our Conference—we could well dispense with Presiding Elders. He was in very good health when here. He rode with me thirty miles, on Christmas day, in a buggy, over a very rough, mountainous road, and preached at night one of the best sermons I ever heard. I felt a little sorry for him. We had just eaten our dinners at about five o'clock P. M., not having stopped for anything on the road, and had just sat down to enjoy a little rest, when the bell commenced to ring. "What is that for?" he asked. "For you to preach," I replied. "Well," said he, "I thought I would get one day's rest. I have not missed preaching a day for five weeks." I proposed that he remain at my house and rest, and I would let the people know that he was here, and would be on hand the next day. But no, preach he would.

After his report to the Bishop's meeting, the average *per diem* preaching was maintained in a line of appointments stretching up towards Oregon, for his summer campaign. He wrote of that campaign as a "blank"—in his "line of things" only, it must be understood. It commenced with a sermon at Ashland, the lowermost town in Oregon, on Friday night, after two days and nights in the stage. Having his headquarters at Corvallis, where, on every return to it he preaches, and where once he "broke down" in the pulpit, his first coming there on this tour was preceded by appointments at Jacksonville and Roseburg, and at a campmeeting at Myrtle Creek, and another, called Bro. Elton's; and was followed by two other campmeetings, at Dixie and Brownsville. On July 29th, he had started with Brothers Kelsey and Emery to meet appointments below. The diary-entry of the 31st records: "This morning my eye is in such a dreadful condition and I am so very sick, I am compelled to stop. With deep regret I see the brethren go without me. But it must be as God wills. For me to go is impossible. I have no doubt it would cost me my eye." His pulpit-zeal had only this limit: "I went as long as I could." It was unequalled except by his own in Missouri, the preceding years and the two following in Texas; making a record of five years' preaching, day and night, on sacred and secular days, unsurpassed, if not, also, unparalleled, it may be safely affirmed, in the history of the Methodist Episcopacy, and truly apostolical.

He was in the midst of those labors at the time of the annual meeting of the College of Bishops. Its session was held in St. Louis, by special invitation, and was marked by occasions of remarkable interest, the laying of the corner stone of Centenary Church and the dedication of St. John's. It was spoken of as unique by the Bishops in their reply to the address of welcome at a public reception. Bishop Marvin was directly and earnestly solicited to be present, with proffer of all expenses to be paid, coming and returning, on the Pacific Railway, which had just been completed. His absence was gracefully and affectionately alluded to, especially in the address of Bishop McTyeire, who gave an account of the acceptance of the invitation to St. Louis, and its tender and advocacy by Bishop Marvin—among other things, saying, that he wanted the Bishops to come and take a lookout on the field of the great West. In that look, he was seen at work in those fields — the spirit of it disclosed in the brief paragraph opening his communication to his colleagues: "I have determined, upon mature reflection, with prayer, to remain on the Pacific Coast during the remainder of the year. I forego alike a visit to my family, and the enjoyment of our annual meeting, in both of which I impose upon myself a great self-denial. But I am clear in the conviction that it is for the glory of God, and will conduce materially to the advancement of His cause in these regions."

He had entered upon his labors there with prayer that his coming to the coast might not be in vain—this, an earnest and specific petition: "O! that I may be able so to live and labor as to win souls for Christ." On that tour it was conspicuous, what was the uniform fact in his Episcopal life, that the direct work of the ministry of the Gospel was in his heart and on his hands with the original zeal. It was held superior to the functions of Episcopal office—in his consciousness, as it was in the death-bed utterance of Bishop Andrew: "Make no parade over my funeral; I am simply a Methodist preacher." His sentiment was kindred to that of Jobson, spoken from the Presidential chair of the British Conference: "But we shall not be ashamed of the old title borne by our fathers—that of Methodist preachers. That pulpit is higher than this chair, and no man deserves to occupy this chair who does not think so." Remarkably, in his Episcopal visitations throughout the Connection, in the bounds of every Conference there are converts of his ministry; and it is testified that in every charge he visited in California, there is a living witness to the zeal and power of his pulpit. It is manifest that, for the winter in California and the spring and summer in Oregon, he proposed to himself and sedulously sought, with the planting, an ingathering. In his journal it appears that he kept the account of additions to the Church, as a miser would count his treasure, posting the number at short intervals. In April, the aggregate, as reported to the Bishops' meeting, was one hundred and twenty-four, and reached in all, during that visitation, nearly two hundred.

From frequent entries in his Diary, it is evident that the burden of souls was on his own—protest against a fruitless ministry and agony of prayer for the increase. One of the most remarkable revival-meetings of the Conference year was at Vacaville, the seat of the College, begun under his preaching. The additions, however, in large measure were reaped under single sermons; here and there, up and down the coast, and out in the mountains. He is doing the pioneer-work of Grundy Mission at times; laboring with mourners on the straw floor at the campmeeting, like he did at the Peery campground, or at the puncheon seat of the Country church, like he did on Liberty Circuit. The old spirit of his Presiding Elder-pulpit was upon him in full power; and at the City stations, his sermons, as the official organ of the M. E. Church noted them, "such as ought to lead sinners to the Savior and build up the Church of Christ." In another mention of the spirit of his ministry and the tenor of his pulpit, it is testified: "Everywhere he goes the spirit of Primitive Methodism is begotten in the Church or aroused to newness of life, and the old fashioned doctrine of 'holiness of heart' finds in Bishop Marvin a most powerful advocate, even here on these Pacific shores." One of the very first observations he made on that country was an idolatry of mammon and a spirit of worldliness and worldly conformity, which had invaded the general Church. In his pulpit and correspondence, the Church, as he expressed it, was summoned to its moorings in a pure spirituality and deep consecration. The tone of his own piety was touched and elevated by that year, which seems to have been in his experience a Sabbath-year. He declared publicly: "I had many precious seasons with the people of God; and I believe I can say that I have 'grown in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ,' since I left home." He records answer to the prayer which opened his visitation; "I can never forget the brethren with whom I have spent the last year. We have prayed and wept and labored together, and I trust will gather fruit together in eternity."

In Bishop Marvin's written report of his labors to the College of Bishops, it is remarked justly: "Of course this thing of visiting every Circuit cannot be kept up, unless the whole system of Episcopal labor is changed, which, in my opinion, would be disastrous." In the case, however, it was called for and justified by an emergency. There had been lack as well as a great need of Episcopal supervision. His visitation made amends—its supply at that time, in its extent, under his own and Bishop Kavanaugh's administration, amounting to many years of ordinary Episcopal service. Its value cannot be over estimated. Internal dissensions were healed. There had been errors and abuses, which he corrected with a strong hand. There was occasion for rebuke, which he uttered boldly and faithfully. By the example of his own labors, as well as by earnest speech, the Conference was lifted to a higher plane of consecration and put on the path of enterprise. The spirituality of the Church was wonderfully toned up and the preachers and people greatly enheartened. Amidst discouragements, to which he alludes, he adds: "The word '*If*' came into vogue. The suspicion was felt and confessed by many that we would have to abandon our organization. To-day we are suffering immensely from this cause. If we had never allowed ourselves to think of failure, we would now have many valuable members, who are in other Churches, and many of our Societies, which are now struggling for existence, would have been in a flourishing condition." He dealt a death-blow to that formidable and disastrous "if." In both Conferences the spirit of the Church was rallied and carried beyond the point of occupation—out on lines of Church extension. The first year, in Oregon, the exploration of the Dalles, up to the borders of British America, was ordered, and report returned at the next year of inviting fields and earnest call for the ministry of Southern Methodism. At his second session of the Pacific Conference, a memorial to the General Conference was adopted, which resulted in adding another Conference, Los Angeles, to California Methodism. The labors of his colleagues, in the succeeding years, followed up the lines and the spirit of his policy. Seven years afterwards, on his tour of the world, he was the Bishop for the Pacific Coast. The comparative view in the condition of the Conference is noted by him with a glad utterance:

> Having held the Conference on this coast, it affords me great satisfaction to say that after the lapse of seven years I find a very evident, and, indeed, a great, advancement in the condition of the Church. This advance appears less in the actual increase of numbers than in some other respects. Everything seems more solid and on a better basis. Preachers and people are in better heart, and have a greater feeling of assurance. The increase in parsonages and houses of worship is very decided, and indicates a good public spirit in the Church. The Church in the great metropolitan city of the coast is looking up.
>
> No doubt there is much that may well throw us upon the sense of our dependence upon God, and very much to cause a feeling of humility, and lead us to earnest self-examination; but there is much also to cause joy and gladness, and excite thanksgiving to God.

In the same communication, "a farewell note," is his last word to the preachers on the Coast:

Brethren of the ministry, we must live in Christ daily. We must be much on our knees, and in actual communion with God. We must not love our life even unto death. Suffer this word of exhortation. Let us remember our hold on Christ. Let us be ready to be counted the filth and offscouring of the world. Let us not be solicitous about reputation or ease. When we are lost and swallowed up in God, we may look for His coming in power. This is what we need—the baptism of the Holy Ghost! the fire that consumes our sins. . Let us put the sacrifice on the altar and keep it there until the fire consumes it. O for the Spirit of sacrifice! Then shall the spirit of glory and of God rest upon us.

Brethren, pray for me, that I myself may know the fullness of grace I preach to others.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ON THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD.

From Ocean to Ocean—Baltimore Conference—Its proceedings—Pulpit and Platform—Commencement Sermon at Staunton—At Washington-Lee University—The Guest of Gen. Lee—The Prayer-meeting and the Banquet Hall—Notes of Travel East—Punctuality illustrated—The eye of Bishop and Tourist exemplified—Ministerial vacation—Leave-taking of the Valley—Tne Hundred-years-old Church—The Natural Bridge—A sketch by Lafferty—At Washington City—Sermons at Alexandria—Wesley Grove Camp—The Winchester Conferenee—A Monograph by Dr. Samuel Rodgers—Virginia and the Carolinas.

FROM Ocean to Ocean is one of the links and lines of travel and labors in this history; not in rapid transit, as will appear in subsequent pages, but with both termini broadly marked on the map of the itinerary, and the intervening spaces dotted all along with the marks of his sojourn and service. In the fall he is on the Pacific Coast; in the spring of 1870 he is at Baltimore, in attendance on the annual meeting of the Board of Foreign Missions, and at the same time a visitor at the Baltimore Conference, held by Bishop McTyeire; returning to the East in June for special labors.

It was his first view, in person, of the Methodism of the Atlantic Seaboard. He wrote of the Conference as a delightful session. His pen notes everything noticeable, and is aglow with the zest of gratified observation and experience. It was the fourth session held consecutively at Baltimore—"the cradle of Methodism," and still a city of

Methodists. He contrasted with his own loved St. Louis the public interest taken in the session; the Conference-room always crowded, the aisles impassable, and even ladies, who can find no place to sit, standing for hours. It was held at the close of the first quadrennium of the Southern Methodist life of the Conference. He was there to rejoice in the prosperous year with which it closed; extensive revivals of religion in every part of the work, and large progress made in Church-building, to replace the property lost, when, speaking after the manner of that day, they came out of Babylon. In the Conference proceedings there was a resolution adopted looking to the recovery of a fair proportion of the funds of the old Preachers' Aid Society, held by their brethren of the Baltimore Conference, of the M. E. Church; and, at the same time, a communication from that body, then in session at Frederick, soliciting fraternal relations. The same peculiarity, he observes, is here, as in the West—yearning after union, but not ready to do an act of justice. Then he applauded the declinature of the overture, as demanded by the status of the Church, South, and not inconsistent with the principles of ecclesiastical comity, and required by the law of good morals. At a later date, the whole of the Church property, with slight exception, was surrendered; and then, he was prompt and sincere in avowal and practice of fraternity.

The occasion was marked among visitors by a distinguished presence—three Bishops in attendance, Bishop Doggett, also, being there, and five College Presidents, and, among the Connectional officials, the late Dr. A. L. P. Green, for an inimitable Sunday-school speech. There was peculiarly a grand pulpit and platform at that session. Bishop Marvin preached at Central Church, in the pulpit of his old Missouri friend and co-laborer, Rev. Dr. J. H. Linn. The discourse was on the text: "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." It was reported in the *Epis-*

copal Methodist, as having fully met expectations, which had been raised to the highest pitch—at an early hour the large auditorium filled to its utmost capacity; the preaching, in gentleness and pathos, at times reminding old Baltimore Methodists of John Summerfield; and the preacher, for soul-stirring eloquence and power, standing in the front rank of the modern pulpit. The same sermon is reported by Brother J. P. Thomas. In his ears still resounds the "Eloi! Eloi! Lama Sabacthani," which concluded the portrayal of the passion; and before his imagination still stands the gorgeous picture of a Savior satisfied. He narrates other discourses heard by him, "all wonderfully spiritual, as well as intellectual, and invariably accompanied by the demonstration of the Spirit and with power." Of various pulpit occasions referred to by him, he adds: "Never can I forget the scenes that transpired under his glorious ministrations. Such singing, praying and preaching I never had heard, although I have been hearing pulpit giants for fifty years." He spoke, also, at one of the anniversaries at that session—that of the Missionary Society of the Sunday-school of Trinity Church. It was admirably managed, and an occasion of transcendant interest; in its incidents and in the success and value of its tuition in practical Christianity, worthy of permanent record, and a bright example for imitation. From a lengthy report in a secular paper of the city, the following extract is taken, including the episode occurring to Bishop Marvin, which he has spoken of as having made one of the happiest moments and most prized honors of his life:

> A temporary stage had been erected around the altar, over which were arranged, in semi-circular form, the words "Jesus Reigns," in brilliant jets of gas. On other parts of the stage were arranged, with exquisite taste, large baskets, crosses and bouquets of beautiful and costly flowers.
>
> Rev. Dr. Green, of Tennessee, opened the services with prayer, after which the excellent choir sang, with organ accompaniment, the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," etc. A delegate from each of the

several classes then approached the altar and presented the annual offerings, the sum total amounting in the aggregate to the handsome sum of $1,629, while the total amount of the offerings of Trinity Station during the year to missionary purposes reached $3,400.

An interesting feature of the evening was the presentation at the close of the services of a beautiful cross of flowers to Bishop Marvin.

Rev. Mr. Holland, the pastor, on the part of the infant class, made the floral offering, which was happily responded to by the Bishop.

The fame of that visit induced invitations for College Commencement service at Wesleyan Female Institute, at Staunton, Virginia, and the address before the Literary Societies of Washington College (now Washington-Lee University) at Lexington. The fame of the sermon is mentioned by a discreet reporter from hearsay: "I forego further reference to his sermons, though I could repeat the reports of them made to me. If I should do so it might seem that I had contracted the vice of extravagant laudation."

The death of General Lee, in the following September, was the melancholy occasion of a reference, in his Texas correspondence, to the visit to Lexington and sojourn as the guest of that great man, who is described also as a true Christian:

> On reaching Jefferson I met the intelligence of Gen. Lee's death. It made me sad. I had loved him before I had ever seen him. Acquaintance deepened the affection. His personal traits charmed me. The great man of the war was the simple-hearted Christian gentleman of the home circle, dispensing a hospitality as unaffected as it was elegant.
>
> The Roman Catholics of Jefferson had a solemn High Mass for the repose of his soul. What artful men these priests are! Denying the possibility of salvation to a Protestant, yet they make a great parade of their Mass in behalf of one who has no connection whatever with their Church. Gen. Lee had not left the repose of his soul to the hazard of papal attorneyship.
>
> It was an occasion of great interest with me when, unknown to him and by mere accident, I heard, from an adjoining room, his morning prayer with his household. The devout simplicity of the prayer struck me. This "fervent, effectual prayer" availed much for the "repose of his soul," in time and in eternity. He had taken refuge in Christ, lived in Him, *died in Him*. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith

the Spirit, for they *rest* from their labors and their works do follow them." This departed Christian, dying in the Lord, has entered into rest—has gone to his Master to be with Him where He is, according to His promise. Yet these officious, impertinent priests affect to help him through purgatorial torments with pretentious forms.

The nearest to anything like an expression of contempt I heard from the honored lips of this man was a remark upon the decree of the Council then in session declaring the Pope infallible. He held the whole affair to be a blasphemous farce.

In a narrative of the Commencement exercises, he reports himself: "Last of all came the address before the Literary Societies, which was read from the manuscript and listened to with a good degree of attention, considering that the audience had been sitting three hours when it was begun." It was published by the societies. Several reports have come to these pages, the following from the racy pen of the present Editor of the *Richmond Advocate*, who at the time was resident at Lexington—an anecdote added, characteristic of Bishop Marvin, and exhibiting greatness in guest, as well as of host:

During the Presidency of Gen. R. E. Lee, Bishop Marvin made a Commencement Address at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia. The Bishop spoke on some abstract theme, or rather he read an essay. His attempt at delivery from manuscript was not successful. It was his first effort at speaking with eyes on the page. He read badly. When printed, the address won him much praise as a thinker. It was ranked high by the judicious. The question he discussed was metaphysical, yet he told me he had never turned a leaf of Hamilton's Lectures. He had evidently cleared his own ground. But this is not what I had in my mind to say.

He was the guest of Gen. Lee, and appreciated by his host. I know that the great and good soldier, quick as a discerner of spirits, had the Bishop in estimation. He saw there was stoutness in Marvin, and he liked it. The day after the address the Bishop packed his luggage and ordered it to the house of a Methodist Steward in the town. The General demurred, and claimed him as guest till he should leave Lexington. Marvin made it plain to him how, having quit himself to the College by the speech, he could not delay to begin work among his own people. So he turned from the hospitality of this "king of men" to the humble homes of the Methodists. He was pressed to remain till dinner and meet some men of quality and renown. He excused himself. "He had promised to break bread with Brother Senseny." Brother Senseny was the village blacksmith.

> At the Alumni banquet that night the toast to Missouri found no response, for *he* was leading a prayer-meeting at the little meeting-house in the hollow on the back street.

The Bishop has noted in a pleasant vein the competition between the Literary banquet-hall and the House of Prayer:

> The day closed with an Alumni entertainment, to which I was invited. A toast was sent me. It was this: "Missouri: The Queen of the West. *Lacera et laniata at non victa*." But my inclination led me to a prayer-meeting at the Methodist Church. Besides, I did not know so well about the toast. The English part, I thought, sounded very well. But the Latin—I don't know much about Latin. *Lacera et laniata*—as nearly as I could scratch the meaning of it into my head, I thought this was about so. But *non victa*—how about *non victa?* It had a dubious look to me. I shook my head doubtingly, and concluded not to go to the supper. The prayer-meeting was a plain business, all done in plain English, and I felt sure of my footing there. I am glad to have to add that the attendance at the prayer-meeting was large, though, I was told, not up to the average.

He protracted his stay in the Mountains of Virginia during a month, on invitation of Rev. J. S. Gardner, pastor of the Church at Harrisonburg, and of the proprietors of the Rawley's Springs; in their thought and in his own, for recuperation in the mountain air and from Chalybeate waters. His notes of that sojourn, appearing in the columns of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, open with mention of the occasion of them: "I have a suspicion that the public does not relish common-place personal narrative from travelers. In view of this, I am in a straight. Upon my leaving St. Louis nothing would do you but the promise of some correspondence from Virginia." The present writer, then the editor he addressed, from those and letters from Texas and the Mountains, was unconsciously securing from Bishop Marvin a journal of travel and labors which has been of great service to his biographer, as, no doubt, it will be of great interest to the reader. The "personal narrative" was not common-place; and all along it is illustrative of the man and his work.

On the travel East he had pleasant companionship of St. Louis friends—Brother M. R. Collins and the late Nathan Coleman and their families. The mention of the incident exhibits, at least, the grace of his pen, and may be put to use as one of his methods of punctuality, which was with him a cardinal virtue. How he contrived to be so uniformly and exactly punctual has been seen in his Texas tours—in a stout purpose and hard travel. In this tour, by what he calls "the fore-lock" method with time—making a point of it and starting in time, "with days to play on." Coleman was his model, whose help to readiness for an early breakfast, at Cincinnati, is thus recognized:

> The fact is, Bro. C. is a choice traveling companion—wide awake, restless, always taking time by the forelock, and putting everybody and everything into a state of readiness for every change about an hour in advance. If I were a rich man I would like to employ him, at fair wages, just to go along and "tend to things." There is nothing like this "forelock" method with time. I find when you let him get by once, and depend on a dexterous grab to fasten upon him, you are very apt to miss. The only way to manage him is, to head him. Give him the start once, and he is the hardest thing in the world to catch. I would about as soon make chase after a streak of lightning. But nothing is easier than to fasten upon him and manage him by the "forelock" method. There is Coleman, for instance, a man not very quick in his movements, who, by putting himself in position early, without any strain, without any special effort, in the quietest sort of a way, lays hold of the forelock and has time completely under control.

He traveled in character—with the eye of the General Superintendent upon the fields of Church-work, as well as of the tourist on the landscape of Nature. Even in "Old Virginia" and in the "Old Baltimore" Conference, he found unoccupied territory lying between the Circuits—in some cases large enough to make a Circuit. It was the occasion of the following paragraph:

> Are we not falling into a sort of routine? Are we not just coming to cultivate the fields our fathers cleared, and to be satisfied with this? Has the spirit of enterprise begun to flag? Here is ample work for the missionary —ample opportunity for the zeal of the Church. Where are the self-denying men who will bear privation, and go out here to live and labor

> with these lost sheep in the wilderness that they may be restored to the fold of the Good Shepherd? Is it too much for the Master to require of us? Are we to make it a condition of our ministry that we are to continue in the line of things prepared by our predecessors; that we are to have good parsonages, good salaries, and organized Churches to serve? Virginia wants men for this warfare in the mountains.

In his entire ministry there is record of only two ministerial vacations, so-called—one while pastor at Centenary during the week days, in August, spent with his family at their home in Warren County. Then, he returned to his pulpit every Sunday and after one day's lounging was hard at work in study; on this trip, in preaching:

> Since Sunday I have preached three times and made an out-of-doors speech. I am remaining in this valley and among the mountains to rest, in order to recuperate for a heavy campaign, beginning at Warrensburg on the last day of this month and going on through the fall and winter. It is the second time I have proposed to rest. This Virginia repose will turn out, I begin to suspect, much as my rest at home did last winter. Well, after all, I do not see that preaching injures me, and am about ready to adopt the theory of Dr. Pierce, that much preaching conduces to vigor and longevity.
>
> As for temperature, I have rarely known anything to exceed the heat of the past week here. But for occasional showers it would have been insufferable. I knew a brother who, during the war, was constantly on the look-out for a "safe-place." The desideratum now is a *cool place*.

His labors in pulpit and pastoral work, exceeded, perhaps, the stated services of any Circuit-preacher in the mountains. In the towns, at the springs, at the country church, to congregations large and small, white people and colored folks, he is preaching, and people are joining the Church: always two sermons a day on Sunday; sometimes with miles between the appointments; frequently on week nights—the first Sunday at Staunton, this:

> Sunday comes. The occasion is one of twofold import. It is commencement Sunday at the Institute and also Quarterly Meeting for the station. A talk to the large and well-behaved Sunday School, commencement sermon at eleven, Sacrament and Love-feast in the afternoon, and a Quarterly Meeting sermon at night, make up the privileges and labors of the day. It was a profitable Sunday to me. With Bro. Kenneday, the pastor, Bro. Waugh, the Presiding Elder, Bro. Harris, Principal of the Institute, and others, visitors and citizens, I have had sweet Christian fellowship.

Nevertheless, this is the closing paragraph of his Itinerary; in leave-taking of preachers and people and valley and mountain:

> But if I were living in the midst of its scenery, I doubt if I should be willing to go to any other part of the world. I shall never cease to enjoy the recollection of its magnificent landscapes and its delightful hospitality.
>
> I take my leave of it with a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret, hoping some day to visit it again. But truth compels me to say that in the matter of health I should have done about as well on a preaching tour. It is my first experiment in traveling for health, and, without a greater necessity than I have yet felt, I think it will be the last. My conscience is not quite at rest. The next visit I make in the Valley, if ever it is made, will be a preaching visit.

He has noted with special mention two objects of particular interest, both with an interesting personal sentiment added; one, this: "The first settlers of this valley were Presbyterians of the Scotch-Irish stock. They have some very old churches. I passed one, a stone building, which had been erected over a hundred years ago. It is a very substantial structure and of good capacity. It is situated in a heavy wood. The rural surroundings are charming. I should love to worship in such a place all my life. Near the church there is the session room. Not far away is the cemetery. Successive generations have been baptized and buried here." The other sentiment was as old as his boyhood, when he used to see the print of the Natural Bridge in his Geography—"a greater desire to see this wonderful phenomenon of nature," he tells us, "ever since I was a boy than any other piece of natural scenery in the world." He saw, and was satisfied: "I have generally been disappointed upon coming to see objects in reference to which expectation had been raised to a high pitch. I have been let down, distressingly, a good many times. In fact, I believe there have been but *four* celebrated objects that did not disappoint me on sight. The fourth is the Natural Bridge." The conveyance was Rev. Dr. Lafferty's carriage; the horses, "a credit to a traveling preacher, fine stock, in fine condition;"

Rev. Dr. Rodgers along—a goodly company; and the occasion recreative, in undress uniform, and a loose rein on the bent of humor—all, as described by his Virginia "Charioteer:"

> He wished to see the Natural Bridge, so I drove him and Dr. Sam. Rodgers, of the Baltimore Conference, out to this wonder. The distance was fourteen miles. The Valley of Virginia was in its summer beauty. The Blue Ridge, only ten miles away, stretched toward the Shenandoah till the mountain melted into a mist. The reapers were in the fields. The meadows, the herds, the streams of living water, the native woods, and farmhouses in the orchards—how he feasted his eyes, and over and over denied there was a match to the "Virginia Canaan" in all the lands he had traveled.
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> And he talked well. He didn't hold the ball too long; there was no monologue. He listened encouragingly. It is a wonder how he kept his humor under. There was plenty of it at the bottom. You could track it in his eyes all the way up till it broke at the surface and wrinkled his face into a smile. He didn't laugh loudly.
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> At the risk of hurting his memory with hypochondriacs, I will disclose that we all lay flat on our backs in the grass near the Natural Bridge, and then and there he gave us the story, "in character," on Dr. A. L. P. Green, known as: "I am now doing my level best." Dr. Rodgers held his ribs, and I laughed at the top of my bent.
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> And yet, what speaker could melt the heart like Marvin? Humor and pathos run into each other like the letters of a dipthong. The "golden mouth." Chrysostom slept with the Comedies of Aristophanes under his pillow. Little Nell could never have been written except by the author of Pickwick. Humor keeps the unction from rancidity.
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> The Bishop spent two hours alone, taking in the Bridge at all points of view. He wrote an account of it. Of the hundred and one descriptions given in books and letters, this one was held by careful critics among the literati of Lexington as first.

He made two other visits and labored in the bounds of the Baltimore Conference—in 1875, when he held the session of Conference at Winchester; and in August, 1873, at the Wesley Grove campmeeting. He was a visitor a second time at the Conference held in Washington City. On the first visit, in 1870, he preached there on Sunday after the session, at Mt. Vernon Place Church, morning and night, and in the afternoon to a colored congregation. Rev. Dr. W. V. Tudor, the pastor at Mt. Vernon, and whose pulpit in St. Louis he filled on the last Sunday of his pulpit labors, testifies to the profound impression he made on the Conference and on the people wherever he went. On his second visit, his Conference Sunday was at Alexandria, where he preached twice; in the morning on the Parable of the Talents, and at night on the Faith of the Syro-Phœnician Woman. The texts are remembered and wonderful report is made of the impression made, particularly by the morning sermon. Recently the writer heard an auditor of an eloquent speaker express the tension of excited emotion, in the same words uttered by auditors of the sermon at Alexandria: "I'm almost dead!" Pale, crying and trembling, another exclaimed: "Oh! that man is unearthly!"

The author has been favored and the reader will be gratified by reports of his Presidency and pulpit at Conference, and his labors at Wesley Grove, from the pens of those nearly related to those occasions, and closely related to him in intimate association and mutual esteem and confidence. The following detail of his work and worship in the tented grove is furnished by the President of the Campmeeting Association, Bro. T. J. Magruder:

> He preached every day, attended all of the prayer and experience meetings, and took an active part in them; visited families from tent to tent, and made a religious impression by his preaching and social intercourse that will never be forgotten. He endeared himself to thousands who attended that campmeeting.
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> At this meeting we had many and very hard rains. For several days it rained incessantly, so that we had to hold the meetings in the large tent. On one occasion while the meeting was going on in the tent, it became crowded, and hundreds were standing outside. Bishop Marvin took a seat in the pulpit at the stand, and commenced singing one of his favorite choruses:
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> "I'd rather be the least of those,
> Who are the Lord's alone,
> Than wear a royal diadem,
> And sit upon a throne."
>
> The people came flocking around him in the rain. He stood up and sang the following hymns with that chorus:

"Am I a soldier of the cross?"
"There is a land of pure delight;"
"Jerusalem, my happy home;"
"On Jordan's stormy bank I stand;"
"When I can read my title clear;"

and many other such hymns of our excellent collection. I can see him now clapping his hands, and his eyes lifted towards heaven, tears streaming down his cheeks; I can hear his grand voice soaring up in the storm, and hundreds of persons around him, weeping and praising God. He continued singing this chorus at least thirty minutes. The effect was wonderful. Men, women and children were weeping and praising God all over the ground.

The night following this remarkable occasion the rain became almost a flood. The circle and avenues of the campground were covered with streams of water. At about eleven o'clock at night I visited a number of tents, to inquire how they were getting along. When I came to Bishop Marvin's tent, I found him sitting up in his bed with his umbrella hoisted, looking bright and happy. I expressed my sorrow that he was so uncomfortable. He replied: "Brother, don't trouble about me, I will get along. See to the women and children."

At the close of the camp he returned with me to Baltimore, and spent several days with my family; and then attended a campmeeting on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in Prince George County. It was during this visit that I named to him that we would love to have him live in Baltimore; and if he would consent to come, I had no doubt that the brethren would purchase and present him with a residence. He replied that he would like to live in Baltimore, but he had labored most of his life in the West, and that his heart was bound very close to the people, and it was his purpose to live and die with them, unless God in His providence showed him that he ought to leave for some other field of labor.

The impression made by Bishop Marvin by his preaching and social intercourse is just as sweet and precious to our hearts now as when he was with us. I have heard many say that they owe their religious experience to the preaching and holy influence of our beloved Bishop Marvin, now that he has gone to his reward in heaven.

Rev. Dr. Samuel Rodgers, at present the Presiding Elder of the West Baltimore District, held relations to Bishop Marvin of the most unreserved reciprocal confidences and affection. The following admirable monograph, interwoven into the narrative of labors and occasions, will be prized by the general reader, and will be accepted by his brethren of the ministry and laity of the Baltimore Conference as a representative voice, in tribute of their love and gratitude and sense of the benediction of his presence and ministrations among them.

To know Bishop Marvin was a high privilege; to recall the associations of other years with him is a mournful pleasure. One with difficulty suppresses the cry, "Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still;" no, not still, but praising in the highest heavens. It was my privilege to know the Bishop intimately; I believe I may say, without vaunting, that I enjoyed his fullest confidence. Of his personal appearance nothing need be written by me, though doubtless a sketch will be given, even of this, that those who never saw him may know what manner of man he was, as to external form and manner. No one who knew him well can forget his pale, colorless face; the abundant, black hair which crowned his head; the stray lock that fell over his forehead; the large, restful eyes; the delicate, tapering hand; the slight figure. As he walked he leaned slightly forward, barely raising his feet from the ground. His movement was almost noiseless, and, from this fact, much more rapid than most persons would have supposed. But as I write he comes before me, and the temptation strengthens to do what I am not expected to perform—sketch his outward form.

Apart from the grace in Christ Jesus, which was abundant towards him, he would have been a charming companion. His unselfishness, his strong affections, his philosophical mind, his genial, quiet humor; these, added to his other qualities. would have lent grace to any society, and made him a welcome guest at any fireside. But these natural endowments were refined and elevated. The Holy Ghost was in him—he had put on Christ. Let a few details indicate his character as a man, as a Christian, as a preacher, as a Bishop.

His mind was quick in its operations. Some men must hammer long before they can open the rock which hides the treasure they seek. He had but to touch it, and its arcana was revealed. With this quickness there was also depth and breadth. His insight of truth was something remarkable, and all who heard him will remember with what a mighty sweep of thought he explored the fields of truth. Indeed, while readily perceiving the minutiæ of truth as with microscopic inspection, he was much more remarkable for his breadth of view. His mind had a telescopic range.

While not deficient in fancy, he had in an eminent degree the faculty which creates. Scarcely ever did he speak without illustration and proof of this. He was a poet, though he did not crystalize his thoughts in numbers; and yet the flow of his speech and the cadence of sentences often approached the poetical even in form. He has left enough in imperishable print fully to substantiate all that I here say.

His faculty and habit of observation all must have noted. There was scarcely an aspect of nature, scarcely a phase of society, or a passage in individual life, scarcely an incident which he did not carefully observe and retain in his tenacious memory. Nor was this all; to him everything was *double* ; it had its simple, natural side; it was also the symbol of something spiritual. As he observed the outward his mind grasped the inward, and, to him, the essential truth; and thus almost everything was laid under contribution for Christ. Who that has ever heard his illustrations drawn from the *scarred hand*, from the *account book* of the Texan wife, from the *defective corn* which was not fit to be housed, from the *sound seed corn*, can fail to see the truth of all that is here stated?

His entire course was graced with a quiet, genial humor. He had a quick eye for the little foibles of our poor human nature, and was by no means slow to perceive the ludicrous side of any passing incident. It is difficult to reproduce what he said, because impossible to reproduce his manner.

In this place, though perhaps better said elsewhere, it should be noted that never, even in his brightest, and, if I may say, lightest moments, did any one fail in conviction of his deep religious character. The fact is, he seemed to be surrounded by a heavenly atmosphere; there was, so to speak, an effluence from him which all felt and always felt. So at least it was with me and those of my acquaintance who knew him well. It may be well, having made one departure from the order I had fixed, to mention other particulars as they occur to me.

His conversation was not always what men would call religious. On occasion it was deeply, earnestly so; but he did not talk always upon spiritual themes, as if a Christian might not venture to name a common topic; but there never was an hour in all my intimate intercourse in which I lost the impression of his eminent piety.

Everybody has remarked what no one seems able adequately to explain, and which, for the want of a clear conception and a better word, they call "magnetism." Perhaps I have never known a person brought near to him who did not feel this subtle and inexplicable influence. He drew men to him by a strong attraction, and bound them to him in the strongest bonds. He attempted no mastery, yet men surrendered to him. He sought no pre-eminence, yet it was conceded. He was not dogmatic in the assertion of opinions—more, he attempted no arts of persuasion by which men might be led to adopt his views, yet men found themselves ready to re-echo his thoughts. Nowhere was this power more conspicuously seen and more potently felt than in the pulpit. His manner was often passionless, so far as demonstrativeness of manner was concerned, when all about were swayed with deep emotion. Often his eye was calm and undimmed by a single tear, when strong men could scarcely refrain from an outburst of crying. Perhaps the tones of his voice contributed to these effects. Doubtless one, and perhaps a principal, element of this strange power was his vivid *realization*. He *saw* what he spoke of. If he discoursed of Calvary, the cross of agony was in full view, the dying Jesus was before him, the wail of the Redeemer was in his ears, the mocking soldiers stood by, Mary and John—all, all were before his eyes; and when he spoke, whether in the subdued tones of tender love, or in the language of a sterner passion, he spoke from a deep conviction which could not fail to impress those who listened—those who listened! rather those who heard; for if they could hear they could not otherwise than listen.

I am drifting farther and farther away; but after all, perhaps it is not order so much that you desire as a just, though it must be very imperfect, estimate of the man. I can never forget the effect of sermons at Wesley Grove Camp. Saturday morning he discoursed from, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ," etc. Almost from the first sentence the tears began to flow from my eyes, and till the close I shook with deep emotion. And this was substantially repeated when, on Sunday morning, he preached from, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground," etc. At the Winchester Conference, two years ago, he preached Sunday morning from Acts i. 8, on the *Power of the Witness.* The Church was crowded till there was no more standing room. How the people hung upon his words. His slender figure swayed under the power that possessed him. His hands almost flashed the thought before the eyes. His voice rose higher and higher. He was possessed with his theme. It seemed that only a little more of heaven and the vessel would have broken, and the liberated soul have ascended with the speed of light. A shout burst from one corner of the house, and it was evident that any further indulgence of expression of the almost overwhelming emotion of the occasion would have thrown the audience into a tumult of holy rapture, and so have rendered it impossible that the speaker should proceed.

At times the Bishop seemed rapt so that he scarcely knew whether he was in the body or out of the body. Once at the Wesley Grove Camp-meeting his spirit rose higher and higher, and yet the flight was sustained—higher and still higher, till at last his supreme joy found expression in the exclamation: "If I should say that I am happy, I would be ashamed of the word."

His published sermons, better than those of any man I know, represent the living speaker. This is not difficult to explain. The sermons were not written to be printed They were preached and repreached; and so, when he came to commit them to the press, he simply wrote the words he had been accustomed to speak. If any one desires to see how much of the man can be reproduced in print, let him take a quiet hour and read the sermon on the Lord's Supper. In thought it is much less remarkable than many others; but perhaps none of the series more moves in the reading. One of the most profitable communion seasons I have enjoyed during years was one I attended after reading that sermon, and catching, in some small degree, the inspiration which gave it birth.

Those who knew him will need no assurance of the warmth of his affections. He loved his friends, and loved them deeply. He did not hesitate to tell them so. Again and again he said to me when we were alone—his manner half playful, that so he might say what otherwise it would have been difficult to express—"R., I kind of love you. I don't know how it is; but I kind of love you." In a volume (Life of Caples) which he was looking over on a trip we made together, he wrote; "Dear Bro. R.: I love you; I love you very much. Let this book be a sign between thee and me." The last letters I received from him are now packed, ready for moving, so that I cannot give other illustrations, nor quote his views upon missions and other topics.

He bestowed his confidence fully upon those he loved; and was not often, I think, deceived in his estimate of men. Less than almost any man I have intimately known, he was indifferent to trifles, and unaffected by what would have seriously incommoded others. He was never annoyed because it was hot and dusty; cared little whether he slept in a palace or a cabin; ate plain food with a relish, and enjoyed richer fare, but always indulged in moderation, saying when pressed to eat, "I long since reached the point not to suffer myself to eat more than I need, even to please the ladies." He seldom made any allusion to any slight ailment, and counseled others not to speak of slight indisposition, assuring them of this they would soon recover, and that any serious sickness would speak for itself.

He could not endure any reference to his labors; and almost resented an exhortation to spare himself. He felt that he had done almost nothing for the Master. Once he was persuaded to rest for a space at Rawley Springs, Virginia. But he afterwards said: "I think hereafter, when I need recreation, I will make a preaching tour."

I was associated with the Bishop in the duties of the Conference and of the Council-chamber, and, with others, can bear witness to his admirable qualities in the chair and the stationing-room. He was exceedingly pleasant when in the chair, very ready in the decision of the questions which arose, and had all the courage necessary to deliver himself when the occasion demanded. I have known no one to exhibit more sympathy in the council-room and to be more painstaking in its work. He did not regard labor, if thereby he might do better for the men and for the work. In Winchester, one case especially gave him deep concern. He did the best and all that could be done; but he did not forget. When in Italy he wrote me from Naples, and, among other inquiries, was this: "How did Bro. L. get on?" This was the brother referred to above.

Of his industry I need not write. He had learned the lesson, "Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed." In all matters of work and church service a little child could lead him. The humblest preacher could ask and receive his help. I made a visit with him to Lexington, to which he was invited to deliver the Annual Address before the Literary Societies of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University. He was, by special invitation, the guest of Gen. Lee. Of his admiration of the General you have doubtless heard him speak. His address was such as to command the high commendation of Gen. Lee and the faculty. Some said it was above anything heard in the late history of the College. But neither the attractions of his home nor of his surroundings, nor the interest of the call that brought him to Lexington, could make him for a moment forget his great work. The evening of his arrival he was in and led the prayer-meeting. Sunday morning he was in the Sabbath-school, where he addressed the children, and in the pulpit both morning and night. In the intervals I would meet him by appointment, and take him to the homes of our people, where he would converse and pray. It was during this trip, that in company with Rev. J. J. Lafferty, we went to the Natural Bridge. He chatted pleasantly, made with us a general survey of that wonder of nature, and then strolled off alone, that he might take the whole into his mind. At last he completed his observations and remarked: "Now I have it. What is *in the mind* is immortal. Nothing so long endures as this."

I have said nothing of his style, the vehicle of his thoughts. At times extremely simple, and even colloquial; at others rising with the theme till language rolled and swelled like the peals of an organ. But with all this you are more fully acquainted than I may be presumed to be.

I should have said that the address delivered in Lexington is, with some modification, now presented as one of the sermons in the published volume.

Doubtless you are aware of his facility in preparation for the pulpit. A text was *given* to him, as it seemed; and as he looked at it, it was resolved into its elements. As to expression there was no difficulty. But a sermon once preached was only in course of preparation for something better. It grew. Indeed, of all his sermons, it may be said, they were not *made, but grew.*

It was hoped at one time that he could have been induced to locate in Baltimore. It was matter of conversation, and, I believe, of distinct proposal. His Missouri friends anchored him. They knew too well his value to lightly let him go. And yet, I think, he was in a degree inclined to make his home among us. Certainly he appreciated the warm affection which among us everywhere greeted him. Finally he said: "I suspect I can do most among those with whom I have lived so long."

I know only in a general way how much he was admired and how deeply loved in other Conferences. Of the admiration and affection among us, I can speak particularly. I believe I am safe in saying that no preacher known among us so completely possessed our admiration and love. But I must close.

The odor of his name and the fame of his works had preceded his coming to the Virginia Conference in 1874. One of the chief men, Dr. J. E. Edwards, writing to the St. Louis Church paper, with a prayer for his advent among them, wrote: "He works, and travels and preaches like an Apostolic Bishop." In personal attachment, there, as in all others, he won the heart of the Conference. Chief mention is made of his acceptable Presidency and grand pulpit—there, in a Conference remarkable as parliamentarians and preachers. His sermon on Sunday morning, on, "Do we make void the law through faith?" etc., captivated the Conference by its freshness and breadth and force. In its peroration, there was a profound movement of feeling, set on fire by logic.

The same sermon was preached at the North Carolina Conference, held at Raleigh, in the following December, and reported by a Virginia preacher, Rev. Thomas M. Beekham, who was a visitor at that Conference. Other incidents are narrated by him, with interesting detail. The report is in a letter to his friend, Rev. W. W. Royall, lately appointed a Missionary to China, who had preserved the letter and has forwarded it for these pages:

> I was assigned to the house of Rev. W. W. Kennedy, where Bishop Marvin was stopping. * * * He is a tall, spare man, of plain attire, neat, but not at all *fixy;* full beard, even to moustache, very black hair, no grey in it, and only a few threads in his whiskers. Has a full dark eye of rather a sorrowful expression, which John D. Blackwell, D.D., says reminds him more of the best pictures of the Savior, than any he has ever met with. Dignified, and of serious deportment generally, he bends so naturally and gracefully to an occasional appropriate anecdote, or a touch of humor, as to *put you completely at your ease* in his presence. There is nothing stuck-up, official or forbidding in his manner; but he is approachable as a little child. He will hear the humblest man that comes kindly and respectfully.
>
> Bishop Marvin is a most remarkable man. He has impressed me more deeply than any man I have met with since I have been in the ministry. His unaffected, modest, polite, robust and healthy piety stands out clearly and sharply from whatever point you may view him.
>
> Bishop Marvin told the young men who were about to be ordained and admitted into full connection, that the Discipline prescribed fasting and prayer before entering on solemn and responsible work. It was his custom to fast for the first meal, and he invited as many of the Conference as felt so disposed, to unite with him. Next morning, he would not go to the breakfast-table, nor have even a cup of coffee sent to his room.

When a collection was taken up for an afflicted and needy brother, Bishop Marvin opened his purse and threw in a note. He did the same when the usual collection was taken up for the sexton. He had recently given one hundred dollars to save a church out West from being sold; had given at several missionary collections lately, and wanted to give at our missionary meeting, but prudence forbade. All this he said in *private;* and said likewise, that with him the self-denial was *not to give*, as he regarded giving as a privilege. And he exemplifies this latter fact.

He preaches with wonderful power. I think I never saw such an effect produced on an audience as was produced by his sermon: "Do we then make void the Law through faith?" etc. Streams of sweet, subdued, and thankful tears freely flowed, as he portrayed the riches of grace in Christ Jesus. Several preachers remarked that he increased the spirituality of the Conference one-fourth at least. It was a remarkable Conference. No death in the ministry during the year, no character arrested, very little speech-making, and the whole duty of the Chair discharged with great skill and tact and an all-pervading love. Bishop Marvin loves Methodist preachers. He has come up from the *ranks* himself. Any mention of suffering or affliction instantly arrests his loving sympathies. It was a feast to the soul to be with him for a week; yet he says he has never felt that he was *much of a Bishop*.

Rev. John Kerr Connelly, a Baptist preacher of N. C., says of one of his sermons: "I have heard many eloquent men, but never in my life has any man impressed me as Marvin did. The impression of that sermon will never leave me while I live." This was in Greencastle, S. C., at his next Conference; I do not know what sermon it was.

He was one of three bishops selected for orations at the Centennial of North Carolina Methodism, March 21, 1876. The occasion fixed the attention of the whole Church, and the proceedings have been published in book-form. His address was written out in full and read from the manuscript—read and its immediate effect marred, as was the usual fact; but read in the volume it will be pronounced by all other readers a master-piece. He was selected to lift the memorial collection for a suitable church edifice at the capital of the State, realizing $8,435. Several extracts from the address appear on foregoing pages. It should be read entire by all who would understand Marvin and know how fully he understood Methodism, was imbued with its spirit and in sympathy with its methods and aim "to spread scriptural holiness all over these lands," which, he once said, is an ambition worthy of an angel.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Itinerancy—Preaching on the way—Fort Bridger—The stage-ride—Mountain-drives—At the head-waters of the Missouri—Missourians—His Continental travels—Montana Methodism—Its founder—The Missionary Bishop—Western Conference—First visitation in 1871—Preaching tour—The informal Conference—Brother Stateler's quarterage—The Montana Conference—Second visitation—Sermons—Church dedications—A last letter—Montana on his heart.

IN a speech on one occasion, Bishop Marvin referred to an address which he had heard from the lips of Dr. Munsey, on the Great Commission—"Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel to every creature." "While he was talking about it," the Bishop said, "my imagination became so much excited that I had a picture before my mind. I declare to you it was as vivid as a vision. I saw the entire Methodist pastorate, from the bishops down. I saw them, as they were going; the bishops, and the presiding elders, and the pastors, going *to* conference and going *from* conference, and going to quarterly meetings, and going to appointments, and going to the class-room, and going to the district conference, and going up to the Annual Conference again, and the next year again, to hear that word of Christ uttered again by the lips of the living Bishop—'Go;' and it occurred to me that the Methodist Church was nothing but the word, '*go*' ORGANIZED."

Among this company of traveling preachers, in the contemplation of Discipline, the Bishop is the greatest traveler of them all. It is his duty to travel throughout the Connection; to cease to travel, a capital offense. In the winter of 1872 he is traveling throughout Texas; in the summer of that year he is up in the mountains of Montana; in the fall and winter the Episcopal Plan of Appointments sent him to the two Georgia Conferences and Florida, with the Illinois and Louisville Conferences on the way—from the Mountains to the Gulf.

The Methodist itineracy does not consist in "going" simply; but a Methodist Bishop, if faithful to his office and zealous in it, is largely a wayfarer; and much of his personal life and characteristics is found in his history—on the road.

On this tour he came across the most religious town in America. Red Oak, in California, he pronounced the most wicked place on the continent. At Carter's Station, on the Union Pacific Railway, he stopped over and preached at night, the whole community out save one man, and he was absent not from choice. The congregation, he says, big and little, numbered over one dozen—enough in numbers to have saved the cities of the plain on the other hemisphere; and not too few to be preached to, especially as Mrs. Carter, a good Christian woman, lamented to him the deprivation of the ordinances of worship. He preached the following Sunday, also, to a little congregation at Fort Bridger, twelve miles from the station, the soldiers fitting up their reading-room very nicely for the occasion. He was there to perform the marriage ceremony in the family of Captain Richard Carter, to whom he was attached by reminiscences of camp life during the war, and whose wife he had known in girlhood.

He left the railroad at Corinne, in Utah, for Montana—the hardest travel of all his life on the road; four days and nights in the stage, and which he performed, going and returning, four times. There may be one exception—in that travel most worn by fatigue; but not suffering so much, perhaps, as by a ride in California, over the mountains, at night, a piercing wind blowing, and no side curtains to the hack.

Among the passengers was a company of English tourists, with whom he cultivated a most agreeable acquaintance. In their outfit was a plentiful supply of champagne and claret, of which he was politely invited to partake. We are indebted to the incident for the fact that he was remarkably a temperance man—literally, a life-time teetotaller. It is one of the incidents of his boyhood that at a temperance meeting held by Rev. Mr. Allen, who was the first Methodist preacher who had visited at his father's house, and was an earnest and eloquent advocate of the temperance cause, he had taken the pledge, which he never broke. It appears, in addition, that he had never taken a drop of liquor in his life, as a beverage. The lady of the English party, after several refusals of the proffered wine-cup, remarked: "I suppose you have quit drinking on account of your health." "I never quit at all," was the reply.

He was met with a buggy, eleven miles from Helena, by an old and cherished Missouri friend, Major J. R. Boyce, a leading merchant of that place, who was to have accompanied him on the entire round of over three hundred miles. After a week Maj. Boyce was unexpectedly called back to Helena, and Rev. E. J. Stanley, one of the Montana preachers, became his traveling companion. He was himself "charioteer," with a strong buggy and a fine span of horses placed at his disposal during his stay in the Territory by a young friend, another Missourian, Col. Broadwater, whom, he says, five years before he would have called *Arthur*. It is among the family traditions that he was a good horseman in his youth. All his life he was zealously affected towards a good horse. In his Texas correspondence, he said: "I always come to have a strong affection for a brute that has served me"—the sentiment exemplified, as the multiplied thousands of the readers of his Book of Travels will remember, by his affectionate leave-taking of "the little bay," who bore him through Palestine. A kinsman reports that the gallop through the streets of Stamboul on the pure milk-white Arabian, was not the first time in his horsemanship of a well-conditioned steed and an ambitious rider. The occasion, in his Circuit-life, is narrated—in both, preachers in competition for the lead; in Turkey, his "Timothy," and the venerable Dr. Hurst, and, in Missouri, some brethren of the Conference, on the road, with some definite destination ahead. The gait of Marvin's horse was not adapted to heavy roads, and the brethren twitted him with frequent urgency to spur up, or they would be late. He bided his time for a beaten road farther on. The brethren then begged him to slack up, as they could not keep up. They were reminded—"We'll be late. No! No!" Mr. Stanley narrates another such episode in the mountain drives:

> A little incident occurred in the summer of 1872, on his first trip through the Territory, which I must mention. There were two buggies in the company. We had stopped to visit a family on the roadside, when the Bishop left his own for a seat in the other buggy. The road was smooth, though a little up-grade, ascending the divide between Crow Creek and the Jefferson River. They were in the lead, and I thought we never would get to the summit. When we did, the Bishop resumed his seat in his own buggy, and took the lines and whip in hand, saying he could not stand the slow-coach any longer. We passed our traveling companion, and away we went down the slope in a lively trot. Our halt for lunch was near the head of the Missouri River, at the junction of its three forks, Madison, Jefferson and Gallatin. We had a long wait for our brother to come up. The Bishop twitted him in a good-natured way about his being left so far behind, saying he liked to feed a team well, and then wanted it to "go" when on the road. He knew how to handle the lines, and would say that he thought I improved rapidly, as a driver, under his tuition.
>
> We ate our lunch under the shade of the trees, spiced with pleasant chat, and crossing over right at the head of the "Big Muddy," continued

our journey to Gallatin City, where the Bishop preached a telling sermon to a large and appreciative congregation, on the parable of the Ten Virgins.

Bishop Marvin adds the incident: "The owner of the ferry greeted me most cordially, as an old acquaintance. Judge of my surprise and gratification when I found him to be Mr. James Gallagher, formerly of St. Charles, a son of Rev. James Gallagher, so long and largely known in Missouri." Like his own travels, this gentleman "had gone from almost the very mouth, literally, to the head of the Missouri River." He said two things of Missourians; one, in Montana, as everywhere: "What a welcome these Missourians did give me! I am confirmed in the opinion that there are no cleverer people in the world than the Missourians." The other remark is on their dispersion abroad: "Texas, like California and Oregon, swarms with Missourians. The fact is, you may find them from the Isthmus to Sitka. I imagine there must be a sprinkling of them in Australia, and, perhaps, even in Madagascar." Missourians waved farewell as he took departure from the Western hemisphere, and a Missouri hand was the first to welcome his coming to the other hemisphere, in the Bay of Yeddo, at Yokohama. In general, he said: "I expect to meet acquaintances whenever I turn a corner." In reference to a similar fact in his long, and especially his Episcopal itinerancy, Bishop Kavanaugh once, in an impromptu speech, gave a happy expression of it: "I expect to have a large acquaintance in Heaven"—Bishop Marvin's larger privilege, to recognize a face in almost literally each of "the every tongue, kindred and tribe," composing the great multitude of the redeemed. It is significant of his wide travels that he had followed the Missourians in their wide dispersions—meeting one himself on the Isthmus, and crowds of them in Oregon and Montana, well up to the line of British America; and found them in Florida, at the end of the travel of a single tour, from the mountains in which waters of the Gulf take their rise to the peninsula which makes its eastern shore. Even in America, his own surpassed the migrations of even Missourians—transcending the wide travels of any of his colleagues; of any of his predecessors, it may be added, perhaps, in the generations of itinerant Bishops or traveling preachers, from the beginning, more than a hundred years ago. On this tour, and that of a preceding and following year, he had stood on the crest of the water-sheds of the Columbia and Missouri; and skirted the shores of both oceans in which they empty; and traversed, around and through, the valleys in which their waters flow. Almost the entire coast line of the continent on which he lived was described by the line of his travels and labors: On the one coast, from the point where Asbury laid down his charge, crossing the "Pine Barrens" and swamps of the Carolinas, which Bishop George pioneered, and embracing the spot hallowed by the footsteps of Wesley on American soil, and the first labors of the Apostle of Methodism; on the western shore of the Gulf, traversing the imperial domain of Texas, across and along its rivers, from mouth to source, up and down, at bridge and ford; preaching on the deck of the vessel steaming up the Pacific Coast, and, as testified by a colleague, "In two visitations to our farther West, I have been able to find few places where Bishop Marvin had not been. Many paths he alone had traveled." The interior of the grand circuit was penetrated in all directions of the compass and was crossed in all parallels of latitude and longitude, from north to south, in the Connection, and from side to side of a continent.

Bishop Marvin was enlisted for the Montana work. He was resident nearest to it, and was known to be most in sympathy with it. Affecting appeals reached him from old friends, who had fled to the wilderness during the troubles of the war, preferring, as he wrote it, to trust the Sioux Indians than the Home-Guards. Their first winter was a hard one; but they were contented to live a year on potatoes and have security. Afterwards, when mining was first fairly opened, the products of the farm brought fabulous prices, and a few hens and milch cows, and a quarter acre of ground for a garden patch, was the foundation of a fortune. Many had become prosperous farmers, and there was urgent cry for the ordinances of religion in their new, far away homes. Among these ostracised Missourians was one of the old and a highly-esteemed Missouri traveling preacher, Rev. L. B. Stateler, who had made his way to the mountains in a wagon drawn by oxen—in the train, his family and a little household plunder, and a few young cattle. He made a district on his own authority, and traveled it at his own charges, and became the founder of Southern Methodism in Montana. His call for help reached the ear of the General Conferance in 1870, and Montana was included in the bounds of the new Western Conference—" for boundary, westward indefinitely," as the writer had it in mind and in his speech, when it was his privilege to offer the motion that gave name to the new Conference. He remembers, also, how Bishop Marvin took a marked interest in the movement and its name; as an inspiration of the memories of the past, and summons and privilege to the modern Methodism to emulate the heroism of the old history.

Bishop Marvin, it may be said, was the Western Bishop, not exclusively, but by large labors, and, also, by natural taste and special adaptation. His spirit had the bent of the carriage of his person—prone forward. By eminence he was the Missionary Bishop—in his day, as to the western half what Asbury and McKendree had been to the eastern half of the American continent. The monograph in his funeral sermon notes: " Nor was it in mere labor and travel that he was eminent; he planned, he enterprised for the Church." The example given in illustration is: " He saved our Indian Mission Conference, and this act signalized his first year in the Episcopacy." Such exemplification abounds from first to last. The General Conference which elected him Bishop, authorized an Illinois Conference in a northward movement. Bishop Doggett was the responsible official; Bishop Marvin was there, driven by the gravitation of his spirit, and its delight to witness a new-born creation of Southern Methodism. Under his administration in California, the Los Angeles is added to the list of Conferences; and the Dalles in Oregon is brought into the view of the Conference. Even in Old Virginia the outlying territory is spied out, and his pen is clamorous for its occupation. He ordained the first Mexican preacher; the last manifesto of the Superintendent of the Mexican Border District announces six of them. He tells of opening fields down into the heart of Mexico, foretokening a Mexican Conference to grow out of "Laredo Mission," first written down on a list of appointments by Bishop Marvin's pen. His correspondence, so voluminous and minute, during two Episcopal tours in Texas, evinces the qualities of a General Superintendent, for aggression as well as conservation; the insight of observation and the foresight of enterprise; practical wisdom for safe methods, and the courage and push of zeal for conquest of the situation. It exhibits the spirit of wisdom and adventure combined, with which the youngest man and Bishop of the College looked out upon his first Episcopal District, and planned the work and stationed the preachers by rules of social progress and material development of the country. Texas, large enough for an Empire, was destined, he saw, to imperial population and power. His look was on the future. He traveled the State like a topographical engineer. His eye was upon the course of rivers and qualities of soils and flow of population; and it would seem, indeed, that he took into the stationing-room the survey of railroads, and had in his portfolio the census of towns and the entries of the Land Office. In connection with the Mission work of Texas Methodism and of the Far West, it may be claimed that, more than any other, he aroused the Church from the supineness into which it had fallen under the discouragements and impoverishment of the war. In the following extracts from one of his Texas letters, it will be seen what was the temper of his spirit and the authority of his speech; and his example, it is known, brought to him responses in contribution of money, from all parts of the Connection for the Mexican Mission:

> And the Church is able, now, to go up and possess this land. We can plead poverty no longer. We are becoming rich and increased with goods again, even now. God has given us money, and, alas! we are slow to use it for His glory. When He so strangely converted and called our Brother Hernandez to this work, and yet more strangely sent him to our Church, a poorly paid Presiding Elder of the West Texas Conference had to provide almost entirely for his expenses out of his own pocket for several months. When he came to Conference, and the time had fully come to set the mission on foot on something like a permanent basis, there was not a dollar in the treasury. I had, absolutely, to traverse the country, here in this frontier Conference, and raise in dribs so much as would meet the present emergency. The missionary is economical. He does not require a great deal of money, but must have some little to meet imperative demands. I have done this work in prayer and faith. And now let me say to all who love the kingdom of Christ above their chief joy a few words in the name of the great Master.
>
> 1. It is high time for us to wake up to our obligations as a Missionary Church. I say, *to wake up*, for we have been asleep. We are dozing over a small mission in China. This, besides the work in the Indian Mission Conference, is all we are doing that can be called foreign missionary work proper. Our people spend millions in sumptuous living and the vain ornamentation of their dying bodies, while we are doing next to nothing for the conversion of the world beyond our own domain. Verily we are guilty concerning our brother. His blood is upon our skirts. We have been dosing our consciences with the plea of poverty ever since the war. We have gone too far with this. We are not so poor as we have pretended. We waste millions on our pride every year. Other millions we hoard. Many of us are ambitious to be rich. What will the end be? Just when the rich fool began to chuckle over his accumulated treasures his soul was required of him. That very night he died, and the Lord said: "So is every one that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God."

> 2. A new era of enlightenment must begin with the preachers. Even we, brethren, many of us, who are set apart to this very thing, do not see the truth of God in a clear light. We are not stirred with a great, sanctified ambition to become participants in the conquest of the whole world for Christ. We do small things in a small way. If we get through the year, and "get a support;" if the work does not actually run down on our hands, and we *pass* in the examination of character at Conference, and get another "good circuit," we are content. There is no restless, consuming zeal. We communicate no high sentiments to the Church where we go. We do not drill the militant host for invasion and conquest. We are scarcely fit even for garrison duty. If we were what we ought to be, the Lord's people under our pastorate would soon be ready for the "sacrifice and service of Christ," and never satisfied except when doing something toward the grand consummation—the planting of the banner of the cross in the heart of the enemy's domains.

In a similar tone of stern remonstrance and earnest appeal, he called for men; men for the Montana work—"not timid men; men of faith and consecration, who can endure hardness." Even as early as at the close of his first quadrennium, he issued a manifesto in the columns of the Connectional organ, under the circumstances and with doctrine and spirit of missions, contained in the following closing paragraph:

> I call the attention of the Church to this matter, for the reason that during the entire four years since the reorganization of the missionary work, I have been on the frontier, and have felt greatly embarrassed in many cases. It does seem to me that something ought to be done. There must be a more adequate circulation in the extremities. Cold feet are a sign of bad health.
>
> In proportion as we are aggressive we shall be vigorous. A merely defensive policy is ruinous. There must be a spirit of enterprise, or a Church will die at last of inanition. We must push out and take possession of all this great West. Churches never die of too much work, but often of too little. The muscles shrivel and become flabby from want of labor. These new countries are at our door, and we shall incur both guilt and loss if we neglect them.

To his call at one time, among the class of men for which he represented an urgent need in the Montana work, there was for awhile a stir and sound as for enlistment of a "Montana battalion;" but at the last the recruiting office was closed. In the dearth of men, as of money, his spirit was wounded, but invincible—man failing, as in the Oregon work, he cried unto God:

> What Oregon wants is more preachers—men of faith and energy, ready to sacrifice ease in the work of saving souls. Everywhere the people call for us, but, alas! we have no men to enlarge the work. O, God of our fathers, we look to Thee!

Except the year of his absence from the country, on his errand to the China Mission and to look out upon the mission fields of the world, he attended, perhaps, every session of the Western Conference. In 1871 he held it at Council Grove for Bishop Doggett, who was detained by dangerous illness in his family. There he sent out the first band of Missionaries to Montana. At a subsequent session, at the lower end of the Rocky Mountain range, Arizona is added to the area of church labor and duty—then, as among the Indians and on the Rio Grande, charging himself with the cost; under pledge to the Missionary for his support, and his check-book on his bank showing the payment of $200 for the year out of his own pocket. When he was in California, amidst teeming population and abounding wealth and culture, he used to say that the West was "used up." Reporting the remark, he added: "It has only taken a leap," the vast territory between the Sierra Nevada and the basin of the Mississippi Valley still left as a vast segment of the West, awaiting the emigrant wagon and the wheels of the Methodist itinerancy. He fixed his eye upon it, and fixed his heart upon its occupation—on his heart when he died, and the burden of one of the last letters he wrote.

His first visit to Montana was on an errand anomalous in Episcopal administration. The distance and expense of travel precluded the attendance of the preachers at Conference; he went to them and held an informal Conference, bringing up to the session report of the men and of the work to be manned. He was there in another capacity and purpose. The previous fall he had sent preachers to the utmost frontier; and, as a grand leader, he was among them to inspirit their hearts, as well as to appoint and supervise their labors. Before his second coming, in 1875, at the General Conference at Louisville, chiefly, perhaps, through his influence, Montana was erected into a separate Annual Conference. In the Mission fields of the Far West, whatever harvest there may be in the outcome from the handful of corn cast on the top of the mountains, will be to the honor of his name; if failure, the spirit of the planting will save his name from dishonor—not dull of ear to hear the cry, as he caught it: "From the Rio Grande to Puget Sound an Empire calls us;" nor faint of zeal or feeble in tongue to re-echo the call in the ear of the Church: "I cannot acquit my conscience without calling the serious attention of the Church to its responsibility."

One of the first band, Rev. E. J. Stanley, who was ordained by him and sent from the Conference of 1871, and "there to stay," has acquired a right to speak and knows whereof he speaks, and will command an interested hearing. By request he has detailed the history of Bishop Marvin's presence and labors:

> Bishop Marvin made two visits to Montana, the first in the summer of 1872. He spent much time at Helena, the political and commercial metropolis of the Territory. He labored hard in pulpit and pastoral work to establish our Church there, and with good effect. His preaching produced a profound popular impression; and the church edifice, which was encumbered with debt hopelessly, it was feared, was placed in a salvable condition. Before his departure he made a tour of observation in the settled portions of the Territory—a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, and stretching from Deer Lodge, on the west, to Bozeman City, on the east, preaching on the way at Radersburg, Willow Creek, Gallatin City, and Weaver's School-house, in Gallatin Valley. It is doing injustice to none to say that as a plain, earnest, but powerful and successful preacher of the Gospel, he wielded a greater influence than any man who ever visited Montana. The people flocked to hear him wherever he went, and talk yet of the sermons he preached. His sermon at Bozeman City on Sunday night, on "What is Man?" was one of his happiest efforts. He preached a powerful and impressive sermon to the largest congrega-

tion ever assembled for religious service in Radersburg. Hardened sinners wept, Christians rejoiced, and all gave good heed to the Word of Life. After the sermon eight persons were received and organized into a class. It was a time of refreshing. He preached in the larger towns to crowded audiences, held spell-bound by his eloquence; and at the school-house in the fastnesses of the mountains to a little company of miners or ranchmen, and I have seen sturdy mountaineers and miners weep under his sermons.

The tour closed with holding the District Conference of the Deer Lodge District at Helena. At the same time he conducted the services of the week of prayer, in August, appointed by the College of Bishops. It was an occasion of great interest. On the 16th of the month he held an informal Conference of preachers and lay members for consultation in regard to the interests of the Church in the Territory, and for report to the session of our Western Conference to be held in the fall at Nebraska City, by Bishop Pierce.

On this Episcopal tour it was my great privilege to be his traveling companion. He had ordained me Deacon at the Conference at Council Grove, in 1871, and sent me to this far away field of labor. His coming to Montana during the Conference year was an angel-visit to me. We traveled together, ate and slept together, and oh! how my soul was refreshed and my faith quickened and strengthened by my intercourse with him, as he referred to his early life, and we talked of Christian doctrine and experience, and consulted about the interests of the Church in the Rocky Mountains. I received from him invaluable instructions in the practical work of the ministry. His example in personal character and apostolic labors was an inspiration. How devout was his spirit, wrestling with God evening and morning. In his presence there was a holy atmosphere—you could feel it. He was, nevertheless, pleasant and cheerful, and enjoyed a good anecdote, many of which he used to relate in our journeys. His sense of humor had illustration in an unique occurrence at the session of the informal Conference. The original pioneer on this frontier, Rev. L. B. Stateler, had to depend on his own resources for support, chiefly upon his heroic wife, who looked after the affairs at home in the care of a dairy-farm, while he continued to serve the Church in a wide itinerancy, and in every appointment given him by the Bishop. The Bishop had been at their home, near Radersburg, and had learned the facts. At the Conference the preachers were giving in their financial reports. Brother Stateler, the Presiding Elder of the Helena District, arose, when the Bishop asked: "How much have you received this year, Brother Stateler?"

"Ten dollars, sir."

"Is that all?" inquired the Bishop.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you receive no more than that on the Helena District?" the Bishop said, with an air of surprise.

"No, sir. That is all I have received."

"I heard some one say you had received more than that."

"Well, a friend did give me a sack of flour."

"You are sure that is all?"

"I believe, too, that I got fifty cents besides; but it was not considered quarterage, and I did not think it necessery to report it."

"But, I heard one person say that you had received more than all you have yet reported," remarked the Bishop, soberly.

Things were getting serious by this time. The preachers did not understand it. Mischief was brewing. A secret enemy was at work against the veteran and leader of the Conference. The preachers were puzzled, and Brother Stateler's countenance indicated astonishment and confusion. The suspense was becoming almost painful, when the Bishop, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, remarked: "When I was at your house, I heard Sister Stateler say that 'she had kept one preacher in the field;' and you have not said a word about it."

"Oh! Yes! Well!"—said by Bro. Stateler, with a smile of relief on his face, and an outburst of laughter from all present, except the Bishop. He told me afterwards that it was about the roughest joke he had ever perpetrated; but that the opportunity was so good he could not lose it. All enjoyed it, and Brother Stateler forgave him, and laughs about it yet.

The second visit of Bishop Marvin was in the summer of 1875, to hold the session of the Montana Conference, in Helena. He came by Virginia City (where I was stationed), and preached to crowded houses twice on Sunday; then at Whitehall, sixty miles north, on Tuesday; and thence sixty miles to the seat of the Conference, which he opened on Thursday.

I can never forget the occasion at Whitehall. Several persons were to be received into full membership in the Church. The house was crowded. People had come twenty miles to hear him preach. At the close of the service he baptized two children of the family of Brother E. G. Brookes, one named after the Bishop. A deep solemnity pervaded the entire congregation, and many wept. Tears filled the Bishop's eyes as he proceeded with the baptismal service and pronounced a blessing on the dear children. It was at this time he told me of the solicitude he had always felt for the salvation of his own children and of the conversion of his youngest daughter, a short time before he left home—all his children now professors of religion. Just before he started on his long western tour he had talked to her and exhorted her to give her heart to God. She did so, and found peace. It gave him great joy. At the service that day he sang with great effect, "And let this feeble body fail," etc., with the chorus, "I'd rather be the least of those," etc. He also sang, "My latest sun is sinking fast." He was in rapture, and several persons shouted the praise of God.

Among his labors after Conference was the dedication of a nice little

Church in Prickly Pear Valley, near Helena; and a week's meeting at Deer Lodge, where he paid our Church out of debt. His whole path in the Rocky Mountains was marked by evangelical labors—churches dedicated, societies founded or fostered, the Gospel preached, and souls saved.

The work in Montana laid very near Bishop Marvin's heart. He knew our situation, our toils, our trials, and our wants, and was in hearty sympathy with us. In a letter to me, after his return home, dated St. Louis, October 30th, 1875, he reports his disappointment in not getting preachers for our work, and adds:

"My dear brother, you do not know how much I think about you, and with what love. My heart was warmed with an account of your trip to Idaho; God will surely bless you. I *do* hope to be able to send you some recruits by spring. * * * * * * Sometimes I think about Montana so much, I have a feeling of regret that I cannot go and live there myself."

I have many letters from him, which are invaluable to me, and go to show the personal interest that he felt in the work and in the welfare of the preachers under his watch-care—especially *the young preachers*. He knew how to sympathize with them and encourage them, and *he did it*. But such letters might not be of general interest. I have one, however, which, as it was written such a short time before his death, might be of interest, and I will give some extracts. It is dated November 14th, 1877, and did not reach me until some time after his death, as I was away on the district. You do not know how I prize it. He says:

"Dear Brother:—I have just this moment received your letter—am overwhelmed with work, and answer at once, lest in the multiplicity of cares I should delay it too long if I delay it at all. I am glad to hear from you, but you need not be told of that. You know how I love you. As to your appointment, I have no doubt you are in the right place. The great trouble about the work in Montana is the want of men of the right sort to go and stay. If we had had men enough to man the work well from the beginning, men of enterprise, who had the work at heart, we would have been very strong there now. I hope it may not be too late even now. * * * I need not tell you that I enjoyed my travels much myself. That is, of course. * * * I have much to say if I ever see you, but cannot possibly say it on paper."

How we were all edified and encouraged by his last visit, when he held our Conference—the first Annual Conference ever held in Montana—at Helena. The preachers seemed to catch the inspiration of his great soul, which was all aglow with zeal for God, and were ready to do and suffer for the Master; and could his plans have been carried out at that time, that year would have marked a new era in Montana Methodism. With what unction he preached, especially on Sunday morning during our Conference, as he held the vast audience spell-bound for over an hour. Neither will I ever forget the sermon on Sunday night of the Conference on the

Lord's Supper. How many were moved to tears as he drew the scene of our Savior and his disciples gathered around the table for the last time, just before the crucifixion, and what an affecting time as our little band of ministers assembled around the table and received the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of our dying Lord at the hands of our dear Bishop for the last time. It is a scene that will never fade from my memory. I will always remember, too, the time I saw him last. He was on his way from Helena, leaving the Territory. He looked worn from hard toil while among us. He took supper at Whitehall, and then I accompanied him some distance on the way, talking about the work, then with heavy heart told him good-bye, received his parting blessing, and watched the stage coach that bore him away till it was out of sight, and the rumble of the wheels had died on my ear. Alone I stood in the twilight and wept, and wondered if we should ever see his face again. He was a man whom my soul loved. I feel lonely as I ride over these mountains, since he has gone. How the Church marks and mourns his loss! May God in His mercy raise up some Elisha, on whom his mantle may fall—who will hold up the standard and carry it forward as bravely and successfully as he did.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

FROM THE OHIO TO THE GULF.

Southern Methodism in the North—A first representative—From across "the old line"—The Baltimore Conference—The Christian Union—The Compact of 1844—Organization and growth of Illinois Conference—Visitations and labors—Interest in that Conference—Letter of Bishop Andrew — The Indiana Conference — Northward movement of the Church, South—A prophecy—The West Virginia Conference—The Conference in Louisiana—A post-bellum visit—Condition of the Conferences—"Disintegration and absorption"—"Stanton-Ames order"—"The Government not running the Churches"—Andrew Johnson's order—Abraham Lincoln's record—The order an offense to brethren of the Northern Church—Bishop Marvin's strictures—The colored people of the South—Conferences at Minden and at Baton Rouge—Personalities—An heirloom of Methodist Episcopacy, the McKendree watch-seal — Love-tokens — The *lapsis linguæ* and its significance — Standing and labors in the Gulf States.

ON his way from the Mountains to the Gulf, in 1872, Bishop Marvin held the Illinois Conference. It was his first Presidency in that Conference by regular appointment. It was, also, on his plan of visitation for 1873; but previously and subsequently to those dates he was accustomed to attend its sessions, and has bestowed large Episcopal and ministerial labors within its bounds. Rev. M. R. Jones gives the following summary:

> Bishop Marvin was at the organization of the Illinois Conference, and took a deep interest in the work in that State. He presided at two or three Annual Conferences, and was much among us at the District Conferences, Church dedications, campmeetings and on preaching tours. One spring and summer he remained five weeks, visiting the Churches and

preaching, as he only could preach. It was my privilege to be with him all the time. I was then trying to work up a College enterprise, and need not say that he earnestly co-operated with me and helped by his influence.

In the history of his pastorate on Monticello Circuit, in 1849, including an appointment at Quincy, it has appeared that he was one of the first representatives of the Southern Church in Illinois. Soon afterwards the Quincy appointment was discontinued. After an interval of about seventeen years, he is on Illinois soil, assisting at the organization and session of an Annual Conference. The occasion grew out of the action of the General Conference of 1866. The circumstances under which that action was taken connected him in feeling, on principle, and actively in a Northern movement of Southern Methodism.

At that General Conference there was survey of the condition and prospects of the Church after the desolations of a four years' war, in which its pastoral fields had been the seat of war, and not less destructive evils were impending in the Church-policy features of the social and political reconstruction which followed the end of hostilities at arms.

In the midst of all the losses there were substantial and cheering gains. Though dismantled, the flag of the Church was flying at the masthead. It represented the honor and integrity of the Church unsullied and unimpaired. "Thank God," it is the language of the address of the Bishops, "that we have so safely passed through a most painful and fiery ordeal; that the Church has preserved her integrity; that she has in no wise become complicated with political affairs; but keeping in view her own high mission, has been satisfied to perform her legitimate duties." The conservative Methodism of the country was turning its eyes to this standard; and from the Northeast and the Northwest there was rally to it. Messengers from across the old boundary line were at the bar of the Conference with overtures for admission to the jurisdiction of Southern Methodism. Old

Baltimore Conference was present by delegation to take its seat, in a late coming but welcome arrival. It brought along large accessions in territory and in numbers and weight of influence, commanding public and special respect. Rev. Jacob Ditzler, who had been prominent in the organization of the "Christian Union," in Illinois and Indiana, was at the New Orleans General Conference, as a fraternal messenger from that body, and accredited with authority to negotiate its admission into the Ecclesiastical Connection of the M. E. Church, South.

Up to that date the Church, South, had scrupulously and rigidly kept the compact of 1844 in regard to the boundary line of the divided jurisdiction. The history of that question, and, especially, the posture of the two Churches during and immediately after the war, constituted a manifest discharge of the Southern Church from further obligations under the original compact; and action was taken authorizing the crossing of the old line. The new departure was further justified by the circumstances under which it was ordered, not as an invasion, but on invitation to come; not to disrupt existing organizations, but for the care of large and influential religious bodies, already organized and established in strength and respectability.

In Illinois, the movement was initiated at a Conference of preachers and laymen, held at Salem, Marion County, June 22, 1864. They had severed their connection with the Churches to which they had belonged, and formed an organization under the name of the "Evangelical Church." At its second Annual Council, in the fall of 1865, an union was made with another body having a similar and earlier origin, the united body taking the name of the latter, "Christian Union." Bishop Doggett was present at its Annual Council, in 1866, held at Clinton, De Witt County, as a fraternal messenger from the Southern Church; and in virtue of its action and by authority, at the next meeting of the Council, at the same place, in October, 1867, he formally received that body into the sisterhood of Southern Methodist Conferences and presided over its session. Bishop Marvin's presence indicated his interest in the movement. Subsequently, it fell largely under the Episcopal supervision of Bishop Kavanaugh, resident at Louisville, Ky. Its nearer proximity to the residence of Bishop Marvin, at St. Louis, kept it prominently under his eye, and he has contributed much, in counsel and labor, to its permanency and progress.

In 1872-3, the first year of his official charge and responsibility, he gave to that Conference a large part of his after-Conference labors; in the summer of 1873, traversing its bounds with a line of appointments for District Conferences and other special occasions, reaching up to the northern part of the State, near to the Lake Shore. Wherever he went his ministry was thronged. His presence and preaching enhanced the public estimation of the Conference and inspirited the labors of the preachers and the heart and zeal of the membership. At the session of the Conference, held September 4th, 1872, at Rushville, he had great satisfaction with the status and growth of the Conference. The Organization at Salem, in 1864, represented five ministers and twenty-five laymen. It came into the Southern Church, in 1867, with forty preachers and twenty-five hundred members. Its growth in six years had been marvelous—an hundred per cent. in numbers; anchored to the soil by real estate titles; established as a fixture in the land by Christian institutions and agencies; its pulpit vindicated by divine credentials, and its principles, more and more, approved to popular favor; and at length, after a history of obloquy and persecution, commanding the recognition of other Churches and universal public respect.

The Conference year 1871-2 had been exceedingly prosperous; the Salem District alone, the birth-place of the

Conference, and composed of twelve Circuits, adding to its membership that year nearly five hundred, and aggregating twenty-six hundred and forty-four in the seven years of its existence. Other interests kept pace with that extraordinary advancement; ten new churches built that year, making twenty-eight; and reporting three parsonages and fifty-three local preachers, and about two thousand in the census of the Sunday School.

It is needless to say, what is well known, that Bishop Marvin greatly admired the spirit of that Conference—its evangelical temper, its push in Church enterprise, its brave endurance. He rejoiced in its triumphs, and gave to it the help of a willing hand, thrusting a keen and a ready sickle into its fields, white already to the harvest. There were reasons personal to himself for a strong attachment to some of its members; among the number, R. P. Holt, one of his classmates in the Missouri Conference; M. R. Jones, the Presiding Elder of Salem District for three years, an old friend and companion in the labors of his early ministry; and D. T. Sherman, under whose preaching he professed religion, and whose house, in Warren County, was his Divinity School—in the course of his personal and official intercourse, a strong reciprocal affection created between him and all the preachers.

More especially, the interest Bishop Marvin took in the work in Illinois, as, also, in Maryland, arose out of the principles it represented, as a protest against politico-ecclesiasticism. During his visitations of those States, in the years 1872 and 1873, his recorded observations in travel abound in strictures upon the shame and crime of the debauchery of the Church by political alliances and worldly policies. His sentiments on that subject are quoted on a former page. Those views had origin in 1844, in the study of the questions of division, and his adherence to the Church, South, on the issues pending in Bishop Andrew's case. Among his papers, cherished and preserved by him, is a letter from Bishop Andrew, received in the first months after his own election to the Episcopacy, which, no doubt, would have appeared in the contemplated Life of the Bishop from his pen, as illustrative of his sentiments, on the subject in hand. It is given entire, in part in evidence of the affectionate relationship existing between the older and the younger Bishop; but in large part, also, as an exponent of their doctrine of the true function and mission of the Church. It was held by both alike, and held in its integrity, under the stress and strain of every trial, in personal history and public exigencies:

SUMMERFIELD, June 9, 1866.

DEAR BISHOP:

Your letter was received a day or two since. Glad to hear from you, and especially glad to hear that the doings of the General Conference are generally acceptable to our friends in Texas. I think that is generally the report; but, no doubt, there will be dissatisfaction somewhere (if the preachers don't prevent it) by a contentious spirit. I believe that Southern Methodism has a glorious future in prospect. Oh! let the Southern preachers be faithful to their holy calling. For, unless we maintain our non-political character and prove true to God, the fate of Constitutional liberty is sealed. Oh, that God may over-rule all the movements of the people, political and ecclesiastical! God save the Country and the Church!

We have the news of gracious revivals in various places. I learn by letter from Baltimore and Maryland that our cause is prospering there.

How does your new Episcopal harness set on you? Where do you think of settling your family? Let me hear from you soon and often. We are all crippled up at my house—my wife sick, my daughter sick, and I am good for nothing. But what of it all, so long as we can say, the best of all, God is with us and God is love.

God bless the people of Texas! I love them all. Mention me very kindly to all the preachers and people who love me and ask after me. God bless you and your precious family! Much love to you all.

Yours, very affectionately,

JAMES O. ANDREW.

A movement similar to that in Illinois had transpired in Indiana, under the leadership and labors, chiefly, of Rev. J. Ditzler and Rev. Wm. Hamblin. As early as the fall of

1869, the Annual Conference of the new organization in that State, under the name of the "Evangelical United Brethren," was attended by Bishop McTyeire and Dr. McFerrin, as visitors, who made a report of their hope of good results to accrue to the cause of a pure Christianity and an Evangelical Methodism. It was the privilege of the writer to attend its session, in the following spring, April 14th, held at Pleasant View, Shelby County—the first session after the formal and public avowal of its adhesion, as a Conference, to the M. E. Church, South. A similar conviction was then formed that the movement was justifiable and substantial. There, as in Illinois, there was repugnance and revolt towards a secularized and political church, and a call for the Gospel at the hands of the Southern Church—otherwise, the loss of multitudes to Methodism. Subsequently, that work became connected, more or less intimately, with the Conferences in Illinois and Kentucky. At the General Conference of 1878 it was erected into an independent Annual Conference. It has been slower in development; but it is founded on the same principles—the purely spiritual function of the Church of Christ. Bishop Marvin has characterized the Methodism of the South as peculiarly and signally an exponent of that principle; and in that, conforming to Apostolical Christianity; as at the same time non-political in its mission, and in the destiny of its diffusion, non-sectional.

At the Louisville Conference, his second Conference for the year 1872, he looked out on the Indiana work from the south bank of the Ohio; and has spoken of it as a path opened for the spread of Southern Methodism, destined, he prophesied, to extend from the Gulf to the Lakes, as it had already stretched from ocean to ocean. His expressions are enthusiastic, and have been criticised as extravagant. Nevertheless, Virginia gave Methodism to New England. From 1783 to 1844 the South had planted Methodism in the

North; in the later history, it is in his prophesy, again on a northward migration, to reform or re-establish it, on the model of original Wesleyanism, and after the type of the primitive Methodist spirit and polity. His prediction is on record, awaiting such history as the future shall make. It was made at two different times, reiterated in May, 1870, and was a deliberate sentiment. It is contained in the following paragraphs:

> We need not concern ourselves about our relation to other churches if we only recognize the opportunities and meet the demands of the hour. We belong to God. His providence has given us being as a church at this time. We are His witnesses. We have already a *history*. We stand in a place that God will not allow us to vacate. We can not alienate our history and be guiltless. The M. E. Church, South, is conservative of vital principles. This conservation can be maintained only by a grand and sustained aggression. Let us seek more and more the presence of the Master and His Spirit; labor more, give more, be more holy, and God will do a great work by us in the world.
>
> On another border an open door invites. Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania recognize our mission and call us. Duty is clear. Our character is distinctive. Among the Methodist organizations on this continent it is unique, and as it is unique, it approximates the true Christian standard.
>
> Our work in Illinois progresses well. Next spring we will have a Conference organized in Indiana with good auspices. We are taking root in Iowa, Pennsylvania, and even in New York City. This northward development is a necessity. There is use for our Church, and work for us to do, up to the Canada line. As fast as we raise up men we will possess the land. The St. Lawrence and the lakes will be the north line of Conferences in a few years. There are great multitudes of people in the North who must be Methodists—they can be nothing else—who can never be at peace with the fanaticism constantly agitating the Northern Church. They seek us—as fast as possible we must go to them.

Another Conference along the northern line of the Connection, the West Virginia, was in his round of visitation in 1873—held at Ashland. The conditions of Church work were similar, in the respects named, to those in Illinois—originally a conflict, and still, a competition betwen the two Methodisms. He had high admiration of the labors and achievements of that small, but brave, Conference. Its delegation at the late General Conference has certified to these pages, with what personal interest and official zeal he presided at their Conference; and how the whole body was animated by his pulpit, and had adjustment and a push forward from his wise and strong hand.

The Louisiana Conference was in his tour of Episcopal visitation for the same year—held at Baton Rouge, January 7, 1874. His first visit to this Conference has mention in his Army Journal. He made a post bellum visit to that Conference—at its session in December, 1870, held at New Orleans by Bishop Doggett. In the following paragraphs are notes from his own pen of that visit, which will interest those most concerned in the picture of days when the Church sat down by the rivers of Babylon. On their return after the decree of the American Cyrus, even as late as in 1871, they were still in the midst of the wastes of their once fair heritage, and at work on the ruins of what Methodist fathers had founded and built up—clearing away the rubbish for rehabilitation:

> I have been present for some days at the session of the Louisiana Conference. In many portions of the Conference the work is in a prosperous condition, but in some of the districts the prostration resulting from the war was so great that neither the country nor the Church has yet recovered from it. Many portions of it are not yet re-occupied by us in any effectual way, and it will require several years yet to bring any large measure of prosperity. But, upon the whole, there is decided advancement and a very hopeful condition.
>
> Recuperation in the Church would be much more rapid if there were preachers to man the work fully. I have not found a Conference this side of Oregon where there was so great a lack in this respect. It is distressing. Many circuits are left to be supplied, without even a local preacher available to serve them. Some of these circuits would support preachers with small families very comfortably. No one of the Conferences in Texas is nearly so destitute as this. The demand is scarcely greater even in the Western Conference. It is important that the attention, especially of young men, in the crowded Conferences, should be turned strongly to Louisiana. The demand is urgent and instant. This Macedonia cries out for help.

At his visitation in 1873, the condition of the Conference was not materially changed, neither in the trials of its patience nor in the fortitude of its endurance and the courage of its heroism. That Conference had received, on its bare bosom and at its strongholds, the first shock of the blow which fell upon the peoples and Methodist Church of the South; and was the last to come out from under the lash of the scourge. Its sister Conferences of the Gulf States at the dates of Bishop Marvin's visitations had recovered strength, in the elasticity of devotedness which could not be destroyed, and in the divinity of principles which can not be killed. In the history of the part taken by the dominant Church of the North in the war upon a kindred Methodism at the South, what is known as "the disintegration and absorption policy" had approached by the way of the Atlantic seaboard under the particular guidance of Bishop Simpson. It was met by the indigenous Methodism of Georgia and the Carolinas, as with the impregnable front of a "stone wall." That form of ecclesiastical aggression, at those dates, had spent its force—more than that. In the recoil, like the recession of a wave in an impotent assault upon the rock which has its base in the bed of the ocean, its authors and agents were engulfed in the reprobation of an impartial public press and were in the struggle of escape to the shore in the events of 1869 and 1870. The smitten Church stood before the Christian world commanding the admiration which heroism inspires, when it triumphs; as when, after the storm is over, the rock of the sea is admired, as it is seen with calm waters at its base and its brow uplifted in the sky and bathed in the sunlight.

But the Conference in Louisiana, animated by the same spirit of unquenchable love and unconquerable devotedness to Southern Methodism and of heroism to suffer for its name's sake, was appointed to a more protracted agony of trial, and, if possible, a more signal triumph of principle and of faith in God. It had to survive the first and recover from the severest blow. In the path of approach to the South along the Mississippi Valley, to the enginery of Civil Reconstruction, which had in it the political power of the Government subsidized to the uses of Ecclesiastical disruption of the Churches of the South, there was added the military arm. In a letter from the resident Bishop of the Louisiana Conference, addressed to Bishop Marvin and found among his papers, the strange fact of that anomalous history is given; in connection with the fact, its final issue. It was written by Bishop Keener on his return from a successful mission to Washington City to secure a restoration of the Churches at New Orleans and at other places in the South, which had been seized and held under the operation of the "Stanton-Ames Order." It was done by President Johnson directly. A detailed narrative is given of the interview between the Bishop and the President. It shows how the original seizure was regarded—how incongruous, as a question of morals, in a Church official; and in an American State officer, glaring political misrule.

The mention in these pages of the "Stanton-Ames Order," besides in its connection in this writing with the times of Bishop Marvin and the administration of his Episcopal office, may be justified, in that no mention can add to its notoriety, as no criticism can deepen the infamy which has already been stamped upon it by the verdict of public history. The fact contains in itself its character, as alien from the genius both of American liberty and of Catholic Christianity. No condemnation can be more sweeping than that it was reprobated alike by statesmen of all parties and Christians of all names. No stigma can be blacker than that the civil ruler forbade the madness of the Ecclesiastic—the President of the Nation undoing the work of the Bishop of a Church.

If, as it was at that time charged, Andrew Johnson was a traitor to the North, it is well authenticated that the same sentiment and judgment on the Stanton-Ames Order were held by Abraham Lincoln, who was rated as the enemy of the South. The operation of that order beginning at the city of the Mississippi Valley lying near the mouth of the great river which flows through it, had for its intended destination the city at the other end of the Valley where the river becomes the Father of Waters—in the plan of Ecclesiastical conquest and spoliation New Orleans and St. Louis to become bases for predatory incursion from end to end of the river and side to side of the Valley. Bishop Ames was on his way from the southern to the northern boundary line of the jurisdiction of Southern Methodism to seize the Churches of the great city of the West, as he had already done the Churches in the great city of the South. His coming was anticipated, and appeal was made to Cæsar. It may not be generally known, but it is the fact, that the seizure of the Centenary and First Churches in St. Louis was forestalled by Abraham Lincoln, in the same view and on the same principles, that President Johnson restored Carondelet and Felicity at New Orleans to their lawful owners and natural worshippers—natives to them by baptism and born of God at their altars.

In regard to the interference of President Lincoln to put a stop to that business, the facts are well authenticated—within the personal knowledge of living and reliable witnesses, who were actors in that history and certified by documentary testimony. When the approach of Bishop Ames to St. Louis became known at Centenary Church, one of its members, the Hon. John Hogan, an old personal, though not a political, friend of Mr. Lincoln, was deputed to go to Washington City to claim at the hands of the Chief Magistrate the protection of the civil power against lawless Churchism; in the right of citizenship, to security of property, and as Churchmen, to unmolested worship of God at their altar places. The result of that mission was a suspension of the order, as to the Churches in Missouri and Kentucky. Mr. Hogan brought back with him this supplemental order. The original document is in the possession of the writer. It contains an approving endorsement on the back in the handwriting of Mr. Lincoln and over his well known signature.

The document is in evidence to a singular fact in both the religious and political history of this land and of the nineteenth century; as the name of the order imports, combining that of a Bishop of a Church and a Prime Minister of the State—a Church measure of the Government and a Government measure of the Church. It was so strange and so foreign both to the genius of a free country and to the charter of its liberties; and so repugnant to both Testaments of religion, the spirit of charity in the New and the decalogue of the Old—to the Gospel of Christ and the law of Moses; that Mr. Lincoln could with difficulty be convinced that such an event as the Stanton-Ames Order had any existence. He would not and did not credit it till in the second interview with Mr. Hogan, after he had inquired and learned it from the archives of the War Department.

The real and unaffected ignorance of the existence of such an order on the part of the President indicates the character of the transaction in its history, as done in the dark and in a mutual subserviency of the Church and State. It was planned by the Militant Bishop of his Church and the War Secretary of the State, exchanging weapons and differing only in the direction of the blow; the one looking to the muster roll of the army for the overthrow of the South in the field, and the other to the power of the bayonet for supplanting Southern Methodism among the Churches. That history, also, explains the revocation of the order in part only, and the attempted apology for his Secretary, as Mr. Hogan has reported it—the President, at the time, going as far as he could without breaking abruptly with his

War Secretary, and without alienating a Church, of which, he had said, "it sent more soldiers to the field and more prayers to Heaven," than any other organized body in the land. Out of this history came the famous manifesto of Mr. Lincoln he was bold to make not long afterwards: "The Government is not running the Churches." It is presumable with reasonable certainty that President Lincoln, if he had lived, would have done at New Orleans, in the restoration of the Churches which had been seized from Southern Methodism and their pulpits occupied by Simpson-Ames Episcopal appointments, what Vice-President Johnson did, when he sat in the Presidential chair, as his successor.

It is, also, a fact for just and grateful record that the war policies of the Church, North, at the South, in the days of conquest and reconstruction, were deprecated by leading men and large numbers in the Communion of that Bishop's own Church. On the authority of the layman who spoke so eloquently in bearing fraternal salutations at Louisville, and who acted a noble part in the peace-measures of the Cape May settlement, it is known to the writer, that while Mr. Hogan was at Washington City circumventing the War Secretary through the veto of his Chief, a message was dispatched by the Union M. E. Church of St. Louis to forbid the coming of the Bishop. In like tenor of testimony, the various independent organizations formed in Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, mentioned in this chapter, were composed chiefly of Methodists, who could be nothing else, but could not submit to the prostitution of Methodism to political partisanship, nor that its altars should be converted into recruiting stations for armies and its pulpit into preaching the crusades of war—far less, that in suppressing the rebellion, the kindred Methodism at the South should be overthrown; its Churches wrested from them and its folds deprived of their pastors or served by aliens—not shepherds, but spoilers of their heritage.

Bishop Marvin, during the war between the States, was near by at the beginning of the onset with carnal weapons by the Northern upon the Southern Methodism. In his army itinerary he had met at Homer, La., in the chair of a College Professor, a pastor of the Church, who had been driven from his flock when Bishop Ames, on his route to St. Louis, took possession of the Church at Natchez—no other than the sweet spirited man and Gospel-herald preacher and Christ-like pastor, George H. Clinton, whom any chief spiritual overseer should have kept in charge of the fold, not driven away from it. Bishop Marvin's intimate knowledge and personal relations, from beginning to the end of the collision and strife, pointed his pen, which has been considered by those whose history it reviewed, as unduly sharp with invective. Some such passages occur in the article in the *Southern Review*, already quoted from, in which strong repugnance is expressed and disgust excited towards overtures for fraternity and even organic union, when they came after a fierce but baffled purpose to combine the Methodisms by "disintegration and absorption," or make one Methodism by destroying by force of arms the other of the twain. The sentiment of the approach, as he estimated it, was smooth with words of fraternity, but not proffers of justice. At the same time, however, that he held the corporate Church, in the absence of official rebuke or disclaimer, to be responsible for the predatory movement upon the Methodism at the South; yet, he wrote—"the great majority of the private members of that Church are to be held blameless. They do not know the facts." If known, he said of the laity, "their indignation would be boundless."

It is appropriate and the privilege of this pen to write, that what has been written in these pages is in the interest at the same time of truth, justice and fraternity. The last came to pass, at length, by looking the first in the face, and mutual justice was the condition, as it is the only stable foundation of fraternity. There is only one sense in which it is either wise or Christian "to bury the past"—to bury the bitterness strife may have engendered, but to keep alive and in prominent view, as a monument erected over that grave, the past wrong-doing, in monition against the causes which will act inevitably as a resurrection to the spirit of discord and the renewal of strife. Formal fraternity happened at all, not by suppressing the truth nor blinking wrongs, but as reconciliation between man and his Maker was achieved—"righteousness and peace kiss each other." Only thus can it be maintained. Thus it is put in the address of the Cape May Commission, in which every pen of the ten Commissioners was privileged to insert its sentiment, and the sentiments of which came from the pen of the living and loving Fancher and the dead and revered Myers, and were confirmed by all voices. Then only will fraternity be real and become lasting, as the Commissioners uttered it, when the two Communions, as "dual Churches of American Methodism, revolving in mutual fellowship and harmony, shall fulfill the wise counsel given in 1820 to the Missionaries and members of the M. E. Church, and of the Wesleyan connection in the Canadas by Bishop McKendree and the Wesleyan Missionary Committee, namely: 'Feel that you are one with your brethren, embarked in the same great cause and eminently of the same religious family; and if any warm spirits rise up and trouble you, remember that you are to act on the principles now sanctioned and avowed by the two connections, and not upon local prejudices.'"

In the notes of Bishop Marvin, made on his visit to the Louisiana Conference in the winter of 1870, there is significant mention of the continued care of the colored people of the South. The Southern Church, which had established Missions on the plantations when they were slaves, when freedmen, devised for them, according to their wishes, an independent organization and separate, except as not divorced from the sympathy of their former pastors and not set off without the dowry of the title deed to their Houses of Worship. On the first approach of the British Wesleyan Conference to the Southern Church, at Louisville, it is formally stated that its connection with slavery had forbidden the approach during all the previous years of the existence of the Church. The explanation, as an apology, was courteously but plainly replied to in the answer of the General Conference, as a misconception of the facts of the relation of the Church to African slavery at the South. In the light of the facts, the refusal of recognition on that ground would be no more reasonable than the recall of the English Minister from the seat of the American Government at Washington City, because the Mormonism of Utah existed in the body politic. The Church was in the midst of slavery, neither its advocate nor with a commission to overthrow it; as a social and civil institution of the country, to respect it and to adapt the Church to it in its ministry, which, as it was in a Pauline pastorate and Episcopacy, had a mission and a duty alike to master and slave. How both dwelt together in patriarchal fashion and simplicity, and in the fellowship of Christ, where there is neither bond nor free, had witness in the eloquent utterance, at Atlanta, of the colored fraternal messenger of one of the largest Churches among his race in this country. In substance it was said by him: "When the fathers and sons of the South were off in the armies fighting the battles of their country, the mothers and daughters were left to our protection; and were we true and faithful to the trust? And through you, on the other hand, we have received the knowledge of Christ and the experience of salvation, and we will bless you for it."

Without having the form or the reference of a vindication, the note of Bishop Marvin exhibits that relation and attitude of the Church in a true light and with an impressive testimony:

> There are still quite a number of circuits among the colored people remaining in connection with this Conference. They will probably be soon united with the "Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America." For the present, however, they are cared for by this Conference. They are served, for the most part, by men of their own color, some of whom stand high, both for intelligence and piety. Indeed, Bishop Keener says that one of them would make a very respectable Bishop. Several were ordained deacons, and one an elder, at this Conference.

In the following paragraphs then is reciprocal witness to strong and tender personal ties in his relations to Louisiana Methodism:

> It is on the lips of many that this has been a session of the Louisiana Conference distinguished for good feeling on all sides, and also for profitable worship. It has been an occasion of great personal interest to me. Many of the preachers I became acquainted with during the war, and as an exile and a wanderer among them, I was received with a generous regard and sympathy that I can never forget.
>
> Certainly never in all my life did I enjoy the hospitality of old friends more than I have that of Brother and Sister Dunnica since I arrived here. In addition to all other kindnesses, in the presence of a small company of personal friends, through Bishop Keener, in the most delicate way, an expression of regard came upon me so suddenly that I scarcely knew what to say or do. But it was not intended for the public, and I will not detail the facts. It shall be a memorial of them with me forever. Yet, truly, there was no special memorial necessary between them and me.

The token of personal regard referred to was an elegant gold watch and guard. The sentiment of admiration and personal love on the part of the preachers had an unique expression at the Conference held by him at Baton Rouge in 1873. It occurred in connection with his Conference sermon. Everybody knows of the broken wing of Bishop Kavanaugh's flight, when, in the balk of memory, his poetical quotation ended—"like Angels' visits; few, *few*, FEW, and *not many of them.*" Bishop Marvin has reported an equally amusing incident of the Caples pulpit: "The only time I ever knew him to be at a loss for a word was at this meeting. In that instance he was so completely at fault that after a pause of some moments he used a word that, in the connection, was really ludicrous. He intended to say the wounded deer forsakes the herd; but the word *forsakes* forsook him, and he said *slopes*—and there the sentence ended." Bishop Marvin's vocabulary was always at command, but it sometimes got into reverse position, as a *lapsis linguæ*, in rapid utterance, or when his attention was diverted by incidents of the audience room. He records in his California diary how he was disconcerted—"But, oh! the babies;" and again—"Greatly annoyed in Church to-night by a boisterous, ungovernable child. It needed spanking." Then he complains of loss of "liberty" in the sermon. At the Louisiana Conference there was, in his sermon on "Man," a freak of wild liberty of words, and repeated a second time, as he saw grown men and grave preachers smiling. The smile and its interpretation are narrated by the Rev. Dr. Tudor, at the time a member of that Conference and present: "At Baton Rouge during Conference, he was preaching one night, and inverted in an impassioned remark of his discourse, what he intended to say, saying—'I am glad I was born an angel and not a man.' He repeated the sentence in the same form, and the smile broadened with some young people into a laugh so marked that he stopped to rebuke the laughter severely. Alex. Goodwyn, the pastor, in apology for his congregation, afterwards explained: 'Bishop, I reckon it was thought so near the truth, that you were more an angel than a man, that they couldn't help smiling a little.'"

The Conferences in Alabama, spoken of in the next chapter, were in his Episcopal plan for 1873. In all the area of the Conferences of the Gulf States, the history of abundant labors is repeated; the wayside sowing, the week-night preaching, the intervening Episcopal visitation at District Conferences, the painstaking labors of the Annual session—all bringing him into wide contact with the people and the preachers and the work; and in all his intercourse and administration, winning the affection of the Church, and inspiring its zeal; everywhere leaving behind him the impress of his personal force and of a powerful pulpit.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CONFERENCE PRESIDENT.

Bishop Marvin's prentice hand in the Chair—Qualities as Chairman—An estimate by the oldest surviving Missouri itinerant—Testimony from the Gulf States and the Atlantic seaboard—The platform—Address to candidates and ordination service—Scenes at Conferences in Alabama—The Missionary speech—The charge to the preachers at reading out appointments—The stationing-room—Planning the work—Bishop Soule's policy—Supply of the city pulpit—"Local itinerancy" deplored—The integrity of the economy of Methodist itinerancy—Just and sympathetic—Painstaking—Burden of responsibility—The pulpit—Notable occasions—At Tennessee Conference—At Atlanta, Ga.—In Alabama—Chief sermons—"The Church the Bride of Christ."

IN the older and larger Conferences, in greatest prominence, was Bishop Marvin's Presidency—the Chair, the Platform and the Pulpit.

Bishop Morris, in a paper combating proposal in some quarters in his Church of a quadrennial election of Bishops, said that it took him four years to become acquainted with the practical duties of his office. There is account of Bishop Marvin's prentice hand in the chair, at his first, the East Texas Conference, at Marshall, calling for the vote *viva voce*. The brethren reminded him that it was not the Methodist way; but still, occasionally he would repeat the mistake. This is the only instance reported of awkward movement or absence of self-possession. In the dispatch of the business of a Conference he was alert, direct, not slow, tolerant of discussion but pushing on, having the business readily in hand and well up for times and occasions. Not slighting anything was often said of his reports of Conferences; at the same time not tedious, quick in discernment, guiding remark and resolution to the point, and making points himself not unfrequently. Mere routine anywhere and in anything was an abhorrence; and a Conference, when he adjourned it, was understood by him and understood itself—a question of the minutes exhausted when he dismissed it; and all answers finished off roundly and squarely, and yet the Conference business through with "in good time," as he commonly expressed it. His Conferences were orderly assemblies; the only exception known to the writer being one of his first Conferences after his return to Missouri, as Bishop. The brethren presumed upon old companionship and personal loves; he commanded the peace sternly. He was, however, not a martinet, not pretentious, not self-conscious. He was affable, courteous, patient; in much, maintaining public interest by the interest he took and imparted; and order commonly was a consequent, and a command rarely. Of his manner in the chair, Rev. J. C. Berryman, now the oldest Missouri itinerant, concluding a general estimate, says:

> I was at the session of the St. Louis Conference, held at Kansas City, in the fall of 1867, in which Bishop Marvin presided. It was the first time he had presided in his old Conference, and one would naturally suppose there would be some embarrassment on his part in performing the functions of his new office over his recent associates and equals. But not the least sign of anything of the sort. We were all convinced that Episcopal robes sat as easily and as fittingly upon his shoulders as upon any of his predecessors in the chief pastorate of our Church. I have personally known Bishops Soule, Hedding, Roberts, Waugh, Morris, Andrew, Paine, Kavanaugh, Capers, Pierce, Doggett, Wightman, McTyiere, Early, Bascom, Keener and Marvin; and though I will not say the greatest of these was Marvin, I do say that, taking him in his entire make-up, he had no superior among them all.

The following well considered estimate of his Presidential Chair is from the pen of a prominent member of one of the Conferences of the Gulf States, the Rev. Dr. Oliver:

Within the last five years he presided at two different sessions of the North Alabama Conference; the first in Talladega, in 1873, and the second in Birmingham, in 1875. On both occasions his administration made the most favorable impression upon our preachers.

He seemed familiar with the law of the Church, and decided all questions arising out of it readily, clearly and correctly. The temporal and spiritual interests of the Church, as they came in review before the Conference, were not dealt with in any perfunctory way by him, but received all that scrutiny and attention which their importance demanded.

In presiding over the Conference he was firm and dignified, yet gentle and courteous towards his brethren.

They felt that he had not come among them to make a show of Episcopal authority, but to aid them, as "*primus inter pares*" to build up the kingdom of Christ. None ever alleged to have discovered in him the slightest appearance of self-importance or pride of position; in his intense concern for the interests of the Church and for his Master's cause, he appeared to have lost sight of himself.

The Rev. Anson West, of our Conference, a man of large experience as a presiding elder, in a private letter, says of Bishop Marvin: "As a presiding officer he was seldom excelled. Well versed in parliamentary rules and thoroughly acquainted with law of his Church, his rulings were rendered promptly, and his decisions of law were clear and well sustained. In presiding over an Annual or General Conference, he maintained order and decorum without projecting his authority, offensively, over the body. There was no objectionable self-assertion on his part; he ruled and guided by general consent."

Another testimony comes from a good observer and skillful reporter in the bounds of the old Baltimore Conference, Rev. W. K. Boyle:

Every one I ever heard speak of Bishop Marvin seemed impressed by the purity and transparency of his character. I think he was one of those rare persons who could be read at once by even an ordinarily careless observer. He seemed to me from the first to be a man of entire consecration to God, of such singleness of eye as only to view men and things and himself with reference to God's glory. There was a wonderful charm about him which promptly won all hearts, and men seemed to lose sight altogether of the Bishop in admiring his singularly sweet and loveable disposition as a man, which rendered him so approachable that after an hour's conversation you felt you had known him a life-time, and then were led to wonder at your temerity in talking to a Bishop, as though he occupied just your plane and was as deeply interested in your affairs as a long tried brother. The children were drawn to him, and seemed to feel a sort of kinship with him—a proof to older minds that he had attained to the rare perfection of being a little child.

He seemed to me to have a wonderful insight into the experience of those who sought of him religious counsel. I shall never forget his solving a problem for me by the simple yet very kind remark: "Your faith is too subjective; it ought to be objective. You introspect too much. Look more to Christ."

At Washington City, after preaching at 11 a. m. at Mt. Vernon, and in the afternoon for the colored people, he promptly responded at night, when, for some cause, the pulpit was not supplied, and preached his wonderful sermon, "On the Church." In the chair he was all attention; kept the business going; never allowed a tangle; was prompt in his decisions and always correct in them; was firm and yet mild; and was at times so witty as to convulse the Conference with laughter.

His addresses to the candidates for admission into the Conference and deacon's orders were very searching and impressive. A general fast was announced for that day; and I thought that an angel from Heaven could not have spoken more sweetly and truly than did he. Ordinarily, you know our Conferences are not now as religious as formerly; but when he was with us, men came to each session, as to a solemn meeting, and were often made to feel that they were in the presence of God.

He has said of himself, in complaint, that he was not well adapted to the formalities of a formal occasion. Nevertheless, in the calls upon the chair for impromptu address, he was sufficiently ready and apt in speech. In the address in course of official administration, his speech transcended in excellency and power. It has commanded universally admiring remark. The following concerning it, in his presidency at Conferences in Alabama, is from the pen of one of the leading preachers, Rev. O. R. Blue:

I shall never forget his first visit to our Conference at Selma, in 1873. The saintliness, the deep-toned spirituality, the likeness to the Master that attended all his words and works, made such an impression as had never been made on the Conference by any other. He drew all our hearts to him. Especially in receiving young preachers into full connection did he impress himself upon the Conference and congregation. Duty never before seemed so sacred, nor ministerial obligations so weighty, nor entire consecration so imperative and indispensable. And when, after a solemn pause, the final question was addressed to the candidates, and the affirmative response that sealed their devotion to the work was given, he broke out in singing those grand old words—

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine,"

there fell upon the Conference and the whole audience such a baptism of the Holy Ghost as rarely visits this earth. The heavenly glow upon many a face, the tears that fell from many eyes, and the subdued but hallowed exclamations of joy that burst forth from many lips, attested that the Lord of Hosts was in our midst. The remembrance of that day will be a joy and a benediction to us through all time.

In November, 1875, I attended the session of the North Alabama Conference, held by Bishop Marvin, at Birmingham. I preached the sermon preceding the ordination of elders, in the close of which I contrasted the toils and sacrifices of the preachers here with the everlasting recompense hereafter; and as I sat down Bishop Marvin rose up, singing—

"I'd rather be the least of those,
Who are the Lord's alone,
Than wear a royal diadem,
And sit upon a throne."

And as he closed the song, he suddenly raised his hand upward, and said with thrilling emphasis: "Brethren, before God I would." Never have I witnessed such power attending so simple an utterance. The shouting was such, and so long continued, that I began to think the ordination would have to be postponed.

I have been with him in Annual and General Conferences, have traveled with him, have had him in my house and at my table; and in my recollections of him he seems to me more like Christ than any one I have ever known. I do not wonder at the expression of one of our most independent and original thinkers, who, in speaking of Bishop Marvin, said: "If I had only the Old Testament, and that man should come along and say he was the Messiah, I should follow right after him."

No other man so projected himself into and upon me as Bishop Marvin; and my experience is the common experience of my brethren through this country. In one of his letters to me he calls me "an intimate and confidential friend;" and that expression has stimulated me to be a better man. And now that he is gone, Heaven has grown brighter and become more attractive to me.

The platform of the Conference session commands surpassing public interest; and, on the other hand, it furnishes a most inviting arena for the exercise and the aims of native eloquence and sanctified genius. There is, on the one side, the sea of upturned faces, greeting the platform and appealing to it in eager expectation, together with the magnitude of pending issues, acting as a mountainous weight upon the lever of natural powers and annointed ambition. On the other side, in the adaptation and wealth of the platform, there is the nearer approach to the sympathies and the directer blow, the impassioned appeal, the spice of anecdote, the charm of allegory, the rally of peroration for final assault and instant capture of the objective point. In all, when coming forth from an intense spirit and fallen from the lips of eloquent speech, the nerves are put on tension and the soul in uproar of sensibilities, and thought and will overwhelmed, as the land is deluged by torrent or the ocean is tossed by storm.

In this posture and power of the platform, baptized with a warm heart and an earnest faith, a brilliant writer finds the secret and the trophy of high-born eloquence, "which," he writes, "in ancient days shook human souls like a tempest to utter; and like a thunder-peal to hear." In the absence, customarily, of such conditions of high and immediate effect, the same writer finds the rationale of the successful rivalry of the platform with the pulpit in attracting and moving the masses. On the one hand and the other, there is the freshness and directness, the fervor and force of the platform; and the literary primness, the tame scholasticism, the cold logic of the ordinary pulpit. Exceptions are admitted and cited—among them St. Bernard, the last of the Fathers and a preacher of the Crusades; the majesty of his speech awing crowned heads and armed barons fleeing before the power of his tongue. It will occur to critics, also, that Bishop Marvin was a modern exception; carrying the freedom and freshness and fire of the platform into the pulpit; and in the descent to the platform taking along the solemnities of the preacher's desk, and adding to natural force the divine unction.

One platform-occasion is the Missionary address—all hearers noting of his, the intellectual strength, the intense earnestness, the glowing speech, all as lava-floods of thought and feeling; and at the same time, its weighty theological import and religious fervor and power: spoken of by one and another, as the best, a telling speech, and the most religious, ever heard. Another such occasion is the address before reading out the appointments of the preachers, which, till late years, was customarily at considerable length. In the first years of his Episcopacy, it was sending men out to encounter privations and perils on frontier work, or amidst the conditions of troublous times; and in all cases, as he apprehended it, to the toils of consuming zeal and heroic service and sacrifice. A spectacle to men and angels, the scene stirred his soul and inspired his tongue—the effect of speech, in the command of conscience and the stir of sensibilities, not less marked and masterful, than is related of the wonderful sway of a Capuchin friar of a former century—"thirty bishops, starting up under his discourse, hastened away to their dioceses."

In the stationing room the qualities of a Bishop and at the same time the character of the man were eminently displayed. There are many striking illustrations in hand for these pages, and more not reported, known in every Conference and by the whole body of presiding elders. It has already been noted, what the fullness of his information, and breadth of view and practical wisdom, in planning the work. In the distribution of the preachers, there was in combination the prudence of cold calculation and the solicitudes of sympathy—at the same time, chief magistrate and the head of a family. In this department of administration, one of its measures of policy was brought down from his administration, as presiding elder of the St. Charles district. It is an interesting incident that Bishop Soule, in his valedictory message to the General Conference of 1866, made that policy the parting word, and last counsel of his grand Episcopal wisdom. Too feeble to attend in person, and dying within the year, in remnant of days but fullness of experience and unabated powers of mind, he sent a last message to that Conference. He said to the bearer of his message, presenting to him a copy of "Letters on the Intinerancy by Wm. Beauchamp" with a preface written by the Bishop himself in 1848: "I ask you to take this book to the General Conference and request the preface to be read to the members composing that body, as indicating my views on the general itinerant system of the Church." The book is out of print and the reader may be interested in the following closing paragraph of the preface. It contains an expression of the view which Bishop Marvin held in his earlier ministry and to the last:

> In all ordinary cases, the experience of many years has fully satisfied me, that the division of our great Itinerant work into full four weeks' circuits, with two preachers appointed to each, is the most suitable and efficient mode of operations, in view of all the interests connected with our ministry. On this plan, in almost all cases, the circuits may be supplied with ordained ministers in charge; and the preachers on trial be usefully employed as helpers in carrying on the work. One of the peculiar advantages of this plan is, that the young preachers will have the opportunity and the means of improvement in communion with ministers of greater age and experience. Let this plan be adopted, and all the traveling preachers be "*men of one work*," being called of God, not to their farms or their merchandise, but to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the happy results of the system will soon be realized over the length and breadth of these lands. Wherein we have departed from the efficient Wesleyan Itinerancy, I would say, in the emphatic words of our memorable Asbury: "*Come back! Come back!*"
>
> JOSHUA SOULE.
>
> HILL GROVE, TENN., Nov. 1848.

It was, also, a marked policy of his list of appointments to look well to the supply of the large cities—as centres of influence and the key of the position in respect to large areas of Church work. For this purpose, in case of need, he sought the right men by transfer. He reprobated the prejudice against transfers, as a narrow view. He held and acted on the broader and juster view that the entire area of the connection should be subservient to the manning of principal places, as other denominations supplied them by the canvass of a continent. At this point, however, he was jealous for the integrity of the itinerant spirit, as well as plan, guarding against any countenance to the vice of ambitious, selfish and mercenary place-seeking. It is known to the writer that he dropped correspondence in reference to the supply of a chief station at the point of stipulation for salary and other such considerations; expressing the view, that properly and according to usage, transfers should be consulted, but, consenting to removal, they should go from one Conference to another, in the same spirit and under the same conditions of Methodist economy, as they would pass from one appointment to another in their native Conference.

In the same line of devotedness to the itinerant plan of labors, he deplored, what has been called and written against by another Bishop, as "Local Itinerancy"—in the absence of parsonages the locating of their families by the preachers; of which, meeting with it in Texas, he said, "in such case the preachers can not be *very* itinerant." On the other hand, it was a hindrance, he considered, in the supply of the work in a connectional and itinerant system—the undue exercise of the right of petition for persons. It was sometimes granted and sometimes not; and then, rebellion against appointments might be in issue. That is capital offense. And so, in the last year and in almost the last act of his official administration, he dropped from the list of appointments, as a separate pastoral charge, a society which had been adjudged derelict in regard to receiving the preacher sent.

In the inevitable and often perplexing embarrassments arising in the adjustment of the itinerant work, in regard to both preachers and places, besides a firm and bold hand, he dealt with them in well considered justness. The only instance, known to the writer, of serious complaint by a preacher, was by one, whose name has been prominent in the Church—displeasing the preacher in justice to the place.

Another incident, on the other side, is reported by a prominent layman, who, in view of Church troubles in a certain locality, recommended the removal of all the preachers, as a measure of pacification. The answer was prompt and decided: "Pastors who have stood firm to duty and have been fearless in the right must not be placed in an equivocal position."

Such intricacies and perplexities in the stationing-work made a burden upon his spirit—in familiarity with them not made callous. At his last, as at his first Conference, he is seen pondering the arrangement for the year with the utmost painstaking and most acute solicitudes. "On his last Episcopal tour, at the session of the Missouri Conference," says Rev. M. R. Jones, one of the presiding elders, "I roomed with the Bishop. I never saw him so painstaking in making the appointments of the preachers. Several nights after he had adjourned his Cabinet, he would remain up revising his work until I would remind him that he must take rest, when he would say, 'Well, I suppose you are right.' That, you know, was his third Conference in three weeks." It was at this point of sensibility in reference to his presidency over the ministerial fortunes and labors of the preachers and destinies of the work, that Mrs. Marvin speaks of his feeling oppressed when starting off to Conference, saying often, "So much depends upon my single decision;" and always adding on departure, "Pray for me." It was the same reference in his own remark, on the occasion of a visit to a Conference held by one of his colleagues: "I always enjoy a Conference, when its responsibilities are not on me." His sensibility amounted to heart agony. In this he approached to what is said by him, who was not a whit behind the Chief of Apostles: "Who is weak and I am not weak? Who is offended and I burn not?" In collecting material for this Biography, the very first response to a public call was a statement from the President of Hiwassee College, Rev. J. H. Bruner, that after the adjournment of an Annual Conference, going into the Bishop's room, he found him in tears—the explanation of them: "I have unwittingly afflicted a brother in his appointment."

The most notable record of his pulpit, perhaps, was the funeral sermon of Gov. Allen, at Shreveport, La.—the next, in the interest of occasion and pulpit triumph, his preaching at the session of the Tennessee Conference, at Gallatin, in 1874. The reporter of the one, Rev. Mr. Doty, happened to be present on the other occasion, and says of his Sunday morning sermon: "He preached until his voice was drowned by the triumphant shouts both of preachers and people." Three of the Fathers of the Conference had passed away during the year—of the memorial service, as well as Sunday sermon, a member of that Conference, Rev. J. B. Erwin, writes:

> The sermon on Sunday made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. Its peroration was overwhelming. He frequently made his gestures before utterance; and in closing he lifted his right arm, and, pointing upward, exclaimed, "What is that which appears, like a snow-flake, in the distance! It comes nearer and nearer! It is the Angel of the Lord, the mighty Angel, come as the forerunner of the returning Lord!" "I want," he added, "on that day to come up with Pitts, Green, Madden and all the members of the Tennessee Conference to meet the Lord in the air." An incident of his early ministry was then narrated—an appointment at a private house on a cold December day. Only three persons were present; two were professors; the third joined the Church that day. She sent him a message from her death-bed—"I am going to Heaven and shall be there to welcome you." He would, he said, search Heaven for that convert of his ministry on his first Circuit. The effect was overpowering. The whole Conference was bathed in tears; many were crying aloud, and some were shouting.
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> The sway of his speech over the Conference was repeated at the memorial service held in honor of Brothers Madden, Green and Pitts. At the conclusion of remarks by Drs. Kelly, Young and others, the Bishop spoke, closing by singing Beulah, his favorite song. It was a Pentecost. Eyes unused to weep shed tears freely. It was good to be there.

Neither of these reporters mention the topic of discourse —according to the recollection of the writer, an old and standard theme, "Jesus and the Resurrection;" but in its plan, a new sermon, prepared for that occasion. Just before a visit to Tennessee, as now remembered to hold that Conference, in a private interview he sketched to the writer the sermon he proposed to preach, as a new cast of his thoughts and studies on that theme. The general statement was the doctrinal import of the Resurrection of Christ—the enlargement contained in four propositions; the first, the Resurrection of Christ accredited as an historical fact; the others, in the fact to be found the truth and divinity of Christianity, the resurrection power of the Gospel, the assurance of future judgment—as to them which have fallen asleep in Jesus, the pledge and pattern of bodily immortality. The propositions, as was the wont of his sermonizing, were Scriptural statements; the plan was simple; the filling up, as heard by the writer subsequently, can not be represented in type, except by the statement of the overwhelming power of the discourse and, to those who have heard him preach, by their own conceptions, how the structure of the sermon furnished scope and afforded room for the exercise and display, remarkably in one production, as in a kaleidoscopic view, of all the powers of his great and versatile genius—the facility and charm of narrative, vigor of statement, the scenic grandeurs of word-painting, and at the same time, philosophic breadth of view and logical analysis and force; at every point, his most elevated sensibilities set on fire; now exultant in the glory of the Risen Lord, "who was dead and is alive again and is alive forevermore," and then, himself translated in personal rapture, with clear vision of faith and anticipation of hope to meet the Lord in the air and to be glorified together with Christ.

The sermon at his session of the North Georgia Conference, in 1872, held at Atlanta, was an old one, oft repeated. It had been preached on the shores of both Oceans and from the Mountains to the Gulf, in the cabin and in the cathedral; understood, appreciated, inspiring, whether before an audience of miners and ranchmen, or the cultured congregation and Conference of preachers. The fact of repetition is common in the history of great pulpits; the value of it signified in the remark of Bascom, as quoted in the Preface to his Volume of Sermons—"no sermon is perfect till it has been preached forty-nine times." Nevertheless, the sermon never became tame to the preacher or frequent hearer—the subject grand as the Monarch of the Mountains, and its treatment not stereotyped. In successive delivery, here and there, in argument or illustration or form of speech, even to the substitution of a word or turn of expression or flow and round of period, it was modified, altered, improved; the same grand mountain, but seen from new points of view and in varying lights. His chief sermons thus grew—the product of years of culture. They were remodeled, from time to time, a new stone put in the foundation and grace added to the ornamentation; strengthened, enlarged and embellished, till the sermon realized the skill and ambition of the architect and stood before the hearer complete in architectural finish—massive as a castle and in the grace of a palace. The beholder does not tire in notice of the successive stages of the erection of a grand edifice, and will shout when the cap-stone is laid. The industrious and ambitious husbandman does not lose interest in the yearly cropping in the same fields; and every harvest brings its joy to the reaper.

The Sunday sermon at the Virginia Conference was soon after put away in his Volume of Sermons, as finished. It was first heard by the writer nearly twenty years before in his St. Louis pulpit. In its latest delivery, the effect, at length, answered to the crown and glory as of a seventh day of creation; and the speaker moved as with the profound satisfaction of travail of soul—in that sermon, a realized sense of the Christian faith justified, so far as he could do it; commended to reason as well as endeared to the heart. The sentiment is natural; kindred to the love of offspring—its joy at the birth and the supreme complacency in the perfect manhood.

How his pulpit impressed the Conferences in Alabama appears in the following critical observations by Rev. Dr. Oliver, who adds to the notice of Bishop Marvin in the chair, his powers and fame as a preacher:

> It was, perhaps, in the pulpit Bishop Marvin achieved his greatest triumphs and won his greatest fame. He possessed the art or grace of enlisting the sympathy and of holding the attention of all classes of hearers. The unlearned and educated alike felt edified by his discourses. He was occasionally oratorical and often eloquent, or in other words, he was sometimes artistic in the collocation of his words, and in the arrangement of his sentences; but generally his full soul poured forth itself in a torrent of spontaneous utterances which carried along with it the hearts of his hearers. Some writer says the perfection of art is the imitation of nature. Whether his elocution had been much improved by study we can not say; he seemed to be one of the most natural of speakers.
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> The most critical of his hearers, we imagine, failed to detect in him, while expounding the word of God, the slightest tinge of vanity or effort to win popular applause. If the definition of eloquence given by a certain writer be a correct one, namely, that it is that power in the speaker that causes his audience to forget him, in his theme, then was Bishop Marvin often eloquent. For who among his frequent hearers have not been present on occasions, when under the divine afflatus, he stood upon the towering heights of faith and portrayed so vividly the glories of the celestial Canaan, as to make them almost forget whether they were "in the body or out of the body," when earth was eclipsed by the ravishing splendors of that "place,"
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> "Where happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
> Nor sin, nor sorrow, know."
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> As a minister of the Gospel he seems to have had no higher aspiration than to win souls to Christ. He was no pulpit actor. No vain declamation or airy speculation were indulged in by him, to regale the fancy or stir the emotions of his audience. Like Paul, he reasoned. His hearers were moved, but every emotion had its definite source and its substantial origin in the truth vindicated to the understanding and bound on the conscience. In a word he employed all his great and varied gifts and acquirements in enforcing the principles of the Christian religion, in substantiating its facts, in guarding and defending its doctrines, and in establishing the experience of the truth in the hearts of his hearers.

The sermon preached at the North Georgia Conference the writer has heard four times—the first time at a village Church, at Thomasville, Mo., out among the hills of the Ozark Mountains. Then, it was not more enchanting in its beauty and subduing in its marvelous pathos and power than when it was heard for the fourth time, in the summer of his departure from St. Louis for the tour of the world. Then it was delivered in a Cathedral-Church of Southern Methodism; before an audience composed of the select hearers of six congregations, three Methodist and three Presbyterian with their pastors, Brookes, Brank and Rutherford—all alike, for an hour and a half, held enchained in unwearied attention; at its close, all faces aglow with the kindled enthusiasm of faithful love to the Bridegroom and all hearts enraptured with the pictured destiny of the Church, as a bride adorned for her husband and brought home to the Father's house.

Besides the natural sentiment of the ambition of an artificer, there was in the structure of his sermons so much of Christ, as not to fail always to stir to profoundest depths the supernatural sentiments of faith and command upon his spirit the Divine afflatus. That sermon, it is likewise to be said, was selected by himself for preservation in type, and by every token was marked out as the personal delight of his ministry. In a critical notice of his Volume of Sermons by the Rev. Dr. Summers, the Book Editor of the Church, it has evidently been singled out as the masterpiece of the Marvin pulpit, compared admiringly to the sermon on the same subject by Jeremy Taylor. As preached at Atlanta, Ga., it is reported by a skillful pen—in a letter addressed to the writer by Rev. George Smith, the author of the History of Methodism in Georgia:

> I was in Baltimore, a member of the Baltimore Conference, the first time he presided there, and became acquainted with him, but did not hear him preach, and only from others learned of his glorious sermon—on,

"He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." You know we of the East knew even less of him than the General Conference of 1808 had known of McKendree; and many who merely knew him in the chair as I did, as a gentle, dignified, unpretentious Christian, were astounded when the thinkers of the Conference broke out in such praise of him as a preacher. I resolved to hear him, and waited eagerly for a chance.

He came to Atlanta, at the Conference of 1872. I fully expected to hear him—I was fixed in my determination. On Saturday I was read out against my protest to an appointment in a city Church. Such a rebellion I had not been guilty of before, and have not been since, as I was at once engaged in. I conquered a peace, and was relieved, and that night heard Marvin in a Missionary address, the first time. There was a matchless charm about that speech I cannot describe. It was not the magnificence of thought nor of language, but an indescribable beauty and pathos that made me weep now, and then rejoice. One picture in it was so graphic that Dr. Haygood, who was present, has given it a place in his excellent book—"Our Children." The description of his Missouri home, his mother's lap in which he sat, the rocking chair, the song, the tears which fell, the name of Jesus for the first time remembered, his love for his mother's Saviour—all this so personal, with a sweet obliviousness to everything like dread of harsh criticism, and a perfect oneness with his hearers which made personal allusion frequent and appropriate. It was the most religious missionary speech I ever heard.

The next morning we were early, but not soon enough. Long before the hour the room in which the General Conference sessions were held, then the Conference room, was crowded. I secured a seat on the pulpit steps. Marvin came in with Bishop Pierce. He prayed as few men have ever been able to pray, and preached that sermon, so often preached by him, on "The Church, the Bride of Christ." For one and a half hours that immense audience was spell-bound. I sat within ten feet of him, enraptured. I think I speak calmly now, for it is near seven years ago, when I say I never heard, and never expect to hear, such a sermon. There was beautiful delivery, for his voice was rich and musical and his manner grace; but I had heard Punshon and Duncan. There was brilliant rhetoric, but I had heard Minnegerode and Hanner. There was broad philosophy, but I had heard Bond. There was religious pathos and unction, but I had heard Bishop Pierce. But such a union of all, such a glorious blending, when everything that makes a sermon great was present, I had never heard; and I was not alone in my opinion—all united in the same testimony.

I met him in private life. I learned to love him. We were together correspondents of the paper which you edited in connection with dear Dr. Bond, and this was a cord which united us. I followed him as he went around the world. I heard with joy of his return; I hoped to meet him again, and know him better, ere he passed away. But he has gone. God has called away from earth the most unique and remarkable man our Church has ever produced. He was at once philosopher, scholar, orator, poet, hero and saint. But I am saying, not more than his memory deserves, but more than your needs demand.

CHAPTER XXX.

AS PREACHER.

The pulpit and the study—"Compelled to study"—Method—Lord Brougham's theory—Daniel Webster's method—"Prepared unpreparedness"—"Liberty"—The Bible in the Study—Godliness in the pulpit—Closet and preacher's desk—Preached out of his experience—"The dynamic spirit of the Gospel"—The prevalent pulpit—The burden of souls—Faith in his Gospel—Manner in pulpit—The shining face—Voice in preaching—"My mamma is dead"—"Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani"—Pulpit action—Sydney Smith's rule—Jonathan Edwards—Wesley and Whitfield—Genuine feeling—Honest rhetoric—Embarrassment of self-consciousness managed—Sense of self-importance regulated—An "itching ear"—"The manufacturer"—Before God, "dust and ashes."

THE difficulty of conveying a just conception of living and speaking orators to posterity has been often remarked. "Actors and orators die and leave no sign." Nevertheless, it belongs to these pages, if not adequately to portray the orator in the pulpit, yet to record the history of preparation and performance.

In the lumber-room of the house of a Methodist, in St. Louis, an old letter was picked up, dated at Palmyra, in 1850, from Marvin to Pollock, in which he complained of "intellectual slothfulness." That is the only known instance, and he bewailed it. What pleased him in his appointment to St. Louis, Mrs. Marvin testifies, was the "Study," which is an appendage of the city pulpit. It is further remarked, having to preach constantly to the same congregation, he felt "compelled" to study—even Marvin with such rich endowment of genius and wealth of original resources. He is under pressure of study, as of intellectual necessity. In a higher view, it is, also, of moral obligation. The divine word defines the relation between the pulpit and the pew—"the Priest's lips should keep knowledge and the people should learn wisdom at his mouth." That definition brings the preacher's study into view. A word of admonition enforces the claims of that relation—"take heed what you speak." It is the eloquent comment of Olin:

> The theory suggested by our subject, as well as by every rational view of the Christian ministry, is not over solicitous about the production of great, or learned, or highly-finished, or eloquent sermons; but it does imperatively demand that every preacher of the Gospel should put forth his utmost energies both for preparation and for performance—that he keep his soul all alive to the sacredness and fearful responsibilities of his calling—that he shun as a fatal, damnable dereliction, a negligent, perfunctory ministry which satisfies itself with decent, easy routine, and deems it no offense to bring into the Divine presence a maimed sacrifice, that costs neither study nor prayer, and conciliates the favor of neither God nor man.

Bishop Marvin aimed at high performance and bestowed upon it large preparation. He read much; he meditated more. His sermons had substance and form: the two rules of a celebrated divine fulfilled—"have something to say and say it." It was the same wisdom in a President of Harvard College, who replied to an inquiry: "It takes me a week to make one sermon; sometimes, longer." The comment of the inquirer was, "Why, I often produce a sermon in a day and make nothing of it"—the rejoinder: "But I make something of mine." It took Euripides three days to compose one verse of a poem. On mention of it to a poet of his time, whose name has not survived, he boasted that he had written three hundred in a day. "But," it was replied, "my verses will be read after three centuries, and yours, forgotten after three days." "It is fourteen years," says a preacher, "since I heard Bishop Marvin preach the sermon. Glory be to God that I ever heard it!" That sermon, which was still present and prevalent after fourteen years, had been in the Marvin work-shop as many years as the hearer remembered it. That is a common fact in the history of great names and great sermons. A distinguished divine pronounced Lyman Beecher's sermon on the Government of God the greatest discourse he had ever listened to. He added: "He was forty years in preparing it."

All the sermons Bishop Marvin ever wrote were for the press, not the pulpit. Among his literary remains there is not a single scrap containing even the heads of discourse. He sometimes made them, but seldom. His method was extemporaneous, but for that reason requiring not less but more study. His sermons were carefully thought out. "It is well," says Spurgeon, "to preach without notes, no doubt; but a man who should preach purely extemporaneously, without thinking beforehand, would probably be an exceedingly dull and dry preacher." Another has assigned to such a pulpit the part in Shakespeare's play given to Bottom, the weaver—

> "Roaring;
> And that may be done extempore."

And so, also, it is rated by another, in unique but good fulfillment of the Latin saying: "*Vox et praeterea nihil.*"

There was no such absurdity in the history of his pulpit fame, as not "thinking beforehand." "Mouth and wisdom," such as his, was not without human effort as well as divine help—not born at the rostrum, but its nativity in the study and its nurture in the closet.

Lord Brougham strongly advises the practice of written discourse, when there is opportunity for it. He contends that the habitual writer will be the best extemporaneous speaker when there is no opportunity for writing. He adds that the history of all the best orators at the bar and in the pulpit confirms his theory. Substantially, Bishop Marvin's method conformed to the recommendation of the great Enlish Commoner, and is not an exception to his theory. He did not write, but he secured the chief uses and advantages of the pen. He did not commit meditation and study to paper, but they were written on his memory and in a fullness beyond what may be commonly supposed. The benefit of the manuscript, in chief respects, is the more logical or philosophical structure of the discourse, a clearer and sharper definition of the thought, and fit words where the impression depends largely or wholly on style.

He was not a writer of sermons, but no pen-structure is more complete in philosophical plan and logical connection of parts and symmetry of arrangement than was the production of his unaided reflection. Ordinary minds need the aid of the pen. His did not—its service supplied by marvelous insight, and powers of analysis, and by quick perception and creative genius. He did not even make notes; but no reader of sermons had in the pulpit-manuscript the line of thought and track of discourse more clearly marked out, than these were printed on Marvin's extraordinary memory—seeing the end from the beginning.

The thinking beforehand extended further than may be supposed—to choice words and select phrases, which is the meaning of the movement of his lips, as he paces the floor in hours of preparation for the pulpit. They are pronounced to himself in whisper, and not aloud; but, as if addressed to the assembly. So Dr. Guthrie advises when they are being composed. They are, thus, ready at hand for the parts of discourse where the impression depends mainly on "right words in right places." This premeditation in both the thought and its dress is indicated and illustrated in the eloquence of the forum in the career of Wm. Pitt Fessenden, the Senator from Maine. When he was a young man and traveling companion of Daniel Webster, in a tour of the West at an early day, it is said, he learned the art of eloquence from the great American statesman and orator:

Mr. Webster treated him with great kindness, and gave him much good advice, which he treasured up in his memory. Webster told him how hard he had studied, and how careful he was in making out papers when he commenced the practice of law. He said he never let a writ or legal document pass from his hands until he had read it over three times at least. And still further remarked that while many young men were idling their time he was trimming the midnight lamp.

"Now," said Webster, "I have acquired some fame both as a lawyer and as an orator, and have made speeches in which occurred some figures and illustrations often quoted, and which have already passed into mottoes. And now, do you suppose those terse sayings were made from the spur of the moment? By no means; they were the result of previous study, and close study, too. Some of my best illustrations of thought have been studied and trimmed down when the fishing rod was in my hands. The words which so fitly represent England's power, so often quoted and so much praised, were strung together while I stood on the American side of the St. Lawrence River, near Niagara Falls, and heard the British drums beat on the Canada side."

With a plan as complete as the written sermon, and made sure security of discourse and self-possession of speaker as in the read sermon, there was not in the Marvin pulpit the dullness and stiffness of the reader, nor the want or affectation of soul of the merely memoriter sermon. A radical fact in the life and power of his pulpit was in its thorough preparation, and, at the same time, its freedom; leaving room not only for the creative power of human genius, but as well for the afflatus of the Divine Spirit. The famed Scotch divine, Dr. Guthrie, who was a writer but not a reader, has described Marvin's in the manner of his own written but spoken sermons: "I never," he says, "made myself the slave of memory—repeating the discourse *verbatim*, exactly as it was written. On the contrary, new ideas were often introduced, that rose unbidden, and were thrown off, like sparks, in the heat of delivery; and the comparatively cold expressions of the quiet study were also often exchanged for more fervid and forcible terms." The same thing is contained in what is an almost invariable note in Bishop Marvin's diary record or verbal report of his preaching—as having or not having "liberty." A homilist on pulpit preparation on this side of the waters has, also, defined and commended Dr. Guthrie's method: "It must be said again that the highest state of preparation is prepared unpreparedness—heart, mind, language, all well furnished—a perfect knowlege of the subject, a perfect faith, a perfect self-possession, sympathy and loftiness of aim, and then—let the 'wind blow wheresoever it listeth,' 'it shall be given in the same hour what to speak.'"

Mrs. Marvin's account presents him at the hour before preaching: "He used the Scriptures a great deal in his study of sermons. On Sunday morning before going to the pulpit he would have the Bible in his hand, and after reading some time, would lay it on the table and pace the floor, his hands behind him, and deeply absorbed; only his lips were seen to move." A saying of the London *Times*, in 1869, has had wide quotation—in satire upon the resort of the pulpit to any other reliance than the substantial claims of its message—"the Gospel preacher needs only a room and a Bible." The Bible was the chief book in his Study, and not the commentary but the original word, the last in his hand before going into the pulpit. It was in true character as a minister—God's messenger and the message; the witness and the testimony; the watchman and the trumpet of warning; the herald and his Gospel. All the chairs of a Divinity School he found in the school of the prophets and the companying of the Great Teacher and his twelve Apostles. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" made him a theologian; his message he found in the Commission at the Mount of Ascension; his homiletics learned at the pulpit of Pentecost; and for testimony of Jesus, searching the Scriptures. The Bible in his hand—first, most, last—made the sermon like the original Word, the sword of the Spirit.

One of the most eloquent preachers of the American Church has said—"thorough godliness is more effective in the pulpit than genius." The same sentiment is in one of Bishop Marvin's set phrases—"the momentum of godliness." The truth in his mind was not simply objective, an intellectual landscape. It is reported as a testimony to one of the first American Missionaries to China by his Chinese converts—their saying, which, literally translated, read: "In all things he uses his heart." That saying describes Bishop Marvin's pulpit. His sermon was all on fire with feeling. It had the same history in the pew. It did not stop in the porch of the understanding. It was lodged in the inner chambers of the soul. It came from the heart and went to the heart. It both enlightened and warmed; subjective, both in the preacher and in the hearer—the discourse not an external thing to be admired merely, but inwrought and enjoyed. Accordingly, there is warmth in the moral atmosphere and a blaze in the assembly. It is kindled by "the fire in the bones" of the preacher.

He came to the pulpit from the closet, and in the sermon there was reward openly. He had been within the veil and his discourse had the authority of Urim and Thummim, and was bright in the glow of a Shekinah. On the way to the audience of the people it became redolent with the perfume of an altar of incense and radiant with the rapture of the mercy-seat. He preached out of his experience. It was clear and positive. There was in the preaching the witnessing power as well as the word of testimony.

"What we have *felt* and *seen*
With *confidence* we tell."

The words are quoted from a printed page in one of his books, and his own pen put the italic marks for the printer. In the closet the experience, never doubted, was freshened and inflamed. He came from the closet as from the mount of communion with divine credentials renewed, and messenger and message alike authenticated. It is not known to the writer that he ever told in the pulpit, except in casual allusion, his experience of conversion or the history of his secret interviews with God. It told itself, like the shining of Moses' face. When he preached Lannius' funeral sermon, so it was apparent to a beholder—" I saw God in that man that night."

His visit to the closet was the waiting for the endowment of power. One of his grandest Conference sermons, it will be remembered, was on that fact in the Pentecostal pulpit. His expression will be recalled—" the dynamics of the Gospel." How well he understood the constitution of the Christian ministry. Perhaps, none ever more largely exemplified the counsel of Adam Clark—" study yourself dead and pray yourself alive again." In the preparation of a discourse he exhausted the magazine of study and then went, helpless as an infant, to " the secret place of the thunder." Great as he was in personal force and intellectual power and furniture of mind, none ever stood in the pulpit, in self-consciousness, more utterly shorn of a sense of personal sufficiency. How well he knew where the abode of the wind ; and how he tarried there, till he had a commission to the valley of vision and authority to command the life-giving power. He preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven. That was the doctrine of his Commission and the habitual fact in his ministry.

" Without the ministry of the Spirit," Bishop Marvin has written, "the ministry of the word is powerless." With this sentiment, in the convictions and demands of his faith, he associated the correlative fact of a triumphant Gospel—uniformly and signally. At the dedication of the new Centenary Church in St. Louis, the sermon by Bishop Keener was on the Resurrection Power in the Ministry ; the same power that raised up the Lord Jesus from the dead—John xx. 21–23. There is a sketch of the sermon extant from the pen of Bishop Marvin—better than is common in the newspaper reports of the city pulpit. The doctrine of the sermon is strongly approved. He only is a true minister who is born of God and has been endowed with power from on high. "He has the keys;" the prerogative of the open and the shut door at the entrance into the Kingdom of Heaven: "Whosoever's sins ye remit they are remitted unto them, and whosoever's sins ye retain they are retained." The question is raised and answered: "How shall we know that a man has the keys? 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Our Lord spoke this of ministers expressly. If you have the keys show us those whom you have actually introduced into the kingdom. Where are the men soundly converted under your ministry? Where are the men who, through your means, actually know God as a sin-pardoning God? The ministry that fails to approve itself by these tests is spurious. Until you vindicate your claim by these proofs your boast is empty and vain, and you stand convicted of blasphemous assumption." In a true ministry the door is unlocked. It stands invitingly open. Some will not enter; but some do. The Gospel is, thus, "a savor of life unto life or of death unto death;" sins are remitted or retained.

Under such views of the Gospel, Bishop Marvin preached it. On the one hand it was under sense of the awful dependencies of his ministry, and under the tremendous burden of responsibility for souls; upon him as the weight of a mountain and startling as the thunder-bolt that leaps from the crag of the mountain; not less impressive than as realized by the great preacher, whose name he bore, Cotton Mather, who said, that every time he thought of the account to be rendered by the Under-Shepherd to the Chief Shepherd and Bishop of souls, it caused an earthquake in him. On the other hand, a Gospel of power to save, he preached it with the inspiration of faith and hope. He contemplated effect, immediate and full effect. He sent forth every sermon, as a soldier is sent to the battle-field, with the command and the hope of return with trophy of victory—captives chained to the chariot wheels. His own prayer always preceded his sermon, and in it he prayed much and fervently for the preacher—the divine unction on the pulpit. The petition of the closet was the cry of the pulpit prayer—"help from on High." The closing prayer, if he made it, after his own or the sermon of another, it will be remembered, how, less than with a review of the sermon, it was a cry to God for the increase. He left results to God; but it was done in submission, not unconcern. He coveted conversions under the preaching and craved fruit from every sermon. "Added to the Lord" and "daily" was a pentecostal fact. It had place in the faith as well as in the prayer of his ministry—the gathering not of a periodical, but perpetual harvest. In frequent entries in his California Diary there is much prayer for it; but often, likewise, the language of prayer changed into the word of faith—"God *can* give the increase!" "God *will* give the increase!" Often, with what power of faith did he thus claim the increase and was answered in that he feared. There were first fruits during the sermon. Under the moisture of contrite tears falling upon the fallow ground of hearts already broken up, and sermon followed by prayer and its prevalency, the light which is "the life of men" shone down, and the service often closed with a ripened harvest and the gathering of sheaves.

His manner in the pulpit, all along in these pages, has been remarked by the reporters of his sermons. It was dignified, but not dull; impassioned, but not extravagant; impressive without being sanctimonious; direct, but not rude; reaching the highest oratorical effects without the throes of labored effort—in the manner of it, negatively, no cold professionalism, nor artificial tone, nor transparent affectation; positively, heartiness and enthusiasm, natural and fresh.

Ever since the days of 1844, when he used to pray at the altar of old Fourth Street Church, in St. Louis, there has been notice, in the rapture of prayer or song or sermon, of the glow on his face. In the traditions of that old pulpit, the same phenomenon was observed in the ministry of Bishop Roberts:

> Once he preached from the text, "My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." Among his hearers was a young man, highly gifted and cultivated, who had imbibed the virus of infidelity. A few months afterward the young man was prostrated by disease, and death was announced. His friends, knowing his sentiments, became deeply solicitous for the welfare of his soul. To their astonishment and gratification, upon inquiry, they found the mind of the young man in perfect peace and joyous in hope of a blessed immortality. "Ah," said he, as he moved toward Heaven's opening gates, "I have not been an infidel since I heard Bishop Roberts preach in St. Louis. As he spoke of the peace which Jesus gives to the believer, I saw the divine reality reflected from his countenance."

He has himself interpreted that phenomenon in what he has written of celestial radiance tinging nature and fringing the forest, as it appeared to him when he was converted; and how the plain face of Mother McConnell glowed to his eye, as if illumined by the outbeaming of an inner glow or reflection from the invisible glory.

The pulpit of Bishop Marvin has not been considered, in any special manner, to have been either aided or marred by voice in preaching. There are exceptions, in both directions of the remark, to be noted. At one time, but only for a short time, he vociferated painfully—screamed. It was after his return to Missouri from the Pacific Coast, and is accounted for by the preaching on that tour, incessantly and in the open air or under other disadvantageous conditions. His voice, all his life, had hard usage; and it is a wonder that its volume and tone had not been utterly wrecked. In the usual fact, his voice, though not naturally musical, at times sounded in tones of extraordinary pathos; and in the higher keys and in full volume, with clear, ringing notes, it struck on the ear with the effect of a startling concussion. Many readers will remember the incident he has so widely narrated of a walk in his St. Louis pastorate—the little three-year-old girl, found sitting on a strange door step, attracted by her crying. "My mamma is dead! My mamma is dead!" Her wail, through his voice, has pierced a thousand hearts and had an echo throughout a continent. It was a bold venture of speech, but he attempted it, and has sounded all around the globe, in a voice which has not died out in any ear that has heard it, the cry of Calvary in the supreme note of the agony—"Eloi! Eloi! Lama Sabachthani!"

His enunciation was distinct, commanding the ear of auditors in the rear seats of the Cathedral Church, or on the outskirts of a camp-meeting congregation. His intonation was flexible—adapted to colloquial phrase, or narrative, or calm statement; and sustained in full compass for the round of the period or the swell of the climax—to carry his speech to the most distant aphelion of the flights of imagination and to convoy the return with graceful descent. In general, the course of his speech was a gentle flow. The occasional outbursts of animated and even passionate utterance, occurring in every sermon, were like the current of the freshet, having a natural subsidence. The hearer was not let down in vacancy, but, the freshet over, carried forward without pause, as on the ever-flowing under-current. However it may be explained, his voice not only did not vex or weary the ear, but hearers generally speak of the strange and subduing effect of its tones, as well as of the thoughts it clothed.

In the action of the pulpit, some contributors have mentioned, and every company of hearers must have had the eye arrested by the raven-black lock in the roach of his hair, in animated delivery, drooping upon his pale forehead. It has been remarked, also. as customary—the gesture which preceded the utterance with startling effect, like the snap of Bascom's thumb and finger, when he derided the nothingness of opposition to the Gospel. Sometimes there was the sudden start and quick movement from side to side of the platform. It all signified, in concord with the inner stir of thought and sensibility, the intense movement of the whole man. It realized Sydney Smith's definition of pulpit action, when it is natural and effective:

> Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else with his mouth alone, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this hyloplexia on sacred occasions alone? Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from men as Eve was taken from Adam, by casting them into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling?

The quick discernment of the cultured hearer and the instinct of piety in the most untutored saint will rarely fail to detect affectation in the pulpit; on the look-out for it, too, chiefly at three points—the rhetoric, the voice, and the action. It is an unexplained mystery in the pulpit life and personal character of the celebrated Robert Hall, the marginal note on one of his manuscript sermons—"cry here," written opposite to affecting passages; and equally, the "Hem," on the margin of the manuscript of a renowned French preacher of the Sixteenth Century—Dr. Oliver Maillard. Nothing can atone for that offense, which has been called moral forgery. No artistic polish and finish can supply the absence of genuine feeling. Of splendor of diction, charm of voice, grace or grandeur of action, a modern writer has said—"these may be, but feeling is always eloquence."

Jonathan Edwards is cited as an example of an eloquent pulpit, in the absence of all adventitious aids to oratory;

unadorned style, calm utterance, rarely making a gesture, yet attention was enchained for hours and the multitude convulsed with emotion—he had feeling. Bishop Marvin has noted the same fact in a masterly criticism on the preaching of Whitefield and Wesley, different in manner as the ocean in calm and storm; but in both, the irresistible flood. He has written of Wesley's deliberate manner, but not unimpassioned soul: "There was no acting. There was 'no dry thunder.' But there was power." Of Whitefield, in both utterance and action, he wrote: "There was in him the vehemence, the fire, the electric explosiveness, which make the first-class orator, with the spirituality which makes the preacher irresistible"—in neither, mere storm and bluster; in both, the thunder peal preceded by the lightning shaft and followed by the descending rain.

In performance—diction, voice, action—no auditor of Bishop Marvin's preaching detected or found room for suspicion of art or simulation, of sensational aim, or purpose of theatrical effect. Those most intimately acquainted with his preparation for the pulpit, with whom he has talked over his sermons, will best know of his rhetoric, that it was wrought in the feeling which made Rousseau, in his enthusiasm, wish "to enhance the beauty of the French language, that he might describe the beauty of the Gospel." His preaching, substance and form, sprang from inward sources—the stream of a pure fountain; like what he has written of the original portrait of Wesleyan preaching, having origin in the convictions and sensibilities of faith: "Hell and Heaven, sin and holiness, guilt and salvation, God and judgment were realities. They felt the powers of the world to come. Head and eye and voice and gesture were vital with the message."

The Conference pulpit is a formal occasion. To such, he said, he felt himself not well adapted, and that he had not been ever able to get over the feeling. The history of the Sunday night sermons, already recorded, when he was a member of Conference, shows how the popular hour, the crowd collected by his fame, and the public expectation added to the special interest connected with the occasion, embarrassed his consciousness. It was expressed in the exordium of the Lannius funeral sermon, and that of Sunday night at the Boonville session of the St. Louis Conference. An Episcopal colleague, with whom he was accustomed to hold free interchange of personal sentiment and unreserved communication, in these pages has disclosed similar trouble of consciousness in reference to the Episcopal pulpit at the Annual Conference. It was at the point, not of desire for himself to be accounted a great preacher, but he knew that his brethren felt a solicitude, not to say pride, in the success of their Chief Pastor upon the important Sabbath hour of the Conference. The temptation to come up to public expectation, it is testified, was an offense to his soul. He combatted it with prayer; and how he overcame it and trampled it under foot, is the uniform testimony of his pulpit—"preaching to multitudes in the simplicity of the Gospel as but a handful, and to a mere handful with all the strength of his soul."

The trouble referred to is difficult to manage wisely and justly; its mismanagement involving a snare, a weakness, or a vice. In a blunder, there is sometimes the honest self-depreciation, but which is, also, a degradation of the dignity of a man's nature, as though a King should not put the crown upon his head and not beneath his feet. On the other hand, there is the disingenuous censure which Dr. Johnson calls "oblique praise, having all the invidiousness of self-praise and all the reproach of falsehood." Bishop Marvin managed the sense of self-importance, not by the faulty and vain effort to extinguish it, but to regulate it—according to the ethics of Addison, which he had, perhaps, never known of, but exemplified: "The sense of self-importance is an universal feeling. Among its protean shapes some may be criminal and many ridiculous; but the essence of the thing itself is entirely compatible with the dignity of human nature. The evil is not in the sentiment, but in the perversion of it." He did not fall into the snare, pointed out by Burton—"all boasting in contempt of vanity is vanity itself;" nor err, as Montaigne has admonished: "It would not be proper for a man, for fear of falling under the sway of vanity, to err on the other side (if this be possible) and think less of himself than he deserves. He should maintain his rank in his own conceit, as well as in the eyes of the world." It is the Pauline ethics "to think of himself"—not more highly than he ought to think, but in fact and justly and "according to the measure of the gift that is in him."

His manhood, both of nature and grace, Bishop Marvin honored in his self-estimate; but held it free from alloy—the littleness of vanity, the offense of pretension, the sin of pride, or, in the pulpit, the crime and shame of self-seeking. Without affectation, he was without pretension in the pulpit—the crown of its greatness, its humility. It was adorned by that grace, in its purity, as he defined it, "unconscious of itself or distrusting itself;" and in its beauty, as another has classified the bright and fragrant virtue, "it springs out of the ashes of pride and vanity and grows on the grave of selfishness." In his literary fame, there is no vain conceit, as in Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff, "who praised his books, each as the best on the subject;" nor, as a pulpit celebrity, the exigent cry of Cicero—"*Orna me.*" It is not enough to say that he was free from the lust of praise; he contemned it. He despised the detected self-display.

Of even a literary address, at a college commencement, in a manifest assumption and attempted show of smartness, he said, as he left the audience of the pretentious speaker—"a bushel of moonshine!" It is remembered by the writer how warmly he admired the sermon of Dr. Lovick Pierce at the Memphis General Conference, on Paul's prophecy and portrait of an Apostate Church and a corrupt ministry—particularly, the comment on the "itching ear." More is to be said than that he shunned that vice; he abhorred it, and on occasion, rebuked it—once, with sharp wit as well as severe reproof, in a preacher who had held forth before him at a District Conference. The preacher had tried in vain, by all the arts of sly approach, to get at the Bishop's opinion of his effort. At length, in desperation, he ventured on a more direct appeal. It was made in the hearing of quite a number of preachers, one of whom reports the anxious brother: "Bishop, your presence yesterday scared me. I am naturally timid. The fact is, I have had to manufacture all the brass I have, since I commenced preaching." Looking him in the face, the Bishop replied: "Well, brother, I must say you have been a success—as a *manufacturer*."

Whatever self-assertion in act, or self-esteem in thought, may have been becoming or practiced in another presence and in worldly pursuits, as toward God and in handling the sacred mysteries of the Gospel, his spirit was clothed with humility. He trod the pavement of the Lord's House with unsandaled feet and touched the vessels of the sanctuary with reverent fingers. In that presence the most seraphic of the prophets, in self-estimate, was "a man of unclean lips." The Chief of Apostles said for all—"not that we are sufficient of ourselves." In prayer, as on a death bed, a man, if ever, will be sincere. In closet and at altar, Marvin's sermons were heralded with a cry for help; and the plea of petition was the divine glory—according as it is written, "Let him that glorieth glory in the Lord." His prayer was often pathetic in deprecation, "lest flesh should glory in His sight." A remarkable instance occurred at the point of greatest public interest in the Marvin-Smarius debate, and when his fame in that contest had culminated. The audience had reached its largest magnitude, exhausting the capacity of the house. It may be, "Satan came also" —on that elevation, showing him things of creature benefit and personal pride and carnal ambition. A correspondent reports the saying of the prayer. The writer remembers it: "O, Lord! make thy word effective to-night, though it should involve the humiliation of thy servant."

E. M. Marvin.

REV. BISHOP E. M. MARVIN, D.D.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PREACHING.

Travel in order to preach—The District Conference—The business routine—Religious services prominent—The preaching—His pulpit—Its themes—Censor and reformer—A Methodist pulpit—A Gospel of immortality—Revival pulpit—Sketches of sermons—After-meetings—Teaching by parable—The Texan wife—The scarred hand—Christ a rock—Tent-preaching.

THE General Conference at which Bishop Marvin was made Bishop added the tenth item in answer to the question, What are the duties of a Bishop? "To travel during the year, as far as practicable, through the Presiding Elders' Districts which may be included in his Episcopal District, in order to preach and to oversee the spiritual and temporal affairs of the Church." The requirement is bound, also, on the personal conscience by ordination vows, and enforced by statute law, under penalty so extreme as condition of tenure of office: "If he cease from traveling, without the consent of the General Conference, he shall not thereafter exercise the Episcopal office in our Church."

It may be remarked how secure, in the public sentiment of the Southern Church, is the integrity of the original Methodist Episcopacy. On the one hand, the General Conference is inhibited, by Constitutional restriction, from doing away with "the plan of itinerant General Superintendency;" on the other hand, in its legislation, touching it only to guard and protect it—to enjoin it as duty, and by positive statute compel the performance of the office, as Itinerant Bishops and Chief Pastors.

At the next General Conference, in 1870, the District Conference was constituted, in which the Presidency by a Bishop was provided for and impliedly, to the extent of opportunity, required. The history of experiment, during eight years, has justified the utility of that measure in all the respects contemplated and claimed for it—as an additional cord in the connectional bond; as an instrument of executive administration; and, also, as intended, for the wider survey and more intimate inspection of Episcopal oversight.

Most prominent among his occupations in the intervals of the Annual Conference was the District Conference sessions. Next to the Annual Conference, he prized these assemblies and sought, in every way, to impart to them dignity and value.

In a large measure, the history is parallel with that of the Annual Conference visitation. Among other such things, it comes into view, how he made it a point to be on time at the opening, and both practiced and insisted on punctuality. Not allowing unpunctuality or disappointments in himself, he could not tolerate it in others—not in railroad officers nor stage agents nor his brethren, as appears from his California Diary under date January 23, 1869, at San Jose, not sparing one he loved so much: "Am domiciled with my old friend, Rev. W. F. Compton. Find I was expected on Friday evening. I do most heartily desire that brethren would stop this way of making appointments for me that are not authorized by me, or, at least, if they do make them, let me know the fact." To reach Colusa, the seat of the Maryville District Conference, he had traveled in the night, arriving there at "ten minutes to eleven P. M.," May 21st, to be on hand for the Conference next day.

The next day he made this note: "Meeting did not assemble in the morning owing to the fact that brethren were slow coming. When will our people learn to be punctual?"

The brother who writes this once turned the edge of a sharp rebuke by appeal to the rule—"do everything exactly at the time," and his habit to make a point of it. The Bishop will hold for him the District Conference of the Old Salem District, at Thomasville, Oregon Co., Mo., to meet on Wednesday, at nine o'clock A. M. On Tuesday morning we are sixty miles away. The road gets around and over the Ozark Hills, and crosses the Current River and the Eleven Points. The Presiding Elder takes the reins over a good team hitched to a stout spring wagon, furnished by Rev. R. Bradley. With travel after night, through rain and mud, we are at Eleven Points, at the house of Brother Shoemaker, the only chance for shelter, and it was kind. Ten or twelve miles remain for the morning, with no good road except on the ridge approaching Thomasville. The driver took the lines about fifty miles back to make sure of the schedule of time, and, two or three miles off, there was no hope for it except in a brisk drive. There are some stones in the road. The wheel strikes one; the seat of the Bishop is dislodged and he is let down, and narrowly escaped a fall backward from the end of the wagon. "What do you mean?" quickly and sharply, began a rebuke, cut short by a quick reply: "To get you to the District Conference at nine o'clock." He was satisfied, at least when he took the chair—on time!

The line of travel from District to District is marked by intervening appointments to preach—in many cases, picked up in an unexpected sojourn, and the village church bells the only previous announcement. There is the same painstaking and thoroughness with the business routine. Within the scope of inquiry, it is known of the District as of the Conference, what its condition, and what the urgent demands and the possibilities of the situation; and in the one as in the other Conference, under the guidance and inspiration of his speech from chair and platform and pulpit, there is an adjournment to fields of labor for higher daring and larger consecration. Especially it is prominent and universal in that history, how he raised the spirituality of the smaller as of the larger convocation, impressing on it his own. The closing printed record of Lexington (Mo.) District Conference, may answer for an hundred occasions: "Under the counsel and exhortation of the Bishop, we have all resolved to be better Christians, and to try to do more for the cause of the Master."

The interest to himself and that which he imparted most decidedly, was in connection with the religious services, to which it is required prominence shall be given, and which he always gave. The love-feasts are reported, as at Lexington, "glorious;" the sacrament, as in the mountains of Montana, and as it was in the house at Emmaus, where Christ was made known in the breaking of bread, "never to be forgotten." His preaching was abundant, as at Savannah (Mo.) District, in 1873—four times; and there, as everywhere, reported in the sentiment of a layman: "I have heard a great deal of preaching *about* the Gospel; but Bishop Marvin preached *the Gospel*." The Annual Conference pulpit, in the report of it, presents him chiefly in the view, as a famous preacher; the District Conference pulpit discloses the Gospel preacher. In the one connection it has been said what the powers of the preacher; it remains to be said, what the character of the preaching.

Under the four divisions of the Gospel-pulpit, as classified by Dr. Vaughan, many sermons, no doubt, will be recalled—the Gospel of quickening, of instruction, of consolation, of immortality. One of his constant hearers has said: "I never heard him without learning something. He would send me home to meditate, to read the Bible, to pray, to weep." Salvation, as personal, not corporate, was a constant theme—"Ye must be born again." How he guarded the door of the sheepfold against sacramentarianism in all its forms—"born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of man, but born of God." How he feared and dreaded an unregenerate Church—the carnal spirit which might rend the flock or despoil it of its garments of beauty or the locks of its strength. The pitiable self-delusion and the terrors of the final renunciation were embodied in his sermon on the parable of the "Ten Virgins."

In the West, particularly, with the influx of population, there was a concurrent tide of ungodliness and infidelity, like a mighty flood. He summoned the Church to the witness stand—"Ye are my witnesses." It is an age and country of fortune-hunters. Large wealth is flowing into the Church and bringing with it a temptation and a snare. He has related it as an observation of the pew, that, once from his own pulpit, he saw a Churchman, pencil in hand, during the sermon, making commercial calculations upon the surface of a polished boot. If that observation did not produce the sermon—"The Rich Fool"—it inspirited the facile speech of his description of money-getting, and inspired the terrible satire of his denunciations of money-loving. Other forms of worldliness, pleasure-loving and pleasure-seeking, the frivolities and the parade of fashion, did not escape the pastor's eye and had mention in the preacher's pulpit. In the instruction, "God or Mammon" was made alternative; and "the lover of pleasure more than God" was put in his own and a recognized place. The speech was plain and some hearers were restive. The exhortation was bold and sometimes approached the indignation of protest, and had in it the lash of the scourge. With mingled pity, but undisguised derision, he rebuked the "enfleshed" spirit—"soul!" "Eat, drink." The whip of the severest invective, known to his hearers, was laid upon the back of money-changers and money-hoarders in the House of God.

No pulpit, more than his, guarded the purity of the Temple and the sanctity of the Altar. His pulpit, at times and on occasion for it, was Censor and Reformer. There was, as in the Old Testament Ministry, the "cry aloud and spare not;" and, as in the New, in the preaching of the Great Teacher, woes intermingled with beatitudes. In his ministry there was no mimic battle; the sermon "honestly shotted," not "a blank cartridge and fired at random." Whatever courage was required was not wanting. The prophet of the Lamentations needed the support of the admonition "not to be dismayed at their faces." A pertinent comment is in the saying of a modern divine, himself a fearless preacher: "The moment you begin to tremble before an auditor, you are gone. Fear God always, man never." The Marvin-phillipic had nerves of steel. The assault was upon sin, not in the abstract, but concrete; and not upon vices, as it has been said, transatlantic and antipodal, but present and embodied. Wrong-doing was denounced in the presence of the wrong-doers. In the courage of his pulpit as in the fidelity of the Pastor, the culprit was put not in the third, but in the second person—"thou art the man;" and, as Horace Greeley described the pulpit of the first Methodist preachers on American soil: "They fought no dead Satans." The attack was on living vices. The fire was aimed to hit. The mark was defined unmistakably in the nomenclature of vice. On one occasion called to an account for the plainness of bold and severe speech, he replied: "I am accustomed to call things by their right names." In his vocabulary, from the first to the tenth, each commandment stood forth, as has been written, in honest nakedness and the utterance in tones of Sinaitic thunder and with the tongue of the lightning.

The expository sermon had the philosophical tone and logical grasp which appear in his printed sermon—"Do we make void the law through faith?" Another such was "The parable of the Talents;" the pulpit rallying the pew at the fields of enterprise and work, emulous of the activities of the business world astir all around him and jealous for the spiritual thrift which might enrich the Kingdom of Christ.

His discourse was a Methodist pulpit—the privilege of believers "even your sanctification;" the witness of the Spirit; joy in the Holy Ghost. The doctrines of experimental religion he brought forth from the truth once delivered to the saints. They flamed out from many texts. The office of the Spirit was honored and glorified. His pulpit was a Comforter: "Wrestling Jacob" for the tried disciple—the refuge of prayer and the triumph of weakness; and for the fearful, weak in faith, "The Night Passage of the Gallilee." The powers of the world to come came down upon the preacher and were delivered on the pew. As in the "Sowing to Flesh and Spirit," or "The Drag Net," or "Tares and Wheat"—the homiletic discourse went from his pulpit labeled: "Character Makes Destiny."

The finger–board in the sermon pointing to the path of duty or in the way of self-denial, had alongside of it an upward finger point to the final reward and the great recompense. It was a Gospel of immortality. The pierhead anchorage of Hope—as he described it, cabled by two immutable things, many a heart felt the sensible draw Heavenward. His "Earnest of Spirit" brought Heaven down. The last sermon he preached at Centenary was an old theme—"the Entrance within the gates into the City." Often there was a parted sky and a returning Lord, coming a second time "without sin unto salvation." It is an old and well preached Gospel of the Methodist pulpit. The last survivor, Mrs. Susanna Jarvis, of Kilmington, England, among the converts of Wesley's preaching, it is said, died on Thursday, December 9th, 1869, at the age of ninety-four years. Her last words were the "We know" of Paul and his converts (2 Cor. v. 1.)—the Tent-sojourn and the Temple-life. Wherever he went he found old Mothers in Israel, as in the St. Louis Churches; some, as he said, who went to Heaven under the old Methodist bonnet. Their saintly faces were an inspiration to his sermons; and, as he preached, they often saw the light-house at the harbor. Often they feasted on grapes of Eschol and the grasp on the pilgrim's staff tightened. At last, when they went from his pulpit to the Jordan, they recognized the fords and knew the places of the stepping-stones. On the other side the glory was not a strange landscape.

His preaching was a revival pulpit. It was often "very tempestuous round about." His meetings were spirited and jubilant. But emotion must have good foundation. He discriminated what is spiritual joy. The happy after-meeting was not born of sensationalism—neither the shout of Zion nor the joy of the new convert. The altar scenes came out of thorough altar work—that well looked after; and all preceded by sound pulpit work—the substantial sermon, with exhortation as an accompaniment but not substitute. He preached—the revival sermon a full, round discourse; the text expounded, the topic discussed, exhortation following, founded upon the truth vindicated, and, hence, powerful in appeal. The aroused sensibilities were both quick and abiding, as rooted in conviction.

Sermons in his pulpit of awakening will never be forgotten—to multitudes the starting point of return to God. Many, no doubt, have gone away from it not captive, but carrying away the thrust of a wound which time has not healed. It gave special prominence to the terrors of the Lord—the pulpit of Sinai. The divine administration is penal—"The wicked shall be turned into hell." The structure of the sermon is simple. It is possible there is a hell; it is probable there is a hell: if the Word of God is true, hell is a certainty. The first division is dispatched briefly with scarcely more than the single thought, the very words —the possibility can not be denied by us who can look so short a distance along the line of infinite possibilities. It is enough. Attention is secured. Unconcern is disturbed. The arrested look beholds God arrayed in the majesty of his moral perfections. The Bible is not yet opened. He reasons. The Infinite One—He can not be half a God; He can not be self-contradictory. Purity comes into view clothed in spotless robes. Justice discloses its stern and inviolable mien. There is both a providential and a moral government. All analogy notifies it. In the perspective there is an incensed Lawgiver vindicating the insulted honors of his law; a righteous Judge raised up out of his holy habitation to defend the right. The oppressed have a comforter and avenger—if not in time, at length. It is probable there is a Hell. There is a Hell. It is the word of God—the first word and the last word of revelation. The first preacher and the Great Teacher taught it. The symbols are fearful—the undying worm, the smoke of torment, the second death. The imagery is terrific in both the symbols and the sweep of description—the federative curse pronounced at the gates of a lost Eden; Sinai ablaze with typical terrors; the coming Judge and the Throne set and the Books opened. The earth burnt up and all things that are therein is a literal conflagration. "The internal fires of our globe may be the torch already kindled to set the world on fire"—so he said. The lake of fire is a material flame. There is a gnawing worm of remorse for the soul. There is for the material man the fire that is not quenched. Hell is a certainty. The wicked shall be "turned into it." The being and the perfections of God, the power and glory of His government, assure it. It is certified by prophecy. It is history—Dives. To the coming multitude and the nations crowding the way to Hell, there is a voice of protest and a word of warning—"Come not to this place of torment."

The foregoing sketch is copied from a distinct and indelible memory of the text and sermon, heard by the writer three times—the first, at the session of the St. Louis Conference, in Boonville, in 1857; the last time, at its session at Charleston, in 1873, Bishop Wightman presiding. The members of that Conference have marked the occasion as a modern sample of the Old Methodist pulpit—the visiting Bishop preaching in the power of the ancient pulpit of awakening, and the presiding Bishop following in fervid exhortation, and both on their knees by the side of the penitents at the mourners' bench, pointing smitten souls to the Cross. Several of the old and prominent citizens of Charleston, added to the Church and added to the Lord, are the living witnesses and the abiding fruits of that night's work.

Another such sermon was preached in St. Louis, at First Church—the "Anathema Maranatha" hurled from his pulpit, now planted on Zion's Hill. He has described the path to Calvary from the bosom of God by the way of the manger and through the Garden to the Cross—Christ, the Lord, introduced by the Angels and despised and rejected of men. The God-Man, the son of God and Mary's child, without sin in him and none on him except the sin of the world, the promise of the Father, Sovereign and Savior—not to receive, not to worship, nor obey, nor serve, not to love Him, the despisers at the foot of the Cross typed the guilt and the shame of the rejection, the consummate outrage, and the certainty and desert of the woe. The dreadful anathema is re-echoed in the voice of all men and all Angels. The verdict and assent of the assembled universe pronounces: "Let him be accursed!"

Upon a similar back-ground of blackness of darkness, a sermon at the same Church pictured the hope and glory of Salvation—the torment and the comfort. His pictures of mansion and gate; of rags and robes, the loaf and the crumb, the good things and the evil things, can not be copied; nor the tremendous reversal of earthly history in eternal destinies: the colloquy across the impassable gulf, the quenchless thirst, the pang of memory, the fruitless prayer—a lost human spirit as an intruder in Hell and its torment bewailing companionship; on the other side, the company of the redeemed, Abraham's bosom, giving welcome to the unburied Lazarus, "whom," he said, "Angels had picked up on the road-side of earth." He appealed to the hopes and fears of men, avowedly; sometimes a point in the appeal to be governed by these principles in religion as in everything else—not a weakness, but wisdom, to heed the signals of danger and to steer by the beacon lights on a dangerous coast. The sound of alarm, especially, was his chief instrument for awakening. Awakened and alarmed, his pulpit was a Gospel of guidance, and comfort, and cure.

In all the Gospels of his pulpit, he preached Christ. In 185— he assisted the pastor, J. H. Headlee, in a meeting at Jefferson City. The officers of State were among his constant and admiring hearers. He had been preaching the old themes of his own and the Apostolic pulpit—sin and salvation. Talked over, perhaps, at a Cabinet meeting, the name of Governor Sterling Price heads the seductive written request to preach on some popular theme. That night —"Come let us reason together: sins red like crimson made whiter than snow." It is Christ, Author and Preacher of the Gospel: the need and sufficiency of Christ: Christ, the Atoning Sacrifice and the sin-pardoning God. The peroration—"we pray you in Christ's stead." Says the pastor: "He closed with the most powerful appeal to the unconverted I ever heard."

He preached Christ—"the way, the truth, the life;" Him only, fully, savingly. Christ was offered freely, but not unconditionally; nor without an agony in the seeking, as in the sacrifice. There was neither theoretical universalism nor practical antinomianism in his pulpit. In its teaching, as in the evangelical narrative, the ministry of John preceded the heraldry of Jesus. The awakening was general in the congregation and deep in the penitents at the altar—"the mourners' bench." He cherished that Institution of Methodist revivalism; not because of inherent virtue, but the conventional value of it. He preferred the Methodist terminology to the modern "stand-up." As understood in Methodist speech it had a doctrinal import—mourning before comfort. It had, also, an experimental value—"the come out from among them," in a visible separation and a public profession, more scriptural and self-crucifying, than the latter-day and easy, if not, also, sometimes nonchalant and sly, "hold up your hand." It meant earnestness; even more than seeking—striving. If "pricked in their hearts," the pentecostal cry, also: "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" and as in the history of a still more ancient evangelism: "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" The methods of other Churches he did not oppose, nor did he denounce those of the late extraordinary Evangelical movement which extended over the land. In various places, and particularly in St. Louis, he joined in it. He recognized its validity as a work of God and rejoiced in its progress of triumph. In Gamaliel-like wisdom, though he did not prefer, he did not decry its methods, as being, perhaps, necessary incidents of an anomalous history. He even conformed to them as the order of the service in which he joined, and in wise subserviency to the contribution of his influence to honor a manifest presence of the Divine Spirit in a Great Awakening of the Churches. Perchance, it was the Spirit, "as blowing where it listeth," and working a godly sorrow and a divine renewal without ordinary methods, as it is independent of all means. In the later history of the movement, and as it might fall into different hands, now and then, and here and there, the unguarded tendencies to antinomianism would be found, as might be expected, and as Rutherford terms it, "laying bastard foundations." On the whole and for ordinary use, the Methodist method he approved as the more excellent way. He adopted it from first to last—at the school-house on the Monticello Circuit and at the altar-place of the most costly and elegant city Church. His method and its value are illustrated in an anecdote of a New York City Methodist pastor, in the succession of Captain Webb's pulpit, but setting aside the mourners' bench, in receiving members. He soon found that the world was running away with his Church. He carried his trouble to one of the old Bishops, Hedding or Waugh, who replied: "Bench 'em, sir! Bench 'em, sir!"

A striking characteristic of Bishop Marvin's preaching, too prominent to be over-looked, was that he spoke by parables. He had great fondness and facility in exposition of the Lord's parables, and his own discourse was in much embellished and pointed by illustration drawn from the forms of nature and events of life occurring under his own observation. The description was fine drawing and beautiful coloring. The application was apparent and often overwhelmingly effective—the illustration, as has been written, letting light in upon the subject of discourse, as a window lets light into a room; and the effect, men perceiving that he spoke of them. It belongs to the history of the illustration as he told and applied it, that it let light, also, into the soul of the speaker, disclosing at the same time the preacher and his theme. Two such illustrative narratives have been preserved in memory of a hearer on the Atlantic seaboard, Rev. W. K. Boyle, and recorded by his pen. They have been heard from the lips of Bishop Marvin by a thousand ears, and have animated many hearts. The record will be welcomed on this page, illustrating both the preacher and the preaching:

My recollection of the incidents you refer to is clear enough, and I can give you the leading facts, and will do so, although in doing so I shall spoil in my own mind a certain strange sense of beauty and power, which I always have felt when recurring to them. You know you can not put your impressions into narrative; and if you try it, the result seems tame and spiritless. You will have to imagine the action, the glow, the almost transfigured countenance of the now glorified man, and the marvelous delicacy and balance of the story when poured forth from "the touched" lips. The "scarred-hand" narrative was about thus:

The clothing of a young lady accidentally caught fire; her out-cries brought her father promptly to the spot, and by dint of much exertion she was by him saved from a fearful death, and even from disfigurement. The father, however, was fearfully burned, and his hands when cured showed fearful scars and were deformed. Often when sitting together the daughter was noticed in the act of caressing these hands, and they seemed always more attractive to her than her father's face, for their very scars told of his devotion and his love. After some time he died, and when she came to look for the last time on the form of her almost idolized father, she leaned over and kissed, not the cold lips, but the scarred hands. I must, however, leave you to fill up the application as he then referred to a "sacred scarred hand," so wounded for us, and his apostrophe to it can not be written.

The story about the young Texan wife ran about thus:

Just before the war a young girl, inexperienced and untried, graduated at a certain Seminary and came back to her Texan home, where she was soon won and wed by a noble young man. Very soon the fearful war began, and, true to his love of country, he told the bride of a few months that he felt it his duty to join the army. Almost heart-broken, she replied: "I can not detain you, when duty calls so loudly." Before leaving he told her what he wished her to do in the management of his large estate. He was gone for a long period, and Bishop Marvin accompanied him home and was a witness to their joyful meeting. Next day she said: "I must give an account of my stewardship." A care which had given her many an anxious thought, and which was full of difficulty and perplexity to one so unused to business. The Bishop watched the scene closely. They sat at a table apart, while she produced a bundle of papers and began a most minute explanation of affairs. He questioned her closely, was very rigid in his scrutiny, and showed on his face no sign of his thoughts, while she watched him with an interest which was painful to behold. Finally, as if hungry for at least his approbation, she said: "What do you think of it all?" And looking suddenly in her face, he said: "You have done as well as I could have done." On which she threw her arms around him, and with a convulsive cry, sobbed on his breast for joy. Days, weeks, months, she had labored steadily on for the reward of his approbation, and when it came, pent-up feelings could no longer be restrained, and there was a delirium of joy. So will it be, my brethren, to us when after our toil is over, we shall hear the Master say: "Well done, good and faithful servants."

Both of these incidents produced a profound sensation, and tears and smiles were on all faces.

A sermon on "The Lord is my Rock" (Ps. xviii. 42) has been often heard from his lips. He preached it the last time, perhaps it was, at the Marvin Camp-ground, in St. Louis County, in August, 1876, just on the eve of his departure for China. It made the Pentecost of the meeting. His son, Fielding, has sketched the sermon and its effect:

The discourse opened with remark upon the Rock as a barren thing in itself but a fruitful metaphor. The first and leading thought was the stability of the foundation, when the character and hopes of men are built upon Christ. No character rests on a firm basis unless settled on God. Christ must be reached before perfect safety can be realized. Sin and passion and spiritual pride must be dug through. The Lord's teaching in the parable of the two houses, built respectively upon the sand and upon the rock, was used as proof-text, and with powerful effect. The foundation will be tested. Man must be cleansed from sin or lost. Man must abandon sin or hope. Christ's Kingdom will remain when the Heavens are shaken. When the universe is dissolved those who have put their trust in Christ will survive in glory.

The same general thought was enlarged and put in different and striking postures in connection with the uses of the Rock as a munition of defense. It was illustrated by ancient warfare—the protection of the mountain fastnesses and the security of the munition of rocks. The air might be full of devils, but behind the rocks there was safety.

The work of Christ was illustrated by the Rock as a source of supply of water in a desert land. The smitten rock in the wilderness was Christ's pierced hands and feet and the rent in his side. The perennial fountain always comes from the deepest fissure in the Rock.

In the simile of the Rock as a shelter—"the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"—he related an incident of his travel in illustration. He had taken refuge from an impending storm under the over-hanging rock in the side of a high cliff. Presently he observed a moth escaping from the wind and entering the same retreat—"a covert from the storm and a hiding-place from the tempest." It is a weary land. There is trouble and sorrow. But Christ is our Rock.

After going through the main analysis of his discourse, he was apparently closing. He rejoiced in the security given by the rock—Christ, dwelling on thoughts like these: "When the universe is dissolved, and worlds are dashing against each other, then the Lord, my Rock, keeps me safe from harm." He said to Father Gay: "And in the *debris* of ruined worlds God will search me out and bring me home if he has to leave you a thousand years in Heaven to find me." After some minutes of speaking in this style he paused, and, as I thought, had closed. He repeated the lines "Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee," which I supposed was intended to be sung, but the very utterance of the words inspired him with such fervor and eloquence as I think I have never heard. He began to walk the pulpit, saying: "Yes—

'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me *hide* myself in thee;'
When I look into my own heart and see its corruption—
When my sins rise up before me and threaten to destroy me—
Then, oh, then, 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee;'
When friends and kindred are taken from me and grief overwhelms me,
Then 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee;'
And when my own hour comes and loved ones weep around me,
And gazing fondly on me, they pass from my failing sight,
And when I know that in five minutes I must stand before my Creator—
Then, oh, then, 'Rock of ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee.'"

He sat down. Dr. Lucky, of California, had been appointed to close with an exhortation. The Doctor arose and so stated, but said he, anything I could say would detract from what you have heard. Let us sing—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

The following incident of "Tent-preaching" in the City of St. Louis is contributed by an attached young friend. It contains a testimony which may appropriately close this chapter:

Shortly before his departure for his foreign missionary tour he consented to preach at the "Tent" on Washington Avenue, where a Mission had been established by some young men. He appeared very weak, and his voice was quite feeble; but he preached. His theme was the Conversion of Zaccheus. He dwelt with great pathos upon the condescension of Jesus. All hearts were melted. In the midst of this train of thought, he raised his eyes and hands towards Heaven and plead with the Savior to look down from the skies, as he had looked up from the dust and turmoil of earth to Zaccheus, and send peace to some troubled heart. Never, never can I forget the scene, his manner, the tones of his voice. The throne of intercession, it seemed, was open to his rapt gaze. He saw the Infinite pity and reflected it upon the souls of the congregation.

He led the "Praise Meeting" following the sermon. During that exercise a gentleman rose and said: "A party of tourists in the Alps stopped on the summit of the mountains, and their guide, taking a silver trumpet, sounded several blasts upon it. The echoes reverberated among the crags like distant music. I have heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ to-day. It has been sounded through a beautiful silver trumpet, and its echoes are still lingering in my heart."

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN LABORS MORE ABUNDANT

Intervals of Conference sessions—A Bishop's Circuit—Headquarters in the field—Extra official labors—A Mason and Odd Fellow—Addresses—Temperance advocate—A debate—Lectures—Church dedications—The Church domiciled—Church-builder—The House of Worship at Sedalia—At Mexico—At Memphis—The modern Haggai—Protestantism and architecture—The Cathedral Church of Southern Methodism—Dedication at Brownsville—An example—At New Florence—"No debt"—The collection—Nerve force—Dedication sermons—Money value—Conservatism of real estate title—Camp meetings—Monroe camp-ground—"The Marvin Camp"—Red Oak—Seashore Encampment—Wesley Grove—Preaching tour—Pleasant Hill to Neosho—College commencements—Books—"Hard at work and happy in it."

IN the distribution of Episcopal oversight among the Bishops, in the usual fact, the holding of sessions of Annual Conferences occupies each only about one-fourth of the year. As to the intervening time, there is both opportunity and requirement of labors more abundant.

The extraordinary increase, during the last decade, in the facilities of travel, has enlarged the opportunity with the augmenting demand for Episcopal labors—in the fall and winter the Annual Conference, and the District Conference for spring and summer work. The crevices of time are filled up in one season, and another, with Church dedications and protracted services, with camp meetings and College commencements. With the segment of a continent for a circuit, the whole round of the year is circled with appointments, official and of choice. In whatever fragments of time there may be for a seat at the Episcopal bureau at the Bishop's home—"besides all this, that which cometh daily, the care of all the Churches." In the sum and the multiform character of Episcopal charge and service, the Bishops, among the whole body of laborers in the itinerant ministry, are at the same time most honored and loved, and the most traveled, most homeless, hardest worked. Headquarters is in the field.

In such labors and cares, Bishop Marvin was ready as the most willing, and abreast with the foremost; recognized by his colleagues as a strong burden-bearer and a true yoke-fellow; and in the eye of the Church magnifying his office. It was seen and felt, as he discharged it, in his personal force, in the authority of individual character, and, without invidiousness, it may be added, having larger opportunities, in a greater measure than customary performance, it was signalized in the extent of his travels and the breadth of his labors.

There is much labor not distinctively Episcopal, in which Bishops are a law unto themselves; as of choice or, at most, obliged only by the law of usage or the proprieties of eminent position. In amount, the aggregate is large; in variety, the occasions are endlessly multifarious. Besides for enterprises and institutions directly and strictly ecclesiastical, there is constant and clamorous demand for advocacy of measures of social reform, and for the patronage of powerful speech in behalf of institutions, which are allied to religion. The powers and popularity of Bishop Marvin marked him out conspicuously as a servant to such occasions. He was both Odd Fellow and Mason—here an invitation from a friend and admirer to attend the Odd Fellow celebration at Fulton, Mo., June, 1871; another letter of pressing urgency for the Masonic address at Wentzville. One of his colleagues, the Secretary of the College of Bishops, in a tour of Arkansas resolved not to eat chicken in any of the places of his sojourn. At all, of course, there was chicken; fried, broiled, smothered, but chicken. Constant and dogged refusal brought to light his secret resolve. So it is reported; and when, in addition, it was learned that, besides, he was not a Mason, the astonishment was complete and he was considered a most remarkable Methodist preacher. Bishop Marvin was a Mason—not much at work in the Lodge, because so much at work in his vocation in life; but he held in respect the bond of that brotherhood, and was both sought after and ready for representative presence and speech on the days of Masonic festivities.

All through his life he was a member of Temperance organizations, in their various orders—probably, at first, when he was a boy, in the Temperance Society organized in his native County by Rev. Mr. Allen. He was a life-long teetotaler, as disclosed in the stage ride in the Rocky Mountains, already noted. That was not the first time he had refused the questionable courtesy of the proffered wine cup. When a foremost man of his Conference, at the St. Joseph session, in 1856, and the guest of a boarder at the hotel, and in a select company collected to meet him, it is related by one of the number that he steadfastly refused to be wined. His advocacy of the Temperance cause reaches back to his early public life, and has a record of both public and private speech. When he was pastor in St. Louis he often spoke on the platform of Temperance Halls; and it was common, in the whole history of his pulpit, to preach on Temperance. The subject entered into his pastoral administration, based on the sumptuary law of the Discipline; holding that the Church, which Mr. Wesley founded, was, in letter, a total abstinence society. No pastoral rebuke could be sharper than what, it is related, he said once to a parishioner: "Shall it be your epitaph—

forty years a Methodist and died drunk?" Among the odds and ends laying over from the pages of his early history is report of him as a prominent and powerful Temperance lecturer; and of his having had a public debate on the subject with a Rev. Mr. D., when he was Presiding Elder of St. Charles District. The reporter says:

> I was well acquainted with Mr. D. for many years. He was, and is, a man of good private character, honored in his community as a gentleman of integrity, good sound sense on most subjects and temperate in his personal habits. But he openly avowed Bible authority for the manufacture and use of alcoholic liquors. Notwithstanding his familiarity with Scripture texts on this hobby of his discourse, he was no match for Marvin, who handled the discussion in a masterly manner and with complete triumph in the argument. An amusing incident closed the debate. A countryman, a great advocate for Mr. D.'s theory, but a long way ahead of him in the free use of whisky, came upon the stage, uninvited, and voluntarily proceeded to demonstrate his theory by a practical illustration of Marvin's arguments against whisky. The language and action of the volunteer debater turned the meeting into a farce, and wound it up to the disgust of D.'s friends.

There is a note of a platform speech at a large temperance celebration at Nashville, Tenn., when he was in attendance at the Bishops' meeting; and of another, in 1870, on his way to East Texas Conference, taking in his route his old station at Marshall, where he preached a Quarterly Meeting through, and held a Temperance meeting by special request before he left, as he had frequently done when pastor there.

Church dedications may now, perhaps, be considered semi-official Episcopal work—at least, enacted by custom. Besides, to look after the supply of sufficient and suitable parsonages and Houses of Worship is an important part of Episcopal oversight of the temporal affairs of the Church—intimately related, also, it is manifest, to its spiritual welfare. One of the Bishops has given it great and deserved prominence in "Reflections," made on a summer tour of District Conferences and communicated to the public in an admirable series of papers. As to Church building, the sentiment is strongly expressed, that it is "piety and Christian policy combined." The consecration of means and the self-denial and self-sacrifice involved show, it is added, that the current of grace is running deep, and the practical wisdom is illustrated by an incident: "The spiritual family must be domiciled. The exceptions to this rule show its wisdom. A doctor of divinity in the Southeast, after reading the stirring History of Methodism in Kentucky, propounded this question: 'How is it, after that magnificent country has been evangelized by such preachers as lived and wrought in those days, that in *our* day the battle has to be fought over again?' The answer was: 'They did not garrison the country as they conquered it.' School-house Churches, Court-house Churches, and especially Union Churches, have been of untold disadvantage to our cause in Kentucky"—everywhere, to be said, as the doctrine of one of Bishop Marvin's dedication discourses. It was, perhaps, the least grand of the sermons he preached on such occasions, but he has selected it for publication in his Volume of Sermons; for the use, it may be, of a prominent and abiding testimony. It is the first proposition of the sermon—"The necessity of providing Houses of Worship." The text is Haggai i. 7, 8, and the first remark weighty—large suggestion in the fact: "Haggai was a prophet with a single function. The spirit of prophecy was on him for only one purpose—to hasten and ensure the re-building of the temple." The enlargement of the proposition is exhaustive and conclusive—the general statement: "Everything that establishes itself and maintains its footing in the world must be domiciled"—"put between four walls, and under a roof; they must not lie around loose"—"if it is too feeble to get itself in by the fire, somewhere, nothing can save it; out in the cold and in the tempest it must perish; and a thing so feeble, with so little vitality, will die readily; there can be no great power of resistance, no great tenacity of life." There is in the argument this "more than that:" "An organization notifies the world of its own character in the architectural expression it takes on. If vitality is full and large, the house will show it; if it is infirm and inefficient, the tumble-down house will proclaim the fact." His observation reinforced his argument:

> I have known healthy Churches that had no better place than private houses, or school-houses, to meet in. They were, however, in new regions of country, recently settled, and were young Churches, that had not gathered resources; but I never did know a Church that attempted that fugitive sort of existence as a permanency that did not fall into decay. I never knew a Church in the midst of a prosperous community to thrive without providing a permanent and respectable House of Worship. In a house either too small or too shabby to be respectable, it gives evidence of one of two facts: Either that it is feeble in numbers, or that religion has a hold on the consciences and hearts of its members altogether too slight for reproductive power; it will soon do better or become extinct; its architectural expression is a sign of dissolution; there is not life sufficient to maintain itself.

In this department of labor, his zeal is not expressed fully in the readiness with which he responded to the calls at Church dedications for a representative and profitable pulpit—a taking one, both in the sermon to collect a crowd and in the collection to empty their pockets. He was himself a modern Haggai—promoting the building, as well as dedicating, Churches. It was in his mind and on his heart, and on the point of a pungent pen, on the occasion of re-visiting one of his old pastoral charges in 1871, during the session of the Missouri Conference, held at Palmyra:

> The Sunday of Conference I spent at Hannibal. The Sunday School is improving and doing well under the superintendency of Brother R. F. Lakenan. Brother L. is interesting the school in Church enterprises, especially the building of a Mission Chapel. The brethren propose as soon as may be to prosecute this enterprise with vigor. Indeed, some effort was made last year, but for some cause was deferred.
>
> Development (not in the Darwinian sense) is the law of life. Churches that do not grow, die. Especially is this true in new and growing communities. In them the Church must keep pace with surrounding enterprises or suffer.

I must say Hannibal furnishes an illustration of this. Our brethren have already suffered loss by failing to keep pace with the prosperity of their city. They still cling to the old house when they are fully able to build a new one in keeping with the architectural taste which appears in contrast with it both in the public and private buildings of the place. There is a law, prevalent in human society everywhere, which dooms the Church to comparative stagnation while ever it fails to provide itself with the external conditions of prosperity. If the Church in Hannibal had built for itself a house worth thirty or forty thousand dollars three or four years ago, it would this day have wielded twice the power in the community that it does. If it had done that the new spirit of enterprise thus arising would have finished the Mission Chapel by this time. Other Churches have outstripped them and *are taking the very young people of their own families.*

The day of grace is not yet past, but it is passing. I trust this very year may be the beginning of a new era in Hannibal.

I have observed the growth and decadence of Churches long enough to justify me in saying that the Hannibal Church dooms itself to littleness so long as it continues in this old house.

I was in the bounds of the Breckenridge Circuit. The Church here is in a growing and healthy condition. The spirit of Church building is abroad. Brother Currin inaugurated a new era of enterprise here. The building of new and adequate Houses of Worship is at once a sign of prosperity and a condition of greater prosperity.

Two Church houses, it is known, grew out of protracted meetings which he held—in his view, a part of the work of building up the Church. One occasion was at Sedalia, a railroad centre, where he held for a week an extraordinary meeting, at the close of the winter of 1870, Luther Pulliam, the pastor of the Circuit, arranging for the meeting with services previous to the Bishop's coming, conducted by the Presiding Elder and Dr. C. P. Jones, of the Boonville Station. The occasion is reported by Rev. Preston Phillips, who was at that time a merchant in the town and zealous for the unfriended cause of Southern Methodism. In the mind of all, the meeting was a crisis—the forlorn hope in a question of Church existence. So it is set forth in the printed accounts—without a place of worship; the meeting held in the Presbyterian Church; the society reduced down to eight members, having passed through the days and trials, it is said in the Bishop's notice, known as the days of "Martyrdom in Missouri," and in that trial, some "followed afar off" and many forsaking the standard and joining other Churches—added by the Bishop: "So it is. The Devil is still in Eden." The report of the meeting closes with a Church building worked up:

> The judgment of many was convinced Some were deeply moved, and cried for mercy. All felt that Christianity had in these men able, powerful and eloquent advocates, and that it was a rare privilege to attend upon their ministry. But duty called them to other fields. The brethren present, however, kept up the services, and supplied the pulpit till Bishop Marvin arrived and took charge of the meeting. He was sick and exhausted from continuous labors. Our situation was duly realized as a crisis in our history. His sympathy was fully enlisted, and animated his efforts in our behalf. Crowds, unprecedentedly large for this place, assembled to hear him. His preaching was in the spirit and with power, abounding in pointed application, persuasive utterance and impassioned appeal. The necessity of his departure from us was greatly deplored. Penitents multiplied as the services progressed, and the last night the altar was crowded. There were several conversions, eighteen additions back-sliders reclaimed, the Church established and comforted, and Southern Methodism, as a living reality, brought prominently before the people, and established upon an enduring basis.
>
> It is most gratifying to add that we have been stimulated to make a vigorous effort to build a house for the Lord.

The pastor reports that:

> Without aid from any one I plead with Bishop Marvin and secured his labors for one week. The good done in that one week only eternity can fully reveal. I could write pages about it now. One said the Bishop preached more Gospel in that brief time than he had heard in all his life before; another, that the occasion would do him good to his dying day; and another, that the Sabbath was the high day of his life. Many Christian friends of other Churches were lastingly impressed for good. A common remark on the street, by some who were seldom seen in the House of God, was that the preaching was the best they ever heard. An impetus was then given to Southern Methodism in a community where it was previously almost unknown, which resulted in the erection of an elegant new Church edifice as one mark of permanent good. This was my assured belief, as I told the Bishop previous to his coming.

Soon after the close of the meeting, there is report of the purchase of a lot at a cost of $575, and $875 on subscription for the house; in July of the year following it was dedicated by Bishop Marvin—perhaps, half the cost raised by his dedication-collection; of the heavy sum to be raised, a few of the brethren assuming $500 and he undertaking $1,415.02. He estimated the sum closely and reported the collection to a cent—$1,413.25.

The other occasion was at a meeting held the same winter, in the second month after his return from California, at Mexico station, Rev. H. A. Bourland, now of one of the Texas Conferences, the pastor. It was one of the most memorable meetings in his entire ministry, and one of the grandest triumphs of his pulpit. On personal accounts, it was warmly cherished in his recollections; in a few lines of a letter to the *San Francisco Spectator*, saying: "I have had several precious seasons of grace in the Churches, and participated in the labors of one very remarkable revival of religion. This was in the town of Mexico, Brother John M. Ward's old home. I had the untold pleasure of receiving a sister of his into the Church, as also a son of my old friend, Brother Cauthorn, of Corvallis, Oregon. There were one hundred and ten accessions to our Church. I suppose a greater number than that found peace with God. Some will probably join other Churches." The meeting was held in the old Church. On Sunday, May 21st, 1871, he dedicated the new edifice. The opening paragraph of one of his letters of home travel records the history of its origin, and what follows in his own account of the dedication, is the most modest report made of it:

> The Church in Mexico was formally dedicated to God on Sunday, the 21st day of May. This house is a fruit of the revival of winter before last. The Church at that place had long needed a house, and the revival made the building of it imperative. Before its close measures were taken to initiate the work, which was pushed forward with a steady will, by pastor and people, to its completion.
>
> It is a beautiful structure. Brother Bourland is of opinion that in this respect it excels any other house in the Missouri Conference. I am

not sure but that he is right about it. There may be two or three larger houses, but this is of good size.

The business of building was carried forward with the most admirable spirit of Christian love. There were differences of opinion but no asperities of feeling. Brethren were generous toward each other's views. From first to last there was never a jar. The most delightful recollections of the time remain, and will constitute a bond of good fellowship as long as they woship to gether in the house they have builded.

The whole cost of the building was $14,916.64. This was very economically expended, so that the house contains the full value of every dollar. When it was completed it was under a debt of $3,548.81. This amount had to be provided for on the day of dedication. It was a very serious undertaking, but by dint of the most dogged pertinacity in the morning, and then again at night, the full amount was raised. But it was *hard work*—work that put one's nerves on the stretch.

You ought to have been on the street on Monday morning to hear brethren felicitating each other upon the result. Their faces fairly glowed, and the handshaking was most vigorous and hearty. The consummation was enjoyed prodigiously by all parties.

The subscriptions were placed in the hands of Brother Callaway for collection. How indefatigable he is in this duty will appear from the fact that he had collected up the old subscription, much of it being in small amounts, clean, to within about two hundred dollars.

There was a great concourse of people at the dedication. Many came from a distance. Indeed, all the surrounding counties were represented. From Columbia there was a heavy delegation, headed by the pastor. It was a time of happy re-unions. The Baptist and Presbyterian Churches were placed at our disposal for the occasion. In the morning Brother Vincil preached in the Baptist Church, and at night in the new house. The congregations, morning and night, were packed "like sardines in a box." I could see no place for another soul. The space was all occupied.

In the interval between the meetings at Sedalia and Mexico, he had been to Baltimore, and on his return to Missouri took Memphis in the route, to dedicate the new Church in the pastoral charge of Rev. W. M. Patterson, now Superintendent of the Mission in Mexico, then distinguished by Bishop Marvin with the title, "Haggai, the Temple Builder"—since, author of "Church Architecture," which the Bishop, in the Dedication Discourse of his Volume of Sermons, recommends building committees to procure before they settle upon a plan. The recommendation occurs in connection with the point made that *auditory* effect is the main desideratum in a Protestant Church. It is in accordance with what distinguishes Protestantism—from Romanism and Ritualism—the minister, a preacher and not a priest; and the principal thing to be provided for, the pulpit for the witness and teacher, and not the altar for priestly ministration and scenic effect. He names four chief directions in the interior arrangement: Little space between the preacher and congregation; the galleries, if any, not too high; the floor of the pulpit not too elevated; lastly, "never exhaust the stock of a lumber yard in building the pulpit." The last and the first he specially warns against: "Do not construct it, as if the chief design were to erect a barricade, with a view to protect the congregation against the preacher; rather give the word opportunity. Let it have way; beware of expensive contrivances to break the force of it. It seems to me I have wasted sufficient nerve-force in overcoming the distance between the pulpit and the pew to have awakened a thousand sinners." In all these respects he notes improvement in recent times; and to advance it, in his summer tour of 1871, wrote of it: "The Churches that I have dedicated this summer speak well for the advance of architectural taste and good sense in Church building. One might almost suppose that the trustees had read Bishop McTyeire's treatise on 'Building Houses of Worship' before they began to build. By the way, it ought to be printed in convenient form and kept on hand for the use of trustees and building committees. It is well worth the pains of those who contemplate building Churches to procure it and study it before they turn a wheel." He mentions particularly the fine acoustic properties of the Church at Sedalia, "'so easy to speak in,' that the voice seems to be actually assisted."*

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*The dimensions of the auditorium not given; for such effect (all the Bishops have labored on the subject), Bishop Pierce has given the following measurements of a Church he dedicated in Alabama, like the Church in Sedalia, and which he took pains to get and publish: "Length, 62 feet

The year 1871 is conspicuous in this history for Church dedications; in number and prominence of the occasions. It began, as already noted, with the dedication of the elegant St. John's Church edifice at Galveston, in February; in May at Mexico; in June at St. Louis, associated with Bishop Keener in the dedication of the New Centenary Church, which has been called the Cathedral Church in Southern Methodism. Bishop Keener preached the sermon in the morning and Bishop Marvin was on the programme for the sermon at night, together with the whole work of the collection on his hands; the amount to be raised, $18,500. Bishop Marvin has reported the sermon—on "The power of the keys:" "The wholesale laudation of preachers is offensive, both to piety and good taste. But we can not forbear to say that this sermon was worthy in every respect of the great occasion on which it was delivered. It was deeply evangelical in doctrine and spirit, with a philosophical sweep of thought which was every here and there iridescent with flashes of poetic conception and feeling. Bishop Keener's sermons are *sui generis*. He calls no man master in analysis, style or manner. He has read much and thought profoundly. Among his friends he talks much upon the great themes of religion, and talks earnestly, in this way constantly evolving thought, and gaining deeper insight. He is a profoundly earnest as well as able minister of the New Testament." In the morning the collection reached twelve or thirteen thousand dollars. At that point the effort hung; the congregation began to

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6 inches; width, 42 feet 6 inches; height from floor to ceiling, 17 feet 4 inches.

"The rule of proportion is obvious; and this I suppose to be the material point. I add, however, that in the Church at Talladega there are five windows on each side, 9 feet 8 inches high, 3 feet 5 inches wide; two windows in the end; and two doors in front, 10 feet high and 4 feet wide.

"There is some occult law of acoustics which architects would do well to study."

disintegrate; and the debt not being provided for, the dedication was postponed to the night service. The principal contributions had been obtained, and with five or six thousand dollars to be raised, the situation was critical. The emergency was met by Bishop Marvin by means of two measures: one a call for a meeting of the male members of the Church at 4 o'clock for consultation; and the other, the collection to precede the sermon at night—"the only sensible way," was the comment of Bishop Keener, "of taking up the collection." "It must be done," said Bishop Marvin, "even if it should displace the sermon entirely." Still another measure was adopted. As at Galveston, the pastor, Dr. Walker, was put in the field, so at Centenary he fought with a lieutenant. The pastor, Dr. Linn, was brought to the front. It was after 9 o'clock when the consummation was reached. The sermon expected from Bishop Marvin, therefore, was not attempted. The text, however, which had been in contemplation, was announced. It was 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20: "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." A synopsis of the matter was hurriedly given. The theme was the Divine Occupancy and the perpetual Dedication of the Living Temple.

It was a most imposing occasion, in all respects—in ceremonial and service. In the afternoon, there was, what was intended as the dedication ceremonies by the children of the Church. Other services and incidents are noted in the closing paragraph of a notice from the pen of Bishop Marvin:

> The occasion closed on Monday night with a love feast. The Chapel was full. Many members of the other City churches were present. The speaking was brief, prompt, and with deep feeling. God was in His Holy Temple. It was a love feast indeed. The Power has not departed. No

doubt there was much quickening of desire and purpose on the part of many.

This dedication was fruitful in reminiscences. Dr. Linn, the present pastor, was also the pastor of this congregation when the former edifice, on the corner of Pine and Fifth streets, was dedicated. Only a few of the Church and congregation of that day remain. The four bonnets of the primitive Methodist style that frequented that house for so many years have passed away. Mother Weaver, Mother Childs, Mother Burd, Mother Gay, their wearers, are all with God. Father Burd, it was remarked, when the old house was in course of building, saw every brick and beam that went into it. The same might be said with equal truth of his son, John W. Burd, and of Gov. Polk, with respect to the new house. May there never be wanting sons to take the place of the fathers.

The glory of the latter house, externally, in this case, is greater, much greater, than that of the former. May the true splendor, the Holy Presence, the Resurrection Power, abide within it also, more abundantly. May the simplicity of Christ never depart from its altars.

Among dedications, later in the summer, was the Church at Brownsville, Mo. It was an Union Church—two novel incidents connected with it; one, that the Presbyterian half had already been dedicated, and the Methodist half, with $900, its moiety of the cost, remained to be attended to. The other incident is reported by Bishop Marvin, with enlargement and emphasis:

The circumstances of the building of this house, so far as we are represented in it, are worthy of mention. The brethren of the Blackwater class, seeing the importance of Brownsville as a growing town, and feeling the necessity of occupying it for the Church, have been mainly instrumental in accomplishing the work. It is, in fact, a Church extension enterprise of the society at Blackwater Chapel. The brethren, with an intelligent concern for the cause of Christ, saw this opening for the Church, and availed themselves of the opportunity of doing a good work. They built, not for themselves, but for the Master. This is an example to be imitated. Such instances are much more rare than they ought to be. If Churches that God has blessed and prospered would resolve upon the establishment of the work in all destitute neighborhoods within a radius of ten or twelve miles, how many deserts would rejoice and blossom as the rose? How many waste places would be built up?

God is more honored in this unselfish work than when his people in any place build a House of Worship for their own accommodation. In that case they contemplate their own advantage, which is right. But in this case they look only to His glory. He is, therefore, greatly honored.

A week or two previously, on the fourth Sunday in July, he dedicated a Church at New Florence, having in like manner a special feature. He speaks of it, with reasons; and how it came to pass:

> The most noticeable fact connected with this dedication was that there was no debt to be provided for. New Florence has set the example of building a Church and paying for it by the time it was finished.
>
> I have long desired to dedicate a Church without having to raise money to bring up arrears. This desire has at last been gratified. The occasion will be accepted as a sign of prosperity, and is commended as an example. Let it be widely emulated, as it is certainly worthy of emulation.
>
> Church debts are always felt as an incubus, and often become the occasion of many evils. It is better to raise the money, at the time of dedication, by a distressing public effort, than to allow a debt to hang and accumulate. But it often happens that many small subscriptions, made on a public occasion, require great effort afterward to collect the money, and upon a little delay it becomes impossible to collect them closely. All the while the debt against the Church is bearing interest. The consequence is that, after all, the debt is not paid, and comes after awhile to be a sort of chronic sore.
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> The happy result at New Florence is to be credited mainly to the energy and good management of a gentleman who is not a member of the Church —Dr. Bast. He conducted the enterprise and superintended the work. The utmost economy was observed. A great deal of gratuitous work was done, and the Doctor kept an eye on all the outlays. "He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue."
>
> The house has cost about $2,200. The largest subscription made at the outset was $100. The deficiency at the last was assumed by five men, and amounted to less than $40 for each one.

There was, however, in the case at New Florence, a feature not uncommon; the preacher on the Circuit had not been paid his quarterage. On another occasion he remonstrated sternly against the preacher being made thus, indirectly but really, to pay for the Houses of Worship of the people; heavily, too; such arrearages of salary amounting in fact sometimes to more than the subscription which heads the list. At New Florence he stated the matter more mildly, but unmistakably.

> A year ago there was not a Church building of any description in this

> town. Now there are two completed and a third well advanced. The place is improving, not rapidly, but steadily, and the community is a very pleasant one. The Church is being built up gradually, and the members are hopeful. But the Circuit is alarmingly deficient in the support of the preacher. The deficiency is attributed partly to the heavy expenses of the year in Church building. But the injustice of making the preacher suffer on account of this needed enterprise will not, I trust, be allowed by the Circuit. I look for them to bring up the quarterage yet before the year is out.

That good example and his public mention of it, it is believed, inaugurated a sentiment, which has made the fact not uncommon. To him, " no collection " was a relief for another reason, not stated *in loco*; but frequently alluded to in reports of other occasions—the lifting of the debt an exhaustive demand upon nerve force. That was a condition precedent to the dedication, and it aroused and taxed his sensibilities to the last tension. His mark was the last dollar, and almost invariably, with slight exception, he compassed it; but not without such painful effort and ingenious expedients as he has narrated in various accounts. One was what he told to his class-mate, Rev. Mr. Headlee, in a walk in the grove at the dedication of the Church at Irondale, Mo., in 1871. His success in the collection surprised himself, not believing that he had any natural gift or adaptation in that line—" I have resolved my success," he said, " into face." He spoke of it at Brownsville, as "the dint of perseverance," adding: " The fact is Methodists believe mightily in perseverance, whatever may be said to the contrary."

He has given due credit, in the income of the outcome of the collection to the patience of the pew, as at the dedication of a Church at Colusa, in California, in the winter of 1869: " The congregation was large, a good many of the men having to stand up. I never saw men *stand* equal to them. There was a baptismal service, a long sermon, the subscription and collection, consuming near three hours, during which they stood like statues."

At one of his dedications in Illinois he resorted to an expedient—a broadly humorous anecdote—which he confessed that afterwards he felt had transcended the license of even the freedom of the platform. It was done, he said, in desperation. He needed a leader; and from the first he could get none. All appeals and all his usual resources had been exhausted and still no leader in the subscription in the necessary amount proposed. He got one by the story, which those who have heard him tell it will recognize and will know its mirth-provoking quality, by its title—the flock of sheep crossing the Suspension Bridge at Niagara, each in turn following the leader in the jump out of the opening in the side of the covered bridge into the roaring waters above the whirlpool. It was, however, apposite and effective—the last arrow in the quiver, and it snatched victory from the jaws of defeat. He got a leader at once, and all the congregation plunged into the subscription and made up the required amount.

At times, the dedication sermon helped in the finances—especially, that on the Unjust Steward, which was much used and of which a hearer at the Helena dedication said: "You could not call that exactly a money sermon; but it was calculated to draw out of a man's pocket all the money he had." Another topic of discourse was "The Wise and Foolish Builders"—Luke vi., 47, 49. Another was the last he ever preached—"And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it"—the earthly and the heavenly sanctuary compared; the material temple needed on earth, never in Heaven; in the better country all consecrated ground.

The last public service was the dedication of Boyle Chapel at Kirkwood, St. Louis County; the first prominence as a representative pulpit-man, it has been noted, a Church dedication, in 1846, on the Bowling Green Circuit. The large record of such services in these pages has not mentioned the half of them. All the facts are in evidence to his interest in them and of his conviction of their value to the Church. The money value is not inconsiderable—in the instances alone known to the writer, the amount raised in response to his calls aggregating nearly one hundred thousand dollars. Of more value, he considered, was the Church increase and enlargement to the Kingdom of Christ, which was common to his dedication meetings. "Best of all," he said of one occasion, at the hour of consecration of the new Altar, "two men joined the Church, who I trust will glorify God and be glorified by Him in Heaven." Wisely and justly he regarded this work, in its value as a permanent benefaction, surviving the agents in it and reaching to future years and a late posterity. A Presiding Elder reporting the memorials of a preacher's work, instanced his Church building—"an abiding monument of brick and mortar." He estimated its value in the following sentiment:

> There is something powerfully conservative in a real estate title. Anchor a Church in the soil and you add greatly to its fixity and tenacity; it will bear a much heavier strain than it could otherwise do. I have known a few instances of Churches falling into decline that would certainly have been fatal, but for the ownership of a house: if they had been renters they would have given up in despair; but the few faithful survivors had their house; and that held them, and, holding on to existence through the dark period, the time of revival and rejuvenesence has come to them; they have had a new lease of life and a new career of prosperity and usefulness.

About the year 1870, there was in the bounds of the Southern Church a revival of the Camp Meeting spirit. Bishop Marvin was in hearty sympathy with it and joined earnestly in the movement to restore that old appendage of Methodism. He has preached at all the principal campgrounds in the Connection, and widely, from the more primitive, and to him not less attractive, gathering on the Pacific Coast, up in Oregon, to the Seashore Encampment with the waters of the Gulf in view of the pulpit and the dash of its waves on the shore mingling in the swell of the great Creator's praise. In Missouri, particularly, the chief Encampments of the three Conferences were places of frequent visitation and large and effective labors—one of them, the Monroe Camp-ground, near Wright City. His appearance there on one occasion, in 1871, has been already noted —in company with the venerable patriarch of Missouri Methodism, whose name it bore; the meeting thronged with people from all the region round about; among them the companions of his youth and their children; the Gospel triumphant; Zion in full tide of Hosanna; many added to the Lord; at the close retiring to the "Old Place" near by, and sitting down in the room, where he used to sit in his mother's lap. The Camp-ground of the St. Louis District —the chief one of the Conference—bears his own name. Its first location was at the Bonfils Station, on the line of the North Missouri Railway, on the premises of Mr. L. H. Baker. He was present at the inauguration meeting, commencing September 1, and lasting over the second Sabbath. The arrangements were complete—especially, the religious preparation; preceded by successful revival meetings at several points on the District and protracted prayer meetings in the City Churches. Dr. Boyle was Presiding Elder —his voice potent and interpreting the occasion, thus: "Let not members of the Church go up to this holy convocation in the spirit of carelessness, or merely to hear eloquent preachers, enjoy a season of social intercourse, or to make an ostentatious display, else we shall be like the Israelites upon the hill tops of Amelek—we shall be smitten and discomfited. Let the members, *all the members*, say to their ministers, as the Jews on a certain occasion said to their priest, Ezra, '*we will be with thee.*' From pulpits and altars prayer was enjoined for the glory of the Lord to fill the tabernacles: Let us say, 'For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake will I not rest until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.' " The day was filled up with religious services, commencing with sunrise prayer meeting and the three sermons a day, having interludes of private devotions and tent meetings and social worship at the altar. Bishop McTyeire took in the meeting on the way in his first visitation to the Conferences in Missouri. At the first service three persons came to the altar, one seventy-five years of age. Three hundred penitents followed in their steps during the meeting. "Of that number," it is reported, "we have the names of over two hundred who professed conversion and over one hundred and fifty who joined the Church. These figures include seventeen children and thirty-five colored people. We have reason to believe that many more have found peace with God than the number stated above, for at every meeting nearly every penitent was blessed—fully ninety per cent. of those who presented themselves at the altar; but many after being blessed went back in the congregation to make room for other mourners, and their names were not obtained." It is added: "But the new wine was reserved to the last night (Thursday), when Bishop Marvin gave the 'last warning,' from 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved.'

"There is but one opinion about *this* night's meeting. All agree that never was such a sight seen—really a Pentecost. The altar was filled and emptied three or four times, until at last a good brother tried in vain to find a person in the congregation who was not rejoicing in the love of God."

The next season Bishops Kavanaugh and Marvin and Dr. McFerrin were in attendance. There were forty conversions, and, if possible, a still greater quickening and comfort of Zion. At the first meeting it was resolved to make the Camp-Meeting a permanent institution of the District work, and "Camp Marvin" was made a Chartered Organization, and at a cost of $10,000, in the purchase of fifty acres of woodland. It was located near Bridgeton, where he attended Redman's Quarterly Meeting in 1844, and was guest with him at the house of Llewellen Brown, where he first met his wife. At the new location, whenever it might be, he was annual visitor and chief preacher. His last visit to the Camp, in 1876, as already reported, was a repetition of the Pentecost which signalized the first Encampment at Bonfils Station.

He had come to the inauguration meeting of the "Marvin Camp" from a preaching tour, for August, in Central and Southwest Missouri. It commenced with a Church dedication at Pleasant Hill and a Monday night sermon at Harrisonville, and closed at Red Oak Camp-ground, near Neosho—the travel of the day, as usual, ending with a sermon at night; on this trip, at Lamar, Nevada and Papinsville. The church building was a great achievement by the pastor, G. W. Horn—the Bishop's only objection, the low ground on which it stood: "I like to see a church on a commanding site." At its dedication the congregation could not get into the house, and many who came were compelled to go away. The collection, in like manner, abounded—$700 called for, and the response $810. Of the building of the tabernacle at Red Oak and the large congregation, which had all out-of-doors for an auditorium, he reports, what the writer, on the ground the second Sabbath of the meeting, knows is a modest account of a most remarkable occasion and triumph of his pulpit:

> A short day's drive on Friday brought us to the camp-ground at Red Oak. Here we found a good area of comfortable seats, a brush arbor over them, a very tasteful pulpit (built by outsiders), and rather a poor excuse for a preacher's tent. (This was built by insiders.) The camp-meeting was a season of grace. There were a good many conversions. The congregation on the first Sunday was, I think, the largest I ever saw collected at a camp-meeting. The latter part of the meeting was very much embarrassed by rains. But on the last Sunday not less than four or five hundred persons collected in a drizzling rain. There had been a heavy

rain the night before. The ground was saturated, the seats were wet, the straw was literally soaked, and the brush arbor dripping. Yet this large congregation assembled under the arbor, sat on the wet seats and remained for two sermons.

Of his attendance at the Seashore Encampment, Rev. Dr. W V. Tudor, who was present, writes: "At Seashore Camp-Meeting for New Orleans, Dr. Parker, P. E., Bishop Marvin was present and preached every day for a week, at one or the other of the stated hours, morning, afternoon and night. No very marked results, however, accompanied his sermons at any time; and this seemed to distress him." Full account of his labors at the Wesley Grove Camp-Meeting for Baltimore Methodism, has already been given. Rev. W. K. Boyle has added the following note of his closing sermon on that occasion:

> He was unusually happy in the use of illustrations. His story of the "scarred hand," of the Texas wife on rendering her account to her returned husband, etc., etc., were so told as to carry us away completely, and I never remember being so overcome as during their recital. Particularly was this the case during the last sermon on, "Be thou faithful unto death," etc. He told of an illustration he once used, in which he compared some Christians to an ear of corn, which, when stripped of its husk, showed not one single perfect grain, tho' its outward look was so promising, and said, "such bring no fruit to perfection." Dining with a farmer after said sermon, his host said: "Bishop, I fear I am like one of those ears of corn of which you spoke; but don't you think I may be saved?" The reply to which was, "Would you crib such corn as that?" Just as he finished this recital, an old Methodist farmer, sitting in the tent near where he stood, struck his forehead with both open hands, and was well nigh thrown from his seat, being almost dazed by such a searching application of a simple truth.

To the variety as well as abundance of labors, there must be added his service at College Commencements, which has had sufficient mention, except in the general statement, that it has been rendered at most of the principal seats of learning throughout the Connection. One of the most notable of such services was at Emory College, Oxford, Ga., which conferred upon him the degree L.L. D. His pen, also, was busy in the production of books; and more largely, in voluminous contributions to the periodical press of the

Church. The history of his authorship is remarkable, and will have record in another connection; only to be said in this, that his literary labors were performed at odd hours, and in snatches of time. The part he took in the educational work and the publishing interests of the Church remains, also, to be mentioned.

The review, in this chapter, of his labors, under the various classifications of work, it will be observed from the date of special occasions, embraces only the first years of his second Episcopal quadrennium—entering upon the second in the spirit and on the lines of devotedness, with which he prosecuted the first. In justification and for due appreciation of the title of this chapter—an apostolic boast and distinction—the reader must take into survey the sweep of travel and labor from 1866 to 1876, which it has required many chapters to review. In that review, there has not appeared a tithe of his labors in Missouri. In Texas, "toil worn, but elastic," their *Advocate* reported him; in California, in the midst of oft infirmities, "faint, yet pursuing," it was said of him. Of the labors there, after saying he had traveled fifteen hundred miles, and preached over Oregon in six weeks, he said, he had not traveled and preached in the measure of his labors in Missouri, in 1867 and the first half of the year 1868. At every point he is seen with his eye on "regions beyond," and his feet in paths stretching beyond the line of his own or any other man's previous labors: with the Mississippi as a dividing line, during the first quadrennium having occupied the West; his field for the second, the East, its circumference and centre.

In labors more abundant, the crown of his labors was the spirit of them: not in vanity or for parade; but on principle, and not of constraint, but willingly, doing it for man and as unto the Lord. The only petulance, it has been said, which an Episcopal colleague had known him to exhibit, was in a friendly chiding of his over-work—as if he was not understood, or in impatience of any curb to be put upon his spirit. It was the spirit of Bewley, who shook off the hand of Redman from his shoulder, when it would arrest his longer preaching in the pulpit after his lungs poured forth blood with speech—"Let me alone; I would rather die defending the divinity of my Lord Jesus Christ, than in any other way." He had, too, what a modern writer has called a "vicarious conscience," which identified him, in all that he could do and suffer, with the salvation of the world. It was the conscience, it is added, that was in Paul, of whom it is said: "The Christian conscience in him would have made him an enthusiast as the Pharisaic conscience made him a fanatic, if it had not been for his saving good sense."

Whatever was selfish in the prompting of his labors was the love of them and the joy of benevolence. The great philanthropist of the century has prescribed as cure for a heavy heart—"set about doing good to somebody." His own and the sayings, on work, of some of his Episcopal colleagues have been reported: Bishop Pierce's—"Plenty of work is a panacea for nearly all the ills that ministerial flesh is heir to;" Bishop Kavanaugh's—"I find the harder I work and the more I travel, the fatter I get." It was Bishop Marvin's saying—"*Hard at work*, AND HAPPY IN IT." The saying has in it both the philosophy and the poetry of the well known lines:

> "An angel's wings would droop if long at rest,
> And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PASTOR OF THE PEOPLE.

"Traveling at large among the people"—Wayfarer and sojourner—Welcome guest—Christian fellowship—The Gospel of the Fireside—Parlor-preaching—Visiting from house to house—The Church-Fireside—The Nuptial—Bishop Bascom's sentiment—The first marriage ceremony—The Baptismal Font—Ministry to Children—The Child-spirit in him—Preaching to Children—Namesakes—At the sick couch—The Bier and the Grave.

THE General Conference in 1866 legislated, in terms, for an Episcopal pastorate for the people, as well as for the preachers—"traveling at large among the people." Bishop Marvin undertook to realize this policy. It was a point in his theory of Episcopacy, that its primacy among the Elders is a special provision of the Church, in which it may exist—of the Methodist Bishop, saying: "His *status* is determined by the legislation and usages of his particular Church." A just understanding of Bishop Marvin's whole history must view him in the light of the Methodist Discipline. On a former page he was tried by the rules of a preacher and the formula of his ordination; not less, his Episcopal history to be in like manner interpreted by the mind and will of the Church, as expressed in preceptive directions, and formulated in the consecration to office—in the entire ceremonial, Epistle and Gospel, the prayer, and vow and charge of ordination. In these he found Paul teaching "publicly and from house to house," and Peter commissioned and commanded to feed the sheep and the lambs; a pastoral oversight described, as himself an under-shepherd, and to be an overseer of the flock as well as of the shepherds. In this, as well as in all forms of his ministry, the performance was full and faithful—"at large" in travel and intercourse and ministration among the people.

A close calculation would disclose, perhaps, that during the twelve years of his Episcopal life, not one-sixth of the time was spent at his own home; and the rest, as sojourner in the homes of the people. His Episcopal visitations were marked by months, from two to fifteen at a time; his stay at home, by days—after his first visit to Montana only three days; and then, off to Conferences and to occasions which occupied every Sabbath, and wintering in Florida. Such incidents the reader may trace in the dates of the foregoing history, and know that his family life was scarcely more than mere calls at his own fireside.

Of necessity a wayfarer and sojourner, hospitality abounded towards him; all the homes of the Church wide open to him. What the welcome of the visitor and the manner of the visit have abundant illustration. So far from lack of social attentions, he is perplexed with their multiplicity, as in his sojourn at Houston, in Texas; with one family as headquarters, and "staying around among the brethren." Even this itinerancy of stopping places not sufficing; but, wherever his abode, his presence sought and his home thronged with company. One of the first incidents noted for this paragraph is a complaint in his California diary: "One of the burdens of my position is the necessity of being nearly the whole time in company. I have very little retirement." Another entry at a different date is: "Met company. O! if I could meet just with quiet Christian families, and enjoy some little repose." In Oregon, he is in the sick room, and everybody makes him their care, filling the room with fruits and flowers, and of the family, he said: "I part with Bro. Dempsey's family with regret. I have never enjoyed a more hearty Christian hospitality." In a private letter he signalizes the attentions of another family during his first visit and Conference in that State:

> The Conference which met last week was held on a camp-ground at a camp-meeting. I took cold and was laid up two days with a swollen face. It really made me sick, but I went to the house of a Brother Moffat, and was very comfortably provided for. All the trouble I had was from the fact that I could not make trouble enough to satisfy the family. I think if I could have found about forty things an hour for them to do they would have enjoyed it. But I wanted nothing, and they were distressed about it. I had to submit to have a good many things done just because I could not hold out from morning till night saying No.

Of other days he wrote: "Entertained and entertaining visitors; mighty poor resting." "O! for perfect quiet." Of the same sort, an incident of the sick room at Bro. Dempsey's—"Every one charges me not to talk much, and yet every one seems bent on having *his* talk with me. My good Bro. S. is very much afraid I will talk myself to death, but never thinks that he can talk me enough. Well! well! they are all dear good people, and no one realizes the case." There is only one exception on record from his pen of want of courteous and hospitable attention—at a College Commencement. He has arrived at night, and is not met; he goes to the hotel and it is crowded, and no place for him—that night, after hunting up a lodging-place, he said to himself: "I have rarely been invited to participate in a Commencement occasion when adequate courtesy was observed." Another incident is an exception, which proves the rule, how welcome and prized a guest he was. It is related by Rev. J. C. Williams, of the St. Louis Conference. When the Bishop held for him the District Conference of the Potosi District, in providing for a home for him, he had made the entire round of the families at Irondale, all of whom were nervously afraid to undertake the entertainment of a Bishop, and had asked to be excused. He began the second round at the place of beginning, insisting and persisting. At length, the good lady agreed to take the Bishop, provided the Presiding Elder would be his fellow-guest, and entertain him—that the only fear and trouble in the case. After his arrival, he is met in the parlor by the hostess; and after an half hour interview, passing out to attend to domestic affairs, she met the Presiding Elder in the hall and said: "You can go where you please; I have no trouble about entertaining the Bishop. He entertains me."

The religious communion and Christian fellowship in his intercourse with preachers and people is a marked history of his house of sojourn at the Annual Conferences, and especially of his associations at the District Conference—the smaller body, with freer and closer intercourse. Of its social features, Bishop Keener has spoken incisively in a caveat against its taking on the expression and form of proceeding of the Annual Conference:

> But there is a field and a vast and most precious part of our Methodism that needs conserving and a protection which these District Conferences can secure. I refer to the *social parts* of our system. Our Church is not merely a corporation with a charter from Heaven, or a convocation made up of many orderly persons, who, at set times, listen to God's Word, and then disperse to nurse and develop the truth in their own life and bosom; but it is a *family* with ties and sympathies such as can only be nurtured and expressed by mutual acquaintance and much personal intercourse. There must be talking and shaking of hands, as well as listening. We must eat together as well as pray.

Into these social festivities Bishop Marvin entered heartily, and, it is to be added, carried into them the leaven of Christian grace, Even in the free talk of the dinner table, his conversation was seasoned with grace, and more especially was its savor diffused in the communion at the evening fireside, and at its close, in the worship of the family altar. The dining at Emmaus was sanctification by the example of the Risen Lord of the intercourse of the table, and the Gospel of the Fireside was ordained at the house of Bethany. In the Old Dispensation the family was God's first Church—not different in the economy of the New, "the Church in the house:" at the house of Zaccheus, the Home-altar, the birth-place of a soul, and in all time, the preacher, when he comes, as it has been well written, "a visiting brother to occupy the Pulpit of the Household, and conduct its devotions." In a letter from Virginia, in 1870, he wrote of such a scene and service: "Here, at the house of Brother Waugh, the Presiding Elder of the District, I found Bro. Gardner, of Harrisonburg, waiting to take me home with him. At his house I felt that I was among the servants of God. We had sweet communion and prayer. The ascended Lord manifested himself to us as he does not to the world. These sanctified hospitalities are most precious." In his Texas itinerancy, in the fall of the same year, on Sunday morning having preached at Sulphur Springs, of the further worship of the day he writes:

> At night we had an appointment ten miles from town. Through the rain we went, but at night-fall the descent of the waters was too copious to admit of attendance at Church, especially in the country, and on a moonless night. But we had Christian entertainment, and God manifested himself at the family altar. Faith gazed upon the Invisible. The light of the unseen world shined upon us, and our hearts flowed together, so that though strangers, we felt that we were all brothers indeed.
>
> "And if our fellowship below
> In Jesus be so sweet,
> What height of rapture shall we know
> When 'round his throne we meet."
>
> It seems to me as I grow older the fellowship of saints becomes more and more precious.

Dr. Watts has said, that the man who is gifted with the talent of parlor-preaching can do more good than the minister by public harangues and learned disquisitions. The sentiment may be too strongly stated; but it is in evidence, how much good was accomplished by Bishop Marvin in that ministry. In public labors the body of the Church was edified; in ministrations from house to house, Christians were confirmed, and his sojourn in the homes of the people dated the nativity of souls. An Arkansas planter says: "Oh, what a blessing he was to our family!" It is an utterance for a thousand homes and from a thousand hearts. Some were the families of former parishioners from his first Circuit to his last pastoral charge at Centenary. Of the number, some were converts of his ministry, as at Harrisonville, Mo.:

> At this place I found an old friend. During my first term at Centenary he was a clerk in a Main Street house. At a meeting in which Bro. Watts assisted me, he was awakened, and after a few days, joined the Church. From the first he was a faithful member. The incidents of his awakening and conversion were such as to endear him to me very greatly. I found him on this visit in a comfortable home, doing a profitable business, at the head of a lovely family—an active and decided Christian. My heart was full of gratitude on his account. I shall not soon forget William H. Allen. We parted in tears. Such friendship, I make no doubt, will be renewed and perpetuated in the world to come.

Such history belongs to his practice during all his Episcopal life and in all places of his sojourn, of visiting from house to house. At the first Conference he ever held such visitation was a special topic of address from the Chair to the preachers. He stressed it constantly in his administration and enforced it by his example. It was not omitted in the intervals of the three Sabbath services at the Church in Lexington, Va.; nor when he was sick and suffering from an inflamed eye in Oregon; nor in the midst of California labors—then, this entry in his journal: "Visited Father Duncan, a venerable Methodist from Missouri. I am so tired to-day that my limbs fairly ache. I am striving to do my whole duty, and feel that it is a great privilege to labor and suffer for Him, who died for me." In this work it was both for Christ's sake and, without respect of persons, for Christ's sheep, and especially towards the Lord's poor. On return from the Natural Bridge, he stops on the roadside to see an old widow, on her sick bed. In Montana, there is this record furnished by Rev. Mr. Stanley:

His name is a household word throughout this territory. Coming when he did, and traveling so extensively and preaching with such power, he was loved by all. He was sought after by the rich and refined, yet he did not neglect those in the humble walks of life, and all alike felt at home in his company, and honored by his visits. I remember a little incident that occurred when he was visiting with me in a little mining camp in my charge in 1871. I told him that there were two places where we would be welcome to dine. One was at the house of a very wealthy, though a clever gentleman, where we would be entertained in princely style. The other was at the house of a widow lady who, though poor, was a good Christian—a Methodist—and would be proud to entertain him under her humble roof. Without hesitating, he remarked: "We will dine with the widow lady, but will call at the other place." It was just like him, and it is needless to say that all enjoyed the visit.

In the admirable paper of Bishop Keener, quoted from on a former page, he adds, concerning the District Conference: "They are of just the size, and have just the amount of familiar and occasional acquaintance, and of new faces in them, to kindle a love-feast to the glowing point, and to start a fire which can be carried in brands all over the District." The same, in a good degree, is true of the Camp-meeting and of prominent protracted and Quarterly meetings. What is thus called the family-religion of the Collective Church, he approved and advocated, promoted and enjoyed—often kindling the blaze and warming himself at the fire. From the love-feast of the Annual Conference up to that at the General Conference, and down to that of the smaller body of the Conferences, and at the single pastoral charge, he sought and sat at this Church-fireside. A layman, not a delegate, but visitor at the Memphis General Conference, has brought back to the place of this writing the memory of his love-feast talk, its sentiment and spirit—a scattered brand; and after so many years, still aglow in his heart, and never, he says, will it die out.

Bishop Marvin, in the homes of the people, connects his memory with the most tender and most sacred scenes of domestic life—sometimes in the same family performing all the special offices of the Church, the Nuptial, the Baptism and the Burial. In the family life of Mr. P. P. Ellis, who was at one time a parishioner at Centenary Church and was his room-mate at the old parsonage, there is this incident of his wife from her pastor's pen: "Within a period of less than four years I married her, received her into the Church, and buried her. In the midst of her old neighbors, whose presence and tears attested their love, we laid her away to her long repose."

Bishop Bascom, at whose first and only Conference the writer joined the traveling connection, and had the privilege of an interview at St. Louis, on his return to his Kentucky home, said among other remarks about the offices of the ministry, "that he was sustained in the pulpit by the gravity and the demands of the occasion; but in the marriage ceremony, there was nothing to hold on to." He added that it was, therefore, irksome and awkward to him to officiate at that rite of the Church. Bishop Marvin had a zest in it. He officiated at the Nuptial Altar often and out of hearty choice, as well as official respect and duty. By the parties, it appears in written requests still extant, he was a first and early preference; often sent for from a distance, sometimes the Nuptial day fixed by the register of his appointments, securing him on the way of travel, or awaiting his return home. Sometimes he was connected with the history of courtship as well as marriage. He was too judicious to be officious, and too wise to intermeddle, but he was honored and trusted as confidant and counselor; and on occasions justifying the interference, helpful to a good wife, as a prominent California preacher now, and in those days a colleague, will testify. Runaway couples and minors found him stubbornly impracticable. The consent of parents during minority was a civil and sacred prerogative which he did not violate. At any age to disregard the honor secured to father and mother by the divine law, he interpreted as a beginning of domestic life ominous of a bad ending; and he was disinclined to any connection with such cases, and, so far as the writer knows, had none. He entered into the spirit of the great festivity of the household and the joy of the Nuptial, but he carried the spirit of the Pastor into the office—not intermeddling in the courtship, but not unconcerned. He scrutinized the choice in Christian views, and viewed the marriage in its sober lights, as a solemnization—an union in which, as equally or unequally yoked together, not only temporal fortunes but eternal destinies may be linked; connected with the believer's life and the Christian's death. Appended to a diary-record of a marriage ceremony is this note; "So far as this world is concerned, her prospects are good; but I feel apprehensive that her spiritual life may not be improved." His friendly wishes and the conventional congratulations have a naive expression in what he said in his diary appended to the note of the marriage of a California preacher: "I trust his wife will prove all he hopes." Among the pleasantries he indulges in reference to such occasions—in a letter from the Pacific coast, there is this bon-mot: "At the same meeting I saw Mr. Harbin, whose daughter was the first woman I ever married. The husband was Mr. Jesse—so the first woman I ever married *I gave her Jesse*."

His ministry toward children and his Episcopal administration and pastorate in their behalf abounded and were exceedingly effective. He was accustomed, at the District Conference and in his sojourn at the homes of the Church, to inquire, and stress the inquiry in regard to family religion and fireside worship, of which the late Dr. Bond has said "the family of believers is the Children's Church." He added: "The Sunday school, valuable as it is, is a poor substitute for the school of the family. The Church cannot do the parent's work. The mother and the father are the ordained ministers to the little children." Not substitute, the Sunday school, nevertheless, is an aid to all and the supply of a family of believers to a multitude, whom Dr. Bond calls "orphans in the spiritual world." To the Church of the family the House of God, also, in pulpit and altar, is, in divine appointment and requirement, supplemental. It has been seen, how punctual and diligent Bishop Marvin, as pastor of a charge, was in the Sunday School work; not less as Bishop. It is, perhaps, to be said of all his visitations of the Churches, literally, he never overlooked or neglected the nursery of the Church, It was often a third appointment for the day, and not omitted when it preceded the worship of the upper room—then, when the adult congregation was to be served, and it might be supposed a superior claim was established upon an undivided concern and the whole of preparatory time. It was when Christ was engaged in discussion with Scribes on the law of divorce, that the Apostles forbade the mothers who would claim for their children the notice and blessing of the Master. He must not be interrupted in the high debate, they thought. He thought otherwise. His rebuke cured them, and was a lesson to the Church for all the ages. The instruction was repeated in the Temple scene—the hosannas of children an offense to Pharisees: "Hearest thou what these say?" How significant the emphatic "Yes,"—I hear and am pleased with it; I enjoy it; praise perfected, and the perfection of praise. In the translation of the Hebrew scriptures, it is: "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God has ordained strength." The Psalm from which the quotation is made is entitled, "Gittite;" and the illustrative reference is to the duel between little David and Goliath, the giant—a perpetual reminder to the Church, that in the great campaign for the conquest of the world to Christ the first battle and the best victory is in the heart of childhood; that victory, the forerunner of universal conquest. The lesson was not lost on the Apostolic Church. It is remarkable that the oldest Christian hymn is in evidence of the established rights and franchises of childhood in the House of God. It appears in the works of Clement, of Alexandria (one hundred and fifty years after the Apostles); and it is asserted that it had a much earlier origin than that date. Its first stanza recognizes the hosannas of children in the Temple:

> "Shepherd of tender youth,
> Guiding in love and truth,
> Through devious ways,
> Christ, our triumphant King!
> We come Thy name to sing,
> And here our children bring,
> To shout Thy praise."

The entry of Christ into Jerusalem, typical of a triumphant Church, as warrant and prophecy of it, incorporated in the pageantry of triumph the common people and little children. It is an established sentiment, and it was often on the lips of Bishop Marvin: The true Church of Christ and the Church of the future is that which is most in sympathy with the masses, and cares most for the young. In this view, as respects children, it need not be stated, what has already been shown by quotation from his writings, what he considered to be the just design of the notice and quality of the care—their actual conversion. It is what was expressed by Dr. Jobson, from the Presidential Chair of the British Conference, in an appeal to the baptized children of the Church, marked as of the flock and yet outside of the fold, and not of the Lord's sheep: "But do not mistake: we do not want you that your name may swell the number of our partisans, but that you may become vital members of the living Church, brothers in the confederacy of pardon, happy, holy souls." Otherwise, the Church would break down under the weight of an unregenerate membership—"in two generations," Dr. Bond expresses it, "like the Lutheran Church, the Church of England and the Quakers, Methodism will be an Ecclesiastical Corporation, not a living Church." On the one hand, by a perverted theory or practical neglect, any separation between the children and the institutions of the Church will prove, in the language of Jobson, "the broken end of a bridge through which they will drop into the flood"; on the other hand, if not renewed by the Spirit on the way, the bridge will become a highway for the ingress of the natural world into the Church, the Spiritual Kingdom at once enervated and at last subverted. Hence, on these vital grounds, Bishop Marvin taught, exhorted, admonished, warned in reference to the duty of the Church to children.

It is well known, how Bishop Andrew, in his last years and in days of feebleness, aspired to be the Methodist Apostle of the Children's Church. Except the request sent to Bishop Pierce to preach his funeral, after he had concluded messages to his colleagues, to the Conference, and to the general Church, he made it his last charge: "Tell the preachers not to neglect the Sunday schools. They are an important part of the Church. The Master said 'Feed my lambs.'" After his death, perhaps, Bishop Marvin was of all Bishops, and it may be, of all preachers, the most zealous guardian aud servitor in the nursery of the Church, and most noted Evangelist to children. In the Sunday School work, besides his individual labors and the incitement of his example, he sought to organize the resources and secure a confederacy of the forces of the Church at that point. He took much interest in the great Sunday School Convention for the Southern Methodist Connection, at Nashville, in 1870; and subsequently issued a pastoral letter advising the organization of a Sunday School Convention for each Conference to be held annually. The work of the Sunday School was defined by him in an article communicated to a monthly magazine, *The American Sunday School Worker*, reiterating sentiments already appearing on a former page. It is entitled "The Ideal S. S. Teacher"—below, its first point and its second point, like unto the first; and the whole tenor of the communication to enforce both:

> 1. The ideal Sunday School teacher is a true Christian. He has the love of God shed abroad in his heart. He is an earnest follower of Christ. His practical life is consistent with his profession. He is an every day Christian.
>
> 2. He loves the souls of men, and realizes their danger. He is in conscious sympathy with the mission of the Son of God, who came into the world "to seek and to save that which was lost." This is the motive that inspires his labors in the school.

The opening statement of several others of the ten points, is: "He will cultivate a personal concern for the salvation of each scholar in his class. He will pray for each by name, daily. He will be careful to instruct them in the duties of the Christian life, as well as in the doctrines of salvation—guarding them solemnly against a mere formal service of God, a mere affectation of the Christian life. At the same time he will be careful to let them know that it is Christ alone who can save from sin." He closes with the statement: "A school having such teachers will be the means of saving many souls. But, alas, for the community, when Sunday School laborers are prayerless, irregular, flippant and slovenly in their work."

The pastor's work is enjoined strenuously. In all his sojourns throughout the land, he performed it himself with painstaking and with heart and hope. "I often," says Dr. Doddridge, "make it my humble prayer that God would teach me to speak to children in such a manner as may make early impressions of religion on their hearts." Bishop Marvin was thus sedulous, and was naturally gifted and graciously endowed for such service. There are many interesting incidents of this ministry. The place of the lambs is in the bosom of the shepherd. He carried them thus. There is in childhood an intuitive recognition of goodness. In the child-heart there is an instinctive apprehension of love for children, which was natural to him. The child-spirit in him attracted theirs. An incident has been furnished for this history, how a child shrunk from another and was drawn to him, though both alike were strangers. Soon its head nestled lovingly on his bosom. "Am known of mine," was true remarkably of him. He knew them personally—called them by name, and intimately, remembering them after long years, as it is related of him: "There was a family living in Savannah at the time of his District Conference held there, whom he had known in Louisiana, Mo., some fifteen years previous. He had not seen them during that time. There were two little girls, four or five years old when he knew them in Louisiana. He saw in the congregation these girls, grown to be women. He knew them—remembered their names and faces."

In the last interview and final parting with the writer, he mentioned an appointment for the afternoon to baptize a grand-child of the late Senator Trusten Polk—the last administration of that rite and of an ordinance of Christ. In the House of Worship, he often passed down from the pulpit to the baptismal font. In the teacher's desk, as need might be, he defended and vindicated the disputed inheritance of the children in the promise which is unto us and unto them; and remonstrated against any neglect of the ordinance. In his ministry, however, the baptismal font did not stand alone, else in a generation it would fill the Church with formalists. It stood under the pulpit and in the altar-place—at the place of prayer, and where he assembled penitents, and seekers found a Savior. It was his opinion that at the age from eight to eleven years, children were capable of intelligent religious experience. He sought their conversion. It was a necessity—born in sin and needing to be born again. It was the hopeful time—then, the soft mold, rather than the hardened clay. It was highly expedient—the home-altar, the ordinances of the Sanctuary, the forms of the Sabbath School, the birth-place and the training-grounds of the future Church. He understood his commission: "Feed my lambs"—its authority and its appeal. At the very first, a word of entreaty—"Suffer them;" at the last, the same word intensified, making the loving care of children a test of love to Himself. He fed them. In his Presiding Elder's pulpit, there was a sermon for them at Danville; in his Episcopal pulpit, another, at the dedication services at Neale's Chapel in Missouri: "On Monday morning I preached to the children. Quite a number of them attended, and I must say that I never saw more uniform good order in a congregation, and that, down to the little boys and girls not more than five or six years old, they all gave the most undivided and interested attention to the sermon for a full hour. I know not when I have witnessed a more interesting scene."

In private discourse, there was pleasant manner and words; but in them, in some form, the bread of life. An instance occurred at his visit to Pilot Knob, during the session of the St. Louis Conference, in 1872, at Arcadia. He took with him the little daughter of a friend, five or six years old. He helped her climb the steep sides of the mountain, and standing together upon the rocky peak which crowns the summit, he sung—

"Rock of ages cleft for me."

The doctrine and the cadence of the song have not died out in her heart. Many lambs in all the pastoral fields of the Church were folded by his hand. He taught them the hosanna, as a word of prayer—"Save now, I beseech Thee!" It became a word of praise—"He saves now!"

Many interesting baptismal services are at hand for this chapter—some recorded on former pages. All testify to the impressive ceremony—one from Albany, Oregon, in the family of the Presiding Elder of the Willamette District:

"He baptized our babe—Mary Louise Fuller—at the Altar in our Church (St. Paul's), September 24, 1877, with such solemnity as to impress every one." He made a special appointment to preach at the Old Mother Church in St. Louis, and to baptize the grandchild of the Pastor; the great grandmother being present, and the babe in the third generation of descendants, all of whom had been baptized at the Altars of the Old Church. He has noted with special interest a baptismal service at Lexington, Mo., with the presence of a grandmother, who was the widow of one of the chief pioneers of Methodism in the State: "On Sunday, in the public congregation, the youngest child of the Superintendent of the Sunday School, and the three grandchildren of Rev. Jesse Greene were baptized. When the second one was presented, and the name announced, Jesse Greene, many eyes swam in tears." Another occasion, narrated by himself, was marked by an incident of the value of tract distribution, which had a parallel history to his own change of view on the subject of baptism. It occurred in the Texas itinerancy of 1870:

> So soon as we had made the crossing we left the main road in order to spend the night with Bro. Hind, the preacher in charge of the Chatfield Circuit, at whose house we arrived at dark, only to find neither him nor his family at home. Half a mile further on we stopped at a Brother Andrews, a most excellent family, where we received a genuine Georgia Methodist welcome. Before leaving I baptized the last born of the house, a little boy six weeks old, named Warren Pierce. This second name was given from a double motive. Bishop Pierce had been known, honored and loved by the parents in Georgia, even before he was a Bishop. In this fact you may find one of the motives. Then, strange to say, this was the first one of the family that had been baptized in infancy. The father had not been in the Church until recently, and the mother, a life-long Methodist, had never believed in infant baptism until, quite lately, a sermon of Dr. Lovick Pierce, which had been published, fell into her hands, and she was convinced. So this "little child" was baptized and from a double motive honored by the name of *Pierce*. May he also honor the name.

"His own namesakes," said a colleague, "were almost as numerous as George Washington's"—continental in their places of abode and the name, in honor of a Church Chieftain and in token of reverence and affection; perhaps, in parental thought, in hope of the inspiration of a great name. A modern satirist has suggested caution at this point; how, in an obscure or unworthy history, the great name makes conspicuous the infamy or insignificance of the career—Julius Cæsar, a boot-black, and George Washington, a pea-nut peddler, and John Wesley, a jail-bird. Soberly, the Marvin name on earth is as precious ointment poured forth, and has registry in the Lamb's Book of Life. There is summons to all who bear the name to lofty achievements in work and duty, and to the skies—not a name to be taken into profane places on earth, and not down to hell. Some namesakes were so named by the word of his own lips—his benediction on their heads and the baptismal prayer lodged at the Mercy Seat; the answering peace longed for from out the heavens, and the answered prayer awaited in the day of God. Ada Marvin Edwards—the baptized child in his war itinerancy—is dead; a bright Christian death. Another died in infant years—saved. How his prayerful solicitudes hovered over his namesakes appears in the following story of the episodes of the baptismal font—told by Mr. L. D. Palmer, of the Willson College, Wilmington, Cal.:

> One circumstance in connection with our Marvin-Memorial meeting may be interesting to your readers. A few years ago Bishop Marvin spent a few days in an Eastern town, and during his visit preached two sermons of wonderful spiritual power and pathos. Sometime afterward two children born in that neighborhood near the same date, and, without concert, were each named Marvin. At their baptism special prayer was made that God would endow them with a large measure of his Spirit, and when they grew up call them to preach His Gospel. By a singular coincidence the parents of these children soon afterwards came to California, and were present at our memorial service. They responded to the prayer, again repeated by Bro. Grove that these children might early know the Lord and be accepted as chosen vessels to bear his name before the Gentiles. Last year at the Conference at Santa Anna, I mentioned to the Bishop their birth and name and baptism. He remembered his visit and the parents, and seemed touched by the mark of high respect in giving them his name, and

said he would also join in the prayer that they might become preachers of the Gospel. And in the same connection, he related to me the following interesting incident: A pair of twin boys were born to an esteemed Methodist woman in Missouri, during the life-time of his intimate friend and co-laborer, the late Rev. Wm. G. Caples. The mother determined to name the boys respectively Caples and Marvin, and requested the Bishop and the now sainted Caples to visit her home together. They went, and my recollection is, united in the service of baptismal consecration. They agreed together to make these boys special objects of prayer, and to visit them from time to time, and if necessary, give practical assistance in their rearing and education. But by a strange providence, a few months afterwards, the elder Caples was hurled into eternity, and the infant, Marvin, was called to join the lambs of the upper fold at very nearly the same date. God may have called the younger Caples with the elder Marvin. But it is more probable that he still lives somewhere in the broad West. Let every Christian who reads this incident pause a moment and whisper a prayer, that a double portion of God's Spirit may rest upon him, and that the little namesakes of our beloved Bishop all over our connection may grow up as spotless in character and as devoted to Christ. Viewed as a man or as a Christian, or as a minister of the cross of Christ, his life is a grand model, and when taken all together, seems like an inspiration.

The following are entries in his diary or notes in his itinerary-letters. The occurrences are located on the coasts of both oceans and in the interior of the continent. They exhibit him in scenes which he sought and in which he won hearts by the wealthy sympathies of his own:

Tuesday, March 11, 1869.—Visited Mother Bradfield, who is nigh unto death. This is a shock of ripe corn.

Sunday, March 14, 1869.—Good prayer-meeting in the afternoon. Visited Sister Centers; sick; a dear, good woman.

June, 1870.—A Mother in Israel, sick at her home on the road-side, is visited. We converse with her, sing and pray; and resuming our seats in the carriage, we reach Lexington (Va.) just after sunset.

June, 1871.—On Monday I visited Richmond, (Mo.) and preached at night. Here I found my old-time friend, David Quesenbury, with his wife and daughter. Twenty-eight years ago I was with them in a time of bitter trial, since which I have ever felt an affection for them unusually tender. They have had sore bereavements and trials of late years, but their hope is still in God. Brother Newland I found laid aside for the present, from a sprained ankle.

These are a sample of a multitude of incidents of sympathy in suffering and ministry to sorrow. Some accounts reaching these pages, are from the homes of the preachers—there, as one of the family connection, and touched, like a near relative. One is an instance of faith and of power in prayer, which is sometimes quickened into prevailing plea in throes of sympathizing grief. It is a scene at the home of Rev. George M. Winton, of the Southwest Missouri Conference:

> A few years ago Bishop Marvin was on official business in the place where I lived, and spent two nights at my house. My youngest little daughter, a thrifty child, nine years old, was in the last stage of typhoid fever. Kind physicians were doing their best to save her. Myself and family were very much concerned. Her pulse had almost gone, and the cold perspiration was on her little body and face for hours. He came, and, in our family devotions, he prayed for her recovery most devoutly, that she might be spared to the family and the Church, of which she was then a member. In a few hours reaction came on, and she recovered without any back-set. I believe the Lord heard and answered his prayers. That visit and prayer will never be forgotten by us.

Another incident is an abiding memory in the house of Rev. C. I. Vandeventer, of the Missouri Conference:

> In the summer of 1872, Bishop Marvin attended a District Conference, I think, at Kirksville, Adair county, Mo., and preached in the week on his return, at Macon City, a sermon, on the parable of the "Wise and Foolish Virgins." The discourse powerfully influenced for good some who heard it; and it was made a present and lasting profit to our dear daughter who then resided there, to which a few months later, when on her bed of death, she referred with expressions of gratitude and joy. In August, 1876, when the Bishop started upon his great tour around the world, having three or four Annual Conferences in his plan before finally leaving San Francisco. Arriving at Denver, he immediately looked up my wife and our darling invalid son, who, only a few days before, had reached that land of (hospitable) strangers; and commending them to God in prayer, he hurried off to his Conference at the Colorado Springs: and again on his return, found time to visit and pray with and for them. I may be pardoned for these personal allusions. I was honored and blessed with his personal friendship, and Bishop Marvin was the friend of my family, as he was, no doubt, of thousands of others. These things furnish pleasant recollections and have not been without their influence to increase our affection for one whom we had long delighted to love.

Such sympathies deepened in the greater grief of the household—in the offices for the dead at the burial. How bright his presence amidst the shadows of bereavement! How tender and touching his ministry! It is known to a thousand widowed hearts and at a thousand desolated hearthstones; known to the writer, bending over a coffined companion in life. The first word turns the eye of the mourner from the coffin to the comforter, "the blow has fallen so near me, that I feel the chill air of the descending stroke." Ten years after, in the editorial columns of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, Bishop Marvin wrote: "A large part of the matter of the *Advocate* of this week has been furnished in the absence of the editor. The friend who had the exigency to meet, received from him on Friday morning a note, asking him to take charge of the *Advocate*, and containing this sad statement: 'It is now, I think, about certain that my son, Tommie, will die from this illness.' The foreboding was realized in the evening of the same day. Of course Bro. Finney has not been in the office since. Between Bro. F. and the writer of these paragraphs there is the tenderness that is born of sorrow. When his father died, I was with him, I buried his former wife. We mingled our prayers at the bed-side of his uncle, who was to him a father, in his last illness. This history of sorrow has now another page, written in tears." In the midst of the editorial pages, between lines of mourning, there appeared a sweet picture of mother and child:

> Yesterday (Sunday) we buried little Tommie Finney, from St. John's Church, at 2 o'clock P. M. Just one week before he had been present in the Sunday School of that Church. So stealthy was the approach of death and so sudden his spring.
>
> One of the saintliest mothers that ever lived upon the earth committed him to God when he was born. He was her Benoni. She died in giving him existence. In her last hours, her physician, Dr. Bland, asked her if she would not prefer to live. She thought of her children. Towards them there was the glow and warmth of a mother's heart. She thought of her husband, trusted and honored with all of a woman's faith, and cared for with all of a wife's tenderness. He had been for some time disabled, and

at the time was some distance from her, with a broken ankle. The habit of her life for years had been that of reverent submission to God and sweet, undoubting faith in him. This habit culminated now in the dying hour. If her heart vibrated to the pure attractions of husband and children on the earthward side, still its response to the voice of God, so long supreme over it, was instant, unfaltering and full. Her answer to the Doctor was: "If God should refer it to me, to live or die, I would refer it back to Him." What submission! What trust!

Committed by such a mother to God when he drew his first breath, and when she ascended to meet her Lord, who can doubt that even his early death belongs to a system of merciful dealings toward the child of prayer? Was not his childish words, "I know that Jesus died for everybody, because He died for me. I love Him"—an echo of her faith?

From what evil to come the Good Shepherd has sheltered the lamb, none can tell. He has gone, I make no question, to join the song of the blood-washed. One Sunday his voice mingled with the voices of two hundred children on earth singing the songs of Zion; the next, it was heard in the upper sanctuary, in the midst of Angels and "Spirits of just men made perfect."

May the choicest consolations of peace be realilzed by Brother and Sister Finney in their bereavement. May they and all their children appear at last in the innumerable company and Church of the first.born.

'——— No wanderer lost;
A family in Heaven."

With fitting and touching words he wrote of the veteran as of the child:

I had yet another very solemn service in Galveston—the funeral of Father John, the father of Rev. I. G. John, the editor of the *Texas Christian Advocate*. He had been for fifty years a consistent member of the Church, and for thirty years of this Church in Galveston. Now, for a long time he had been at death's door. For many weeks he had been helpless as a child. His mind had failed, so that he seemed to have lost almost all knowledge, except on the subject of religion. On this subject his mind was as clear as a sunbeam, and the name of Jesus "refreshed his soul in death."

How grand his funeral oration—as at the interment of Gov. Allen, at Jefferson, Texas; and in the Memorial Service of Judge Byrd, at Selma, Ala., brought from Missouri for that eminent occasion. The reader of his Volume of Sermons will judge and know of the discourse—how noble, as portrayed in it, the servant and the service of the Lord, and how grand the perspective, it opens, of the glory of reward. How eminently appropriate the theme and the incidents of its delivery, will appear in the following narration by a fellow-citizen of Judge Byrd and a brother on the Bench, Hon. John Hawslan:

The size of the congregation was limited only by the capacities of the spacious Methodist Church in this city. Every available sitting place was occupied, and, if the room had been twice the size, it would have been crowded. The Presbyterian and Baptist ministers proposed to Dr. Andrews, the Methodist pastor, to have no services in their respective Churches; but in conference amongst themselves, it was determined to be best not to forego services in the other churches, as but a small portion of those who desired to attend the Memorial services could find seats at the Methodist Church. Still scores were turned away who sought by their presence to honor the illustrious dead man, and to hear the matchless orator and preacher.

The leading men of the city, of all denominations and beliefs, were there. The Bar and Medical Association attended in bodies. As a professional man, Judge Byrd was a bright examplar, distinguished alike for his learning, his zeal and uprightness. As a lawyer, he had been faithful to the thousands whose rights he had vindicated, preserving throughout a long, and successful and distinguished career in his profession, an unsullied Christian reputation. As a Judge, he had given renown to our judicial annals. It was not singular, then, that professional men sought to honor the occasion. In social life, the Judge was cultivated and attractive. His varied learning, his uniform good humor, and sparkling wit, his simple and dignified, and yet courtly manner, made all classes, who admired such rare gifts, seek his society and companionship. These were attracted to his memorial services.

The poor of the community, and especially of his own Church, who had shared his benevolent sympathies and benefactions, flocked to the Church that morning. It was a mournful, yet grateful occasion to all in our community. Our honored citizen and friend, in a moment, and by the most appalling accident, had been called from the scenes of his usefulness to the higher walks and destinies of the eternal life. That a great preacher, whose fame as a pulpit orator was national, whose life had been rendered not less honored and illustrious by his spotless Christian purity, his untiring energies in the service of his Master, than by his peerless oratory, was coming to preach the Memorial Sermon of so distinguished and upright a citizen, called away under such grievous and affecting circumstances, furnished an occasion for the gathering of the good and pure of an entire community, who would drop the tears of friendship and sorrow, and lay their wreaths of honor upon his tomb. It was a great occasion, too, for

Bishop Marvin. No one outside Judge Byrd's immediate family experienced a greater personal grief at his untimely demise than he. Long years of brotherly intimacy and co-labor in the cause of Christ, had knit the hearts of the two great men in indissoluble affection. In spirit, they were brothers indeed.

The manner and spirit of the preacher was much modified by these circumstances. He was so bereaved as to have been quite overcome, and he did not seem to experience that unfettered freedom that characterized some of his loftier efforts, and that rendered him so peerless. His great soul was stricken and bleeding, and his manner was correspondingly subdued and less declamatory than it would otherwise have been; yet the spiritual effect of the sermon was good, and the occasion will long be remembered by our people, on account of its connection with our distinguished and lamented citizen, and as the last sermon ever preached by the great Bishop in our midst. He had preached here a number of times the year before this, and made a reputation in the few sermons delivered in the course of a week, perhaps unequalled—certainly never surpassed—by any other pulpit orator who had ever visited the city.

How grateful and happy the thought, that these two friends, so distinguished and honored in life, are now together in Heaven, and are each, by so much as the heavens are higher than the earth, fulfilling grander careers of usefulness and honor than was ever allowed to them here.

The following letter of condolence is a part of the history of the sermon—that in testimony to the distinguished preacher; this disclosing his heart as a friend and as a pastor:

2719 LUCAS AVENUE, ST. LOUIS,
September 28, 1874.

MRS. JUDGE BYRD:

My Dear Friend and Sister—I received a dispatch three days ago, informing me of the dreadful calamity which has fallen upon you. I have delayed to answer (except by telegraph), I can scarcely tell why, only that I have had a bewildered feeling whenever I have thought of it. I feel like being "dumb with silence." This grief is too great for speech; and I feel that even now, it is almost like sacrilege to break the silence. I have no words to offer you that can measure with the magnitude of your loss and sorrow, except the words of God Himself. And I have an intuitive sense of the fact that these words will be better spoken to you out of the Holy Bible and in the solemn communion and submission of prayer than from my pen. Your own heart will suggest to you many passages, particularly the fourteenth chapter of St. John, the fifteenth of First Corinthians, the twelfth of Hebrews and the two last chapters of Revelation. I add, also, 1 Thessalonians, iv. 13-18, which is to me one of the richest utterances of God's voice to man in all the Book which He has given.

Your husband is with the innumerable company and Church of the first-born upon Mount Zion. His robes are "washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." The place has been prepared for him in the house where there are many mansions. I think of him with joy, though I shall see him no more, until I, too, shall enter the company of the immortals. It is only when I think of you and your fatherless children, that I grieve. How bright and happy was that home when I was honored with its hospitalities. How it seems darkened now! Even the sunshine falling through the window seems to add to the gloom. There is a sombre aspect upon the house, and upon the shrubbery, and upon the garden. But a new light will arise out of this darkness—the light of Faith. A clearer vision of the things of God will arise amid the clouds and shadows, until heavenly realities will almost seem as near as earthly, and celestial melodies will mingle with all common voices around you.

May the Infinite Father support the young ladies. How my heart aches for them! May the Peace of God fill their hearts now! Your son—what a great anguish must he feel! Nor can I forget Mrs. Price. I have the whole circle of grief before me in imagination. Only one word can I say to each: "The night will soon pass, and the day will be eternal."

Your sincere friend,

E. M. MARVIN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PRESS AND THE SCHOOL.

"He being dead, yet speaketh."—Heb. xi. 4

"Wisdom and knowledge shall be the stability of thy times and strength of salvation."—Isa. xxxiii. 6.

THE pulpit, the press and the school—each characterized by special endowments and capabilities, they are the counterpart of each other, and constitute together a trinity of moral agencies, a triumvirate of power in the domain of Christian culture and civilization. The eye and hand of Bishop Marvin were on all these weapons of aggressive Christianity

He held in high value the religious press, as having chief place among the subordinate instrumentalities of the Gospel—both auxilliary and supplemental to the pulpit; in much performing the same functions, and speaking when the pulpit is silent, and where the pulpit has not access. Its history contains the providential commission it has, as an ally and advocate of religion. The first writing of which we have an authentic account was the Decalogue, and the first book printed with moveable types was the Bible; as, also, the first stereotype plate ever made was a cast of the Holy Scriptures. In America, the first printed page was the collection of Psalms in New England; and in Mexico, a work entitled "El doctrina Christiana." In the Old and New World, and in both dispensations of religion, printing

—the chisel on stone, the stylus on parchment, the types of John Faust—made its first appearance as the servant of Christianity. Bishop Marvin put it to service and worked it hard. At the very beginning of one of the lines of his ancestral descent, Cotton Mather was noted as the most voluminous and most famous writer of his day. Than his remote descendant, none in his times has employed a more prolific and pure, and few, if any, have wielded a more pungent and powerful pen.

In his particular Church, at its origin, among its peculiarities, it was a great Publishing Institution—the Founder of Methodism, an Author, a Publisher and a book and tract distributor. The institution was brought across the waters, and set up and set in operation upon a wider, a more needy and more fruitful field; the Apostle of American Methodism, likewise, its patron and its servitor. It is among the traditions of the continental travels of Francis Asbury, that, when he was too infirm to preach much, he used to travel, leading a pack-horse laden with religious books for distribution, and in this employment, said: "Now I know I am doing good." When Bishop Marvin was circuit-preacher, his name was on the order-book of the Publishing House at Louisville and Nashville—a book-peddler, in the sense of the rule of the Discipline: "Circulate the books." When Bishop, in the succession of the Asbury Episcopacy, he was seen once, by the writer, at Potosi District Conference, held at Irondale, after adjournment, selling books to the people from a box at the door of the Conference room, as they passed out. The companion of his travels around the world has reported the American Bishop as a colporteur along the canals and in the village streets in China.

He was in California when the Old Depository was succeeded by the establishment of a Publishing House, at St. Louis. A letter in the possession of the writer expresses his great joy over the consummation of that enterprise. He had favored and helped the effort at its origin, and has rendered large and valuable aid in its operations. Among the disadvantages of the work on the California coast, incident to its isolation at the time, was the lack of Church publications and religious literature. His plea in that behalf secured for the Coast a Depository at San Francisco the next fall after his return home. In Texas, on his second visitation, he was present and encouraged and aided in a large movement for the establishment at Galveston of a Publishing Company similar to that at St. Louis.

Both of those enterprises he especially valued as promising a safe and permanent basis for their religious weeklies. The *Advocates* of the Church he rated as invaluable and indispensable—pleading for the Texas paper from the text: "No organization, no party, no enterprise expects to hold its own or make any headway in the world, unless it has a newspaper to speak for it." In the columns of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, in the files for the last month of the year 1869, may be found a summary of the points made for its claims at the St. Louis District Conference, reported by him as Chairman, with an earnest plea for its wide-spread circulation. In the Chair of a Conference session, where he presided, publishers and editors had a fair field opened to them, and often a word of advocacy added to their own. In it sometimes, there was a word of testimony from the experience of his own life; how Silas Comfort put a Methodist Discipline in his hand as soon as he joined the Church, and how Peter Doub's tract on Baptism had made him a pœdobaptist and not an exclusive immersionist. He has left in print the following statement, taken, he wrote, from his large observation: "When our people generally become readers of the *Advocates*, we shall reach a new era in Methodism. A large minded interest will obtain in all the labors and enterprises of the Church. Willing workers will appear on all sides. A deeper piety will prevail. The ministry will be better supported. Young men will rise up to preach the Gospel."

The contribution of his pen to the columns of the Church paper began with the effusion of the boy-preacher in the old *Western Christian Advocate*, and continued all his life; every periodical of the Church, with little exception, soliciting and receiving his correspondence. The first three discourses in his Volume of Sermons appeared first in the columns of the *St. Louis Advocate*. To that paper he was a contributor from its establishment in 1850 till the year 1873—some of his serial articles since appearing in book form. All this service was gratuitous, except during about two years, when it was the policy of the last named paper to employ paid correspondents. The writer remembers how instantly he declined the arrangement when first proposed. He would write frequently during his Episcopal itinerancies, he said, but only as a matter of duty and pleasure. It was replied that a fund for that purpose was placed at the disposal of the editor with a view of securing select and regular correspondence, and gratuitous service would not be accepted from him, whilst the service of others, less valuable, was paid for. Personal appeal was added, but notwithstanding all, he reluctantly assented to the proposal. Never was an investment more remunerative to publishers; his letters from Texas and Montana and the Atlantic Seaboard, contributing largely to the success of the special policy of the paper at that time to secure a connectional circulation. In this corps of contributors were the venerable Dr. Lovick Pierce, and besides the London correspondent, Rev. Dr. Deems and Rev. Geo. J. Smith. A paper may well afford to pay two classes of writers—one not to write at all; the other for such pens as Marvin's, the expenditure coming back over and over again in the subscription list. Never was there a pen more unselfish and less mercenary. The orphan children of his friend were made the beneficiaries of the "Life of Caples;" and at one of the last Conferences he held, he subscribed to the fund for the relief of the Publishing House at Nashville profits on sale of an edition of his Volume of Sermons, amounting, it is understood, to seven hundred dollars. Whatever profit there might be in the publication in book form of his lectures on the "Errors of the Papacy," it has been understood, were for the use of the old St. Louis Book Depository.

In all respects, the purity of his pen has been signalized—in its motives, conspicuously. The preface of every book, on the authority of his own statement, which none will question, sends every volume forth as a defender of the faith and on the mission of an Evangelist. His first preface has been already paraphrased on a former page. In the last preface, quoted by the preacher of his funeral sermon as an instance of self-scrutiny, there is not only watch but protest against unworthy motives; even denying to himself any satisfaction of an artificer in the finish of his work, and laying it, "as a lamb without spot," on the altar in offering to the glory of God and the good of men.

> It is needless for me to profess a good motive in preparing these discourses for the press, for every Christian man is supposed to act upon good motives; yet, truth to tell, I have never been quite as well satisfied with my own motives as I would like to be; for while I trust that the "love of Christ constraineth me," still, upon any deep introspection, I have occasion to suspect the presence of a subtle selfishness and vanity, from which I find no resort but in atoning mercy. I can only pray God that if there be the taint of any such thing in the publication of this volume the all-saving Blood may put it away, and that the Holy Spirit may make my poor work the instrument of salvation to some who are in sin, and of edification to those who are already in Christ.

His last volume, instead of preface, has appendix, in which an Episcopal colleague characterizes the Work and testifies to the good to be acccomplished by it: "Going out through the gates of the West, he returned through the gates of the East—having made a tour round the world. His letters penned on junk and shipboard, or at the end of a day's ride, in his tent, have made an epoch in the Missionary spirit of the Church. Doubtless his thoughtful and well detailed outline of plan, and scheme, and occupation of heathen outposts will guide the operations of our Board for years to come." His sanctified pen was prevalent. It comes from Montana, concerning a single article—"Science versus Faith"—the saying of a cultivated gentleman: "If I had been ever so much inclined to skepticism, after reading that article, I could never be an infidel." In general, by the productions of his pen, as of his pulpit, the truth of God was stated and glorified, the conscience of the Church was enlightened and quickened, and its zeal animated and directed.

Much of his writing had its origin and scope in a particular view of the condition of his times—one characteristic specified by him, as a time of extraordinary mental activity: "The mental tension of our day brings along much good with it. It brings, also, some evil. Thought, over-stimulated, cannot always work safely. There will be lesion occasionally. There will be misdirection." The activity of a perverted and venal press is noted as an accompanying fact, giving stimulus and opportunity to this evil. It is further aggravated: "to make matters worse," he says, "every half educated man believes in himself. He esteems himself a very capable thinker. It is miraculous how many small men, who get everything at second-hand, and yet believe themselves great thinkers. This self-reliant littleness abounds in the land and is very responsive to new and startling theories." This tendency he had noticed showing itself in the thinking of some of the young preachers. A strange thing had transpired—new in the observation of his entire ministerial life—a case of arrest at Conference on a charge of unsound doctrine. It had been preached in the pulpit and advocated in the press. These circumstances gave rise to a series of papers published in the Church organ, entitled

"Doctrinal Integrity of Methodism." It was intended to guard it against the tendency, spoken of in the writing itself, "toward extreme theories and adventurous speculation, so wide-spread and infectious as, perhaps, to threaten even the integrity of Doctrine in the Church." Those papers have since been reprinted in book form, and have received favorable notice for their great practical value as well as literary excellence.

In a similar direction, but in a higher range and reach of philosophic thought was his "Work of Christ." In part, it carries Theology into the domain of Metaphysics. In other parts, with a footing in some hints in the Scriptures concerning the conditions of the invisible world and the horoscope of the Church in the future state, he indulges at large in discussion upon the presumable effects of the Atonement on other worlds, and, accordingly, magnifies the grandeur of the destiny of the Church, bought with His Blood. The speculative character of this portion of the volume is conceded, and more; it is announced as such, with frequency and emphasis, as only a glimpse opened by the Scriptures into "the hidden things which belong to God," and enunciated with reverent submission, becoming in all speculation of reason, to an historical faith in the Word of God. This book was composed at a time, when Bledsoe's "Theodicy" was a comparatively recent issue from the press, and had commanded a large attention; and from himself, high admiration and approval. That production, it is probable, led Marvin to adventure in the same fields of speculative and philosophic thinking. It has been associated, in frequent criticism and in honorable companionship, with the pen of Bledsoe, who has achieved, and against all comers has maintained, the reputation of a Master in Philosophy, and a Defender of the Christian Faith at the bar of reason, and in the arena of Metaphysics. The history of its composition is remarkable—in the camp-life of his Southern itinerancy during the war. Besides authentic testimony of intimate associates in the army to that fact, there is other direct and conclusive evidence in the possession of the writer. He met Bishop Marvin in St. Louis, at the house of Mr. Monroe Collins, on the first day of his arrival, in return, a Bishop, to his old home and State, after nearly four years' absence and separation. In that interview, "since I have been gone," he remarked pleasantly, "I have turned author." He went to his trunk and brought from it a leather-back blank book, of octavo size, with about 300 pages. "Let me read to you," he added, "a chapter or two, and see what you think of it, as I have a mind to publish it." By request he continued the reading, embracing nearly the whole. As biographer, the same blank book has come again into view—now lying on the table as this page is penned. The manuscript occupies the first pages, followed by the diary entries of his army life, appearing in a former chapter. It is written in pencil. It is not known certainly that it is a first draft, but, if so, it is in evidence of the facility and precision of a ready writer—without change in the structure of sentences, or scarcely an erasure or substitution or interlineation of a word. It was certainly written, not in the study, but in the camp, or at farm houses —away from libraries; never having read Sir William Hamilton; without any consultation with authors; evolved out of his own thinking, and aided only by what, as another says it, he had funded in reading and retained in the capacious store-house of his retentive memory; or, what is well known of his mental habit, what he had reduced to possession by the assimilation of a thorough digestion of what he may have read. The Rev. Dr. Summers notes a similar fact in his authorship: "I requested him to furnish me a letter every week during his tour, and he did so. All his letters came safely to hand, so that they appeared in successive numbers of the *Christian Advocate*.

They were written on ship-board, in tents, and in khans—*currents calamo*—sometimes on coarse paper with a pencil; and yet they required but comparatively little revision."

Of the literary character and value of those letters, among other remarks, Dr. Summers says: "It may be safely said that few such letters from the Orient were ever written, and few men could write any like them. Bishop Marvin could not have produced a Work like this, if he had not possessed a mind of unusually clear perception, a sound judgment, poetic and imaginative powers of a high order, indomitable energy and unquenchable zeal in the cause of Christ." He adds another remark: "The magnetic power which he had in personal intercourse with men is carried into his letters." In general, it was a peculiarity of his writing, as it was characteristic of his preaching, what is said of Dickens' readings by Thomas Carlyle: "Mr. Dickens in some characters *costumes his mind* with a completeness that is absolutely perfect." It is the same thing written of his Book of Travel, in the columns of a leading American journal—"the author writes like himself." Dr. Summers may remember an incident in illustration, as he conducted Bishop Marvin's Volume of Sermons through the press at the Nashville Publishing House. The writer was in the Bishop's room at his home in St. Louis, when a proof slip came to to him for revision. It had a pencil-mark drawn through a word, which was a broad Western provincialism, and substituting a word of classical English. A note on the margin asked indulgence towards the liberty taken, and begged the adoption of the change. "No," said the Bishop; "I'll stick to my word; it is just like *me*." Among the idiosyncracies of his vocabulary, there was, besides occasional grotesqueness, the freedom of bold originality—the master and not the slave of words, and putting them to service to his ideas, however novel their attitude. An example of this class of phraseology, is noted by the editor of the *Texas*

Christian Advocate: "We are indebted to one of Bishop Marvin's week-night sermons for a novel expression. With two words he portrayed a character with whom every preacher is acquainted. A gentleman once said to the Bishop, when the claims of personal salvation were urged upon him, 'I design to be a Christian, but I do not purpose to make a fuss about it. I shall not go to the altar for prayer, unite with the Church, nor make any public profession whatever. My religion shall be a matter between myself and my God.' This, the Bishop said, was 'inverted hypocrisy.' Professedly the man would belong to the world, but in reality to Christ. Outwardly a sinner—inwardly a saint." The Texas editor has paraphrased the idea intended, sharply: "The hypocrite tries to impose on the Church. This man seeks to cheat the Devil."

The Book Editor, Dr. Summers, has said, in criticism, further: "There is wonderful fascination in his style. No one ever wearies with it. The learned and unlearned alike are entertained by it." His production—"What is Man?"—serving at one time and another, for sermon and literary address, enthuses the Montana miner and the auditor at Emory College, at Oxford. "His faculty," it is added by the same critic, "of description and delineation was wonderful." His serial correspondence with the periodical which that eminent critic edited furnished abundant evidence. Other *Advocates*, at various times, were in like manner favored—his several serials of notes of travel containing some of the most charming pen-pictures. Among them has been mentioned heretofore his great description of the Natural Bridge—referred to here, as having in the midst a specimen of the naivete, which enlivens and adorns that species of writing. It is the more interesting as the biography of his gold pen: "The good gold pen with which I write was given me as a Christmas present by my friend, Bernard Bryan, Esq., December 25, 1857. It has been a faithful pen. All the letters, newspaper correspondence, pamphlets, speeches and books that bear my name, it has written. I must speak well of it. But the delineation of this bridge staggers it. It pleads a disposition to fall into a dumb reverie of admiration. This pen has made free with thunder and lightning, and gossipped quite at its ease about Mount Shasta, and now, under the friendly span that bears the travel of the neighborhood across Cedar creek, it insists on falling into respectful silence. But I insist on a word from it. Come, pen, tell us wherein is the charm of this place."

The rhetorical passages of his writings are remarkable chiefly for the lofty creations of imagination; yet the delicate touches of fancy have been scarcely less admired—as in the sermon on "The Church, the Bride of Christ," the whole picture of the wedding festivity and its antitype in the return of the Bridegroom to the Father's House in the heavens. One poetic conception in it, growing out of an admiring notice in one of the Church periodicals, has received considerable attention and excited some critical discussion—"Angels will sweep the invisible dust of the gold pavement with their wings, before his white shod feet pass.". It may be interesting to note a similar conception concerning the function of "wings" (the point raised in the discussion), which occurs in lines by an unknown poet, and so beautiful that fifty guineas were offered for the discovery of the author. The lines were found written on the skull of a skeleton in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London—

> "These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
> And tread the palace of the sky."

"His style," says an Episcopal colleague, whose own pen is well known, and makes marks that are seen and felt, "both in speaking and writing, was exceptionally fluent and perspicuous, often rising into elegance and eloquence. One is tempted to say, as Jeffrey did to Macaulay, when acknowledging the receipt of the manuscript of his first Essay for the *Edinburg Review*, 'The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style.'" The pen of Dr. Deems, which has reviewed as many books, perhaps, as any other—the pen of the author of "Weights and Wings" —has written of both matter and manner: "Last night I finished reading Bishop Marvin's great little book on 'The Work of Christ.' The man that wrote it is a poet and logician, and this is the finest combination." His literary attainments and work have had an unique, but forcible and just expression in the editorial columns of the *Richmond Christian Advocote:*

> He thought outside of books much. Without the gymnasium and training of schools, he became an athlete by home-work.
>
> He picked out, ginned, compressed and carried with him the staple of books. He winnowed everything. Rations and weapons—the necessities of the campaign—he had ready; he was careless of epaulets and ornaments. Yet he was a poet. Flowers he had, but not for bouquets; he used only the attar of the roses, and to perfume the gospel, withal.
>
> He was a great expounder of doctrine, ready in debate, and a graceful writer. In new places he saw widely and also in inches. He could show the cloth, and then the unwove strands.

Few writers have had more readers. No author has written with a higher aim or a holier purpose, and none has more signally reached his mark. In the function of the press, as a means of rapid and wide dissemination of thought, like a burnished reflector, to which it has been likened, that scatters the light beyond the circle of its ordinary shining, his usefulness has been widened immeasurably. The adaptation and efficiency of the printed page to give to truth immortality as well as universality prolongs his useful ministry. He still sits in the chair of the teacher and stands in the desk of the preacher, according to the truth of the Latin saying, rendered into English: "The spoken word perishes: the written word remains."

There is a large record of the sentiments and labors of

Bishop Marvin in behalf of the educational interests of the Church—this work in his hands, likewise, an ally to the pulpit and a subsidy to Christianity.

Ever since the cultured Felix trembled before Paul, " as he reasoned," and the preacher, who was a pupil of Gamaliel, quoted the Greek poets in the audience of philosophers on Mars Hill, the Church, in its purity and vigor, has appeared as patron of learning and learning the hand-maid of religion. The original fact reappears in every great reformation of Christianity. This ancient alliance is well justified in its philosophy and in its fruits. Oxford College, founded by the Druids, carries with its very name the natural sympathy subsisting between culture and religion—the founders of this oldest University in the World, being the priests of religion; in associate time and place, setting up the altar of sacrifice and the seat of science, under the oaks of Ox-ford. The Methodism, which was born in Lincoln College, Oxford, when John Wesley formed the " Godly Club," inherited the genius of the place of its nativity — the concord and confederacy of faith and science. The first Methodist Conference and the foundation of its first Institution of Learning are synchronous. The American Methodism has a similar history. Wesley, at the first Conference with his preachers, in 1739, projected Kingswood School. The year 1784 is alike the date of the first organization of the Trans-Atlantic Church and Cokesbury College, its first school. Cradled at a literary institution, in all its years and in all its dispersions, Methodism has been a patron of learning and a friend of education. This character is inwrought in its life, as the hereditary temper of its spirit. The spirit and wisdom of the Apostolic fathers of the Church have survived in their sons. A distinguished student of Methodism testifies that it " has given origin to a system of educational provisions as extensive as belongs to any other English or American Protestant body, except the Anglican and Scotch establishments.'' The testimony is sustained by its educational statistics of ten years ago, on both sides of the ocean: there, five hundred schools and sixty thousand pupils; here, two hundred chartered institutions of learning and forty thousand students.

In American Methodism, the Church has given her strongest men to the College—Olin and Fisk and Smith. From college chairs and the desk of editors, it has taken men for the Episcopacy—Paine, Bascom, Pierce, Wightman, Doggett, McTyeire; some not college-bred, but all cultured and the friends of culture. Before the close of the last century Asbury recommended "that all the Annual Conferences should establish Seminaries within their bounds.'' McKendree, a bachelor, left his property as the foundation of a College in the West, which bears his name. Every Episcopal address from the beginning, has reviewed the educational work of the Church, and its supervision has become the settled traditional work and common law duty of Episcopal administration. At the present day, for special oversight, most of the Colleges of Southern Methodism have each a Patron-Bishop—Doggett, for Randolph-Macon; Wightman, for Wofford; Pierce, for Emory; Paine, for Oxford; Keener, for Centenary; Kavanaugh, at the Wesleyan University, and McTyeire at the Vanderbilt; Central College, the Connectional Institution for the three Conferences in Missouri, having had for its special patron Bishop Marvin.

The prostration of the Male Colleges of the South was an instant and disastrous result of the late civil war. Dr. Wm. A. Smith, it is known, was sought by the Board of Curators of Central College at its first opening, and particularly solicited by his cherished personal friend, the President of the Board, the late Capt. W. D. Swinney, for the Presidency of the Institution. Then he could not be detached from his loved Randolph-Macon, of which he was President, and which had been built up by his herculean labors and by his all-powerful influence. Taking St. Louis in the route on his return home from New Orleans, in 1866, on invitation from old Virginia friends, he was again importuned to remove to Missouri, and undertake the resuscitation of Central College; then in ruins, its buildings dismantled, having been occupied as soldiers' barracks, and its endowment, consisting largely of outstanding bonds, scattered to the four winds. Some will remember the mournful tone of his spirit and speech, in his reply: "I have stood amidst the wreck of the endowment of Randolph-Macon, which cost me the strongest labors of many years in the days of my best prime. I am too old now to undertake a similar labor for that College, and cannot for yours." That visit led to his transfer to the St. Louis Conference in 1867, and his pastorship at Centenary Church, which he served with distinguished ability. A third time, after his settlement in Missouri, the Presidency of the College was tendered and declined. He was, however, within reach, and in the atmosphere of a spirit of fidelity and of hope in regard to the educational work and prospects of the Church in Missouri, which survived in the breast of some, among them Bishop Marvin. It will appear on a following page how Dr. Smith was moved and secured for the College by his influence, and how, in associate labors, these grand men, more than any others, contributed, not only to retrieve a wrecked College, but to place it on a higher platform and on a surer basis than it had ever before occupied. The details of that achievement would make a large history, too voluminous for these pages, but not for a due meed of praise to the wisdom and energy of a grand President and a grand Bishop—*par nobile fratrum.*

On his return to Missouri, after his election to the Episcopacy, he found St. Charles College in the hands of usurpers of its charter and aliens to its denominational ties—its Board of Curators turned out by the test-oath, which they would not take, and its President and Visiting Committee appointees of the Northern Methodist Conference in Missouri. It was not till in 1870 that the College property was restored to its rightful ownership and management. Rev. Dr. W. M. Leftwich, the author of "Martyrdom in Missouri," acceded to the Presidency as successor to a Northern brother. The seizure and the manner of recovery are noted by Bishop Marvin in the reference appearing on a subsequent page.

In the meantime, the whole history of the resurrection-life of Central College had transpired. Bishop Marvin was connected actively and influentially with that history from the beginning. At his first sessions of the Conferences in Missouri, in 1867, he met the report of a joint committee of the two patronizing Conferences, which had been appointed at the previous session to visit the seat of the College at Fayette, and ascertain the condition of its property and endowment fund, and report, with recommendations. Only two of this committee, it seems, thought it worth while to assemble at Fayette—Rev. W. M. Prottsman, one of them. They were agreed as to the completeness of the ruin; but differed as to the recommendation to the Conferences to begin the work of restoration. The dissenting view was waived and the recommendation was made. At the St. Louis Conference, the Committee on Education, to which it was referred, were in like manner divided, the majority, with difficulty, induced to entertain the proposal for a moment. Amidst the general wreck of the Conference work and the impoverishment of the people, the proposition was considered preposterous. It was, however, advocated, and prevailed. In fixing the sum to be proposed as the minimum amount for endowment, one hundred thousand dollars was the sum named—so large, it was the sentiment of most, that it would be utterly impossible to raise it, and to propose it was to doom the act in its birth. The Chairman of the Committee, the late Gov. Polk, was a graduate of Yale. He knew the value and what the organization of a College, and interposed from the Chair, seconding in a terse speech the plea and the original proposal—"Missouri Methodism must have a College; and the sum proposed is the least, and indeed, not enough to maintain its grade and do its work." The sum of fifty thousand dollars, which had been proposed as a substitute, was withdrawn. The recommendation, at length unanimously adopted in the Committee, was adopted by the Conference. It was done, however, with no enthusiasm, and scarcely to be said, with any hope.

Bishop Marvin, it is well known, took great interest in that transaction of the Conference. The project was before the Church, as one of the necessary and vital things to be done in the work of restoration after the war. At the time, and in the intervening time before his departure for the Pacific coast, in which he had visited every point in the State, he advocated the measure among the preachers and the people, as in due time to be accomplished. His own hand was employed at once in clearing away the rubbish. He opened the way to the coming to Missouri of Prof. F. X. Forster, at present of the College Faculty, and who conducted a prosperous High School in the building, which had been repaired by the citizens of Fayette.

When the Bishop returned from California, he found an advanced sentiment in the Conference, which had expression in the order for an Educational Convention, to meet at Fayette, and which was held June, 1869. Bishop Marvin presided. The attendance was large, and the representation of the Church throughout the State was general and influential. The resolution of the Convention was pronounced in favor of the enterprise, and the spirit of the body was earnest and positive, and even enthusiastic. The depths had been moved; the current was strong; it needed only that a leader might be found to mount the crest-wave. It must be a man of power, and in the person of the future President. Otherwise the spirit which was up would be evanescent. These were the conclusions of two friends in a prolonged conversation before retiring to bed on the last day but one of the session, after all the business had been transacted, and an adjournment over till the next morning at ten o'clock, for a farewell meeting. Bishop Marvin narrates the sequel, except that he does not mention himself as one of the two friends:

> The Convention was addressed in the most impressive manner by Dr. W. A. Smith Hon. Trusten Polk also delivered an address, impromptu, which contributed much to the deep sense of the importance of the hour. It was felt by all to be a crisis in the history of Central College; and, as such, in the history of the Church in Missouri. The voice of the Methodist public was unanimous as to the magnitude of the interest. The doubt was not as to the *end* to be pursued, but as to the *means*.
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> The desideratum was a *man* to take charge of the fortunes of the College, whose name would give confidence and be at once a pledge and augury of success. There was a man present, a member of the Convention, whose power to accomplish the object no one doubted, and yet of whom no one seemed to think in connection with it. He was not thought of for the sole reason that no one supposed he would undertake the task. Twenty of the best years of his life had been devoted to the building up of one College. The war had disorganized and scattered the fruits of all this labor. He had looked around him hopelessly upon the wreck, and, feeling that he was too old to begin the work anew, he yielded to a call for aid in the pastoral work of the West. Leaving twenty years of himself in the wreck of Randolph-Macon College, he came to St. Louis, and was appointed pastor of Centenary Church. His reasons for leaving Randolph-Macon were known in Missouri.
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> But in the crisis at Fayette, as if by inspiration, he was thought of. Two of his friends, after full consultation with each other, called on him, and proposed to him to take the Presidency of Central College, with the understanding that his first work would be to raise an endowment of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, the Conference having already agreed upon this as the minimum of endowment upon which the College should be organized.
>
> He was taken wholly by surprise. His view of the labor involved was clear. He grasped the conditions of the undertaking fully. The magnitude and the difficulty of the undertaking were fully present to his mind. He thought of his own advanced age. He thought, also, of the grandeur of the result, if it could only be achieved. After a pause so solemn that it

was *felt*, he said, in substance, to the two friends who had made the proposal, "You know Missouri; I do not. You know the extent of my influence in Missouri; I do not. You are *my friends*; you will not trifle with me. I am too old to be wasting time. If I can accomplish this object, it will be the *greatest thing I can do*. It will be the crowning work of my life. But I cannot devote the last years of my life to a work that must fail. If you, my personal friends, knowing Missouri as you do, and knowing me, believe I can raise this endowment in ten years, I will undertake it. I am lame; I am getting old; traveling is a great labor to me. But if you think I can do this work in ten years, I will undertake it." They told him it was their conviction that he would accomplish the whole work in *two* years. After further most earnest conversation, he gave his consent for them to offer his name to the Convention.

Bishop Marvin's recollection is not quite accurate in the statement that he was elected by the Convention; it was done by the Board of Curators, in session from 8 to 10 o'clock, preceding the hour of the final meeting of the Convention. Within those hours the interview with Dr. Smith transpired, his consent obtained, and his election by the Board. At their head, arm in arm with Bishop Marvin, he entered the Convention room. The announcement that Dr. Smith had been elected and had accepted, produced the sensation which Bishop Marvin reports. It is true, as he says, "all was doubt and anxiety in most minds; there had been much talking, much thinking, much prayer." The announcement was an end of doubts and the herald-voice of salvation to the College. Bishop Marvin adds:

> I shall never forget that hour. The subdued tone and well-chosen words in which Dr. Smith acknowledged the honor and accepted the labor conferred and imposed, are still fresh in many minds. The congratulations which a hundred men looked and spoke and felt, the deep sense of relief, the new-born sense of confidence, the flush of a great hope, constituted one of those occasions that lift life out of its common-placeness—an occasion to be held in memory forever after.
>
> Who can doubt that God raised up the man, and in His providence brought him to the work just at the juncture when success or failure hinged upon the action of an hour? But, alas! the aged man did two or three years' work in one, and the over-taxed nervous system broke down. He is dead, and the cause of Christian education in Missouri bears the consecration of his *last labor*. That great life culminates in Central College.

An episode followed Dr. Smith's remarks in acknowledging the demonstration of feeling in the Convention. Not by premeditation, but on spontaneous impulse, it was proposed that the best reply to the speech and the best announcement of the transaction would be the subscription begun. It was added, if the one hundred thousand dollars shall be raised, the leading figure must be not less than five thousand—"Is there one here who will give it?" "I will," was the instant answer from the lips of Adam Hendrix. "If I am not mistaken, there will be another." Gov. Polk knew he was alluded to, and replied: "I will not say positively, but it is probable." There was no question about it at the time, and it was done afterwards in the St. Louis subscription, which contributed more than half the required amount. In the effort of the President-Agent, Bishop Marvin was a chosen counselor and an active canvasser with him. Rev. H. A. Bourland was the traveling companion and colleague of Dr. Smith, and rendered useful service. When within a little more than ten thousand from the consummation, the health of Dr. Smith broke down, and the effort was taken up by Rev. W. M. Rush. In the last month of the year 1870, the Board of Curators announced the proposed endowment raised.

In the Chapel of the College, these four names—Smith and Marvin, Polk and Hendrix—have memorial record; its great patrons and greatest benefactors. In associate memory with theirs is the name of the Rev. Dr. J. C. Wills. He came from the Southern University to the Headship of the College at its opening, and did not forsake the place, with its meagre salary and its double work, when the chair of mathematics, and three thousand a year and a Professor's house was offered him at the Vanderbilt. He was a man after Marvin's own heart; and between them there existed the most affectionate personal attachment and mutual veneration. It belonged to Dr. Wills to organize the College and realize in its development the orginal plan of a University—for this, the endowment raised only the *minimum*. Its necessary increase he looked to Bishop Marvin to accomplish, and to which he was pledged by a self-imposed promise. The last meeting of the Board over which Dr. Wills presided, in its action on the report of the President, formally requested that service at the hand of the Bishop. In his last sessions of the Conferences in Missouri, he announced his purpose to undertake it. His last travel was on this errand—a journey to Northwest Missouri, on a visit to a friend of the College, and obtaining valuable aid secured by a testamentary devise. It was in his mind and hope to endow a *Smith* Professorship during the year. That work fell from his dying hand. The present President—in youth, in health, with large mind and liberal spirit—is a son of Adam Hendrix, and was the traveling companion of Bishop Marvin in the tour around the world. There comes upon him, out of the whole history of the College, the command of inspiring examples of great faith and unselfish devotedness; and before him is the unfinished structure upon which the hands of men of might have labored. His Companion-Book of Travel, in its profits, has been laid at the foundation of a *Marvin* Chair of Biblical Literature. Some offerings have already been added for the erection of that proposed memorial. It is more valuable and more enduring, and not less honorable and fitting, than the granite monument which covers the Bishop's grave in the beautiful Bellefontaine.

The Board of Curators, of which he was a member, will never forget his guardianship of the sanctity of the endowment fund. At the last meeting he attended before his departure to foreign shores, it was signified in these emphatic words: "If a dollar of that endowment fund is touched for any other use, I'll resign my place instantly." The types have preserved from his pen a call for its increase, which he had just begun to re-echo in the ear of the Church with his living voice, when it was hushed in death. It will have a wider utterance on this page. It may serve as his *nunc dimittis* in respect to the College of his loved Missouri Methodism. It employed his own "*last labor*," and on the stones of its foundation are written the names of two Presidents, its martyrs.

For the first time we met the new President—Wills. He was due on Saturday evening, but reaching Boonville too late for the hack, and adventuring by private conveyance. was overtaken by a storm, and taking refuge with a hospitable family for the night, he made his appearance on Sunday, greatly to the joy of the Dean and of the people generally. But taking a deep cold from his exposure, he was not able to deliver the Inaugural Address expected of him.

Dr. Smith made it almost a desideratum that Prof. Wills should be associated with him in the Faculty. It is not saying too much to affirm that all who met with him at Fayette are more than satisfied. We would not go beyond our brother for a President, if the choice of the country were open to us. The quiet good sense and straightforwardness of his character command at once confidence in him as a man, and in his adaptation to the great work before him.

This College, as we verily believe, is just entering upon a new era of success. The history of the last three years and the present organization give assurance of the future. I trust the endowment fund subscribed will be soon paid up. It is very desirable that the money should be collected and invested, so that the expense of collecting the interest of scattered bonds may be avoided.

And now, beloved friends and brethren of the Church in Missouri, let not the endowment stop at $100,000. Let us set in in good earnest to double this amount. I hope to live (if it be God's will to spare me) to see it swelled to $500,000. With the multiplying resources of our State, and its rapidly increasing population, this is not an extravagant expectation. It can be done. It must be done in time, and the sooner the better.

Already several young men are going out from this College into the Conferences. Let us make it a great institution, the heart of a system of godly influences, whose throbs shall send pulses of life for coming centuries throughout the entire extent of the Mississippi Valley.

Amid the effervescence of thought, the loosening of old foundations, the uproar of new ideas, the portent of social upheavals and demolitions, that even now jar the ground like premonitions of a world-engulfing earthquake, we owe it to God and His Word which we have in custody for the future to equip this seat of learning for puissant participation in the conflict. If we play a puny or pusillanimous part now, Evil and Error will vanquish the coming generation and bind our children in chains in death.

Let every man that loves God and Truth and souls consecrate of his substance to the endowment of this College. Let the rich give large sums of money. If this is not at command, let them give real estate. And not the rich only. Let every poor man give one dollar, or two, or five, or ten, or twenty, or forty, or fifty, as he may be able. Give it to God and Posterity. Give it with prayer. Give it in faith. And may the Father of lights prosper our honest purpose.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AS A MAN.

In the social circle—Social qualities—Given to hospitality—At table—Table-talk—Story of spirit-rappings—The Arkansas farmer—Andrew Monroe's slumber—The Hardshell sermon—Humor—Sobriety—The Man of God—Tone of Piety—Experimental godliness—Faith and Consecration—Testimony—The Land of Beulah—Fellowship and friendships—"Lover of good men"—Personal force—Authority of character—Illustrations—Episcopal residence—St. Charles College Endowment—Natural traits—Gratitude—Generosity—Use of money—Humility—Simplicity and sincerity—Personal magnetism—"Behold the Man."

WHEN Bishop Marvin crossed for the first time the iron bridge spanning the Missouri at St. Charles, he exclaimed, "Who would have believed it thirty years ago, when I was plowing corn in Warren county?" One contributor notes that, though raised in a rural community, he possessed easy, dignified and graceful manners. It was said with surprise and cynically by Horace Walpole of Lavington, Bishop of York—"he had the manners of a man of quality, though he had been a buccaneer, and was a clergyman." A gentleman, as well as poet, is "born, not made." The man of quality puts on manners taken from the wardrobe of innate gentility. Bishop Marvin possessed admirable social qualities, and in the intercourse of society had a becoming and agreeable bearing. He had not graduated at a dancing school, but his carriage in the social circle was easy, and as became a clergyman, dignified; affable rather than frisky; more occupied with the substance than the ceremonial of politeness.

In a marked manner Bishop Marvin had a clear understanding of the proprieties of social and business intercourse, and a recognition of them seemingly not studied, but instinctive. His day-call was not unwelcome. His presence was not a restraint in the drawing room. His appearance at the counting room was not an intrusion. In the company of friends he was modest, and his part in the general talk not obtrusive, and never a bore. He knew when to speak; good sense and good taste dictated substance and form of speech; he was always listened to. Dignified and courteous, amiable and wise, his company and conversation were never irksome, and always prized—the playful speech with the young people; the pleasant word with the elderly, and with the preachers, the cheerful chat, sometimes enlivened with wit and spiced with humor.

He enjoyed society and mingled much in the social gatherings of the Church people, but always in his individual and not his official capacity; to enjoy and not advertise himself; not to add to the fame of the preacher the laurels of a courtier, and certainly not as a lay figure in the drawing room, as not a figure-head in the pulpit. The communion of society was a question of personal taste and pleasure. He had a liking for it, except in circles where it was disfigured by frivolities of fashion or marred by the hollowness of ceremony—such as he undertook to carricature and satirize in the only poetic lines he ever attempted. In company where common sense ruled the ceremonial and sincerity was intertwisted in the cord of fellowship, and heartiness diffused its fragrance—there he sought and bestowed his social affections. Honoring all men, and loving the brotherhood and kindly affectioned, his social qualities and personal friendships entered, remarkably, into the tie which bound the man in the pew to the man in the pulpit. Of both the man and the preacher, the President of Wesleyan Female College, reporting the Commencement of 1870, testified—"the impression he made was glorious." On the other side of the continent, it was said by his host at Helena, in Montana, who was fascinated by his preaching, and equally impressed by him at the fireside—"He is the only man I ever felt honored in entertaining under my roof."

There is record of abounding hospitality given as well as received by him. That was in his ordination vow as Bishop. It is a royal virtue and an apostolic grace. It may be said that there was not in all the land a more hospitable roof and board than his; dispensing an uncalculating and free-hearted entertainment alike to strangers and friends. It was so from the beginning of his prominent public life.

So it was, also, at the Episcopal residence—not a large house, but elastic for the stretch of bed and board in the free invitation and generous welcome of the numerous guests drawn from a continental acquaintanceship. At the last, when the St. Louis Conference was held in the city, he was as busy as host of the preachers, as President of their session—parlor, bed-room and table, under utmost tax for their entertainment, and their last recollections of him, an impression of the charm of a graceful and hearty hospitality.

It was a wonder to his medical friends, and particularly to his family physician and intimate personal friend, Dr. S. T. Newman, especially after the disclosures of a *post mortem* examination, that he had lived as long as he did. His physician attributes his longevity, among other things, to the fact that he was "a good eater." Of that the Bishop is reported as saying, facetiously, on being rallied, at the table of Rev. Thomas Wallace, in a company of preachers, on his repeated call for roast beef: "I do not live to eat, but eat to live." He ate slowly, and was commonly the last to lay down knife and fork; but a chief reason of that was that he was kept talking, and supplied the table with the good cheer which is good for digestion. The grace of the company more than the flavor of the viands interested him in the dinner table—especially the charm of a lady presidency. He has signalized one of his Texas road-side lunches above the rest by the women and children in the mess ; distinguishing it in the sentiment—" the pleasure of eating is greatly enhanced by the amenities of eating, which are never perfect in the absence of a lady."

Whether at his own or the board of another, his genial spirit was the light of the table and the sauce of the meal. On adjournment to the drawing room, and especially taking the smoking room in the way, his conversation was enlivened with anecdote, of which his wide travels supplied an exhaustless fund, and was spiced with witty speech, in which his tongue was apt and sharp. In the minor talk of this character is an incident of the breakfast table, which was recalled to the recollection of the writer by L. T. Hall, M. D., of Potosi, whom he happened to meet at this point of the writing. It was related to Dr. Hall in the course of a talk on spiritualism :

> The Bishop was the guest of a Christian lady, who supposed herself to have become a medium, and was much perplexed and annoyed by the rapping which followed her everywhere. She asked explanation of the phenomenon, and especially counsel how to escape the annoyance.
>
> "Don't take any notice of it," said the Bishop.
>
> "But what if it disturbs my sleep, and pursues me to the table and follows me wherever I go?"
>
> He had expressed the opinion that it could not have other than some physical cause; and that if it had a supernatural and spiritual origin, it must be satanic. He answered accordingly: "I would treat it as an evil spirit, and bid it to depart, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."
>
> At breakfast next morning, the rapping began on the table. The Bishop accused his friends playfully of attempting an imposture upon him, by some hidden contrivance, which made the raps. All, to satisfy him, moved entirely away from the table. Still the rapping continued. It was so distinct that he could locate the very spot on the table. He must practice the exorcism he had recommended; but, deeming it irreverent to make use of

the sacred name in such a scene and connection, he gave three hard blows on the table, exclaiming: "Get out of here, old Horney!" His word was obeyed—at least his own knocks ended the raps.

Another contributor recalls the widely-told story of his quiz of the Arkansas farmer, whom he met in the suburbs of the city of Little Rock:

"Stranger, do you know Parson Marvin?" inquired the farmer.

"Yes, I know him very well; I have known him all his life."

"He is a mighty preacher, ain't he?"

"No; I think he is a very poor preacher."

"Well, everybody says he can preach mightily, and I have come to town to hear him," said the farmer.

He went on to Church, and soon after saw the man he met in the suburbs standing in the pulpit, and, he thought, preaching "mightily."

Such personal reminiscences abounded in the talk of social hours — many of them already of record in these pages and in his correspondence with the *Advocate*, and even in his books. The most mirth-provoking of his mimicry was the "Hardshell sermon," which Bishop and Mrs. Wightman will remember, as preached in the parlor of the writer, who remembers how they were convulsed with merriment. The Methodist as well as Hardshell pulpit had report—Dr. Green's "doing my level best," which made sober-sides shake, and other sides, too, which shake hard when there is something to shake over. Another was the pulpit slumber of Andrew Monroe—on one occasion awakened by the quotation, in animated tones, by the preacher in the midst of his sermon—"When I can read my title clear"—and jumping up with startled action, said, "Let us sing," and raised the tune and ended the sermon.

Of one of the early Bishops, Whatcoat, it is said in his obituary — "so deeply serious!" and yet, it is added, "cheerful without levity." Of Bishop Andrew, it is known, that the last writing from his pen, a few days before his death, and published after his decease, was an earnest protest and warning to the preachers against levity; and yet the good Bishop's manner was the dress of good nature, and his very appearance the picture of good humor. Lightness is a Scylla. There is a Charybdis. Bishop Marvin steered clear of both. Some need a curb to humor, as he pronounced concerning the excess of it in Caples; some need a spur to it, as he thought of some who voted against the election of Caples to deacon's orders, on the ground of his uncontrollable humor. Of Caples, he said in extenuation of fault, "it was an incident of natural temperament, rather than an element of moral character." The same thing is said of Gen. Ellery, one of the most symmetrical and amiable characters contained in the series of Sparks' *American Biography*. Of the play of his spirit and the spice of his speech, it is said: "One never felt in the transitions of his familiar conversation, mirth and gravity, that the tone of mind underwent great changes, putting off one character and assuming another. The elements mingled, but the same spirit prevailed. In the midst of sober reflection and important occupation, he could amuse himself with the perception of the ludicrous, or descend to what passes (with some persons) for levity; and yet the feeling of reverence and seriousness not lessened in himself or others. There may be separateness and not hostility in the affections of the mind, as there is in the objects of nature."

Rev. Dr. Rodgers, in his monograph, has presented a similar analysis of the Marvin manner of spirit. The one was a civilian and the other an ecclesiastic—in the superadded character of a divine, a reason for caution, but not carricature. In him there was good adjustment between the man and the minister; the natural man neither merged in the professional, nor losing sight of it. The serious calling carried along with it a cheerful tone and genial spirit. Witty speech often sat upon his lips and playful humor went with him in the whole round of social intercourse. But his hand was on the brake to repress exuberant spirits at the point of intemperate levity. Wit and humor were under curb—telling and listening to the amusing story and good joke, but never establishing the reputation of an anecdote monger and a capital joker. His natural temper would have carried him further than his practice went, except that consciously and carefully he put it under bonds to Christian prudence and professional propriety. The narrative of all observation of him contains at the same time the predominant spirit of sober concern as a Churchman, and as a natural man and companion, the play of mirth. That was not ostracised; but so curbed, that he went from the dinner table into the pulpit in good character as a preacher, and closed the interview at the evening fireside with edifying worship and impressive prayer. The above description will be recognized as just by those admitted to his nearest intercourse. They have heard his best joke and most ludicrous anecdotes without offense to their own moral tone or less respect for his—respecting him in his gayest moods, and both entertained by his company and profited by his ministry.

In his later years the sense of humor in him became moderated—in a letter of travel in Northwest Missouri, saying:

> In traveling upon this trip I met with an unusal number of incidents of an amusing character, two or three of which would do to print. But I will resist the temptation to give them. The little affectations of the would-be wise people are, perhaps, better passed by in silence. Yet certainly a man is excusable if he enjoys a little quiet laugh with himself upon the officious displays of sagacious nonsense which are sometimes witnessed.
>
> But there is so much of real tragedy in the world that I have less and less relish for the comedies that are being enacted everywhere. From both I turn involuntarily to religion, as furnishing after all the only refuge from the littleness, the vanities, the sin and miseries of human life.

It would be a mistake to suppose that the anecdote was intended by him merely and always as a monger of mirth;

in the printed narrative, appearing rather and often as a vehicle of satire upon the follies and sins of the times. Equally and a greater mistake it would be to infer that it was usual speech, either in the abandon of the select circle or in the intercourse of general society. His mirth was not uproarious in explosive laughter, nor his anecdote narrative extravagant in mimicry, and not in the coloring. It was free from the vice, which Dr. Olin stigmatizes and Bishop Andrew quotes—"the Rev. Dr. Olin is reported to have said that he had never known a man who could tell a good story, who did not *lie*. This may seem rather a hard judgment, yet I think there is more truth than poetry in it."

In his Biography of Caples, and his Book of Sermons, and in all his printed notes of travel, as well as in the record of many memories, there is found the pathos of narrative which filled the eyes with tears. In general, his discourse was grave and solid and instructive; enriched with stores of useful information, and at times brilliant with rhetorical effect, and profound in scientific lore or philosophic disquisition. On one occasion he is talking to the listening ear of a meteorologist, as they stood together and viewed and noted the wild tumult of cloud and storm from the deck of a steamer on the Gulf: on another occasion, talking with an entologist, whom he met out in the Rocky Mountains, gathering bones to establish a Darwinian philosophy; and about whom he talked in his letter of travel, as an example of easy self-imposture. There is talking, equally entertaining and profitable to the farmer and of service to the topographical engineer, about the surface and soils of his country, its herbage, and its herds, and its flocks: and what are his notes of travel around the world but a talk with its hundred thousand readers, many of whom, who have not known him intimately, have wondered at his breadth of information about the literature and art of past ages and of all nations, and the history and philosophy of the civilizations of the race.

In his letters to absent friends there is the same charm of converse. In apology, by reason of press of official cares, for an unfulfilled promise to visit the Astronomical Observatory at Glasgow, he wrote to the Superintendent, his old friend and boyhood companion, Rev. C. W. Pritchett—"I am afraid I shall have to postpone my study of Astronomy till I get to heaven." In another letter to a young friend, Miss Byrd, of Selma, Ala., there is an interesting sample of his discourse, adapted and entertaining:

2719 LUCAS AVENUE, ST. LOUIS,
February 12, 1875.

MY DEAR MISS BYRD:

I feel that I have been remiss in neglecting so long to acknowledge your letter, as well as the receipt of the books. You may be sure that it is not on account of any lack of disposition to write, nor because it was forgotten. I have simply allowed pressing affairs to occupy me from day to day. I have purposed in my heart to speak to you in the only way that distance allows—by writing. Nor do I write now because I have leisure, but because my heart prompts me so decidedly that I put this congenial duty before others that are in the way of business.

I have been spending some time in Nashville and Louisville recently, and while I saw no large results of my labor, yet there were some conversions at each place, and I am not without assurance that the Church was, in some measure, built up. I am at home now only for about nine days, after which I expect to go to Washington City, to spend two weeks in preaching and trying to relieve the Church there of an oppressive debt. On the third of March the Baltimore Conference meets there, and after that, I have some visitation of the Churches in Maryland and Virginia in view. So, you see, I have little prospect of being much at home.

I am presuming upon your interest in me personally, and so indulge in this account of my own affairs.

I was deeply gratified to learn by your letter how fully you are looking to God and trusting *Him*, and that you are adjusting your mind to such work as He may have for you to do. It is indeed in doing His will consciously that the most exalted happiness is found. There is a certain truth, but it is not the deepest truth, in these lines, by Longfellow:

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is life's destined end or way,
But to act—that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day."

To *act*. Yes. But the acting must have an object, and that object must be something more definite than just getting farther on. How much nobler is the language of the Apocalypse: "Therefore are they before the throne, and serve Him day and night in His Temple." *Serving* is the highest employment of created beings. Serving *God* first, and then serving each other. He is happiest and noblest who is most occupied in honoring God and doing good to others. "He that will be chief among you let him be your minister" "The Son of Man came not to be ministered to, but to minister." "Therefore," said He, "I am among you as one that *serveth*." He washed His disciples' feet to teach this great lesson.

There are many of His disciples who long to honor His example, but see nothing they can do. All the while, perhaps, they are doing little deeds of love which they do not think of, but which the Master sees and will reward in the last day.

With much love to your mother and to Miss Lunie, and hoping to hear from you soon again, I am, as ever,

Your true friend,

E. M. MARVIN.

The prevailing theme of his tongue was the great mysteries and deep experiences of religion—with the preachers, to be added, theological exposition. The ministerial office and character were often talked over, often recurring to incidents in his own: unbosoming himself, often, to comparative strangers, and talking with a freedom and familiarity to young preachers, which made them, as did Stanley and Frazier, in the mountains of Montana, wonder at the grace and charm of his condescension. It is spoken of by the latter: "On several occasions I was quartered at the same house with him. Here I saw him as I could not see him in the pulpit and in the Conference room. His junior by so many years, and in all respects his inferior, I was surprised at the freedom with which he would converse with me on Church affairs and other matters."

None have heard him preach, or companied much with him, or received letters from him, who have not had the impression—"this is a man of God." Who, that knew him, does not know what was the type of his piety—strong and rich; experimental and practical; round and full; coming to the people in every assembly, public and private, in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace; and going in and out before them, at every step challenging, what was apostolic speech, "as ye have us for an example." Among many similar testimonies, is that from the Rev. Dr. Tudor, at the time the pastor of the Church from whose altar-place he was carried to his burial: "I will state, in closing this paper, that from frequent intercourse with him during ten or fifteen years, my secret impression, which I never expected to give for a biography of him, and, therefore, was all the more genuine and valid, grew, that his holiness of character and life was as thoroughly principled and unaffected as such purity could be in man. It was a new nature, regeneration, spiritually constitutional with him, and reliable to manifest itself on all occasions and in all forms."

In "going on to perfection," he did not "leave the first principles" in any sense, as not keeping an eye on them, and guarding and nurturing them. The contrite tear never dried on his cheek. The first love never died out in his heart. The "right spirit" was always kept in adjustment for intercourse with God, and the "clean heart" kept in order for His permanent abode. Of the abiding Witness of the Spirit and the responsive testimony of his own spirit, he bore witness once, at the last Conference he ever held, as reported by the Rev. M. M. Pugh, in words than which no word could be more positive and assuring: "Bishop Marvin was asked, during our Conference at Independence, what he thought about the doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit. He replied: 'I know when I go to God in prayer that I talk to Him—tell Him what I want—unbosom myself to Him; and I know, that in some way, He talks to me—assures me that I am heard, and that I am His. He speaks to me by His Word and by His Spirit.' The humility of soul in which he made this inpromptu deliverance, was as impressive as the words, and the effect on some minds will be lasting."

The word of his testimony was effective; not only warm with emotion, but bright with light. Some sayings became axiomatic; as one often heard by the writer on the lips of preachers and laymen in St. Louis, taken from his lips at a Centenary Church love-feast, rising and saying only—"One thing I know, I must either bring forth fruit or burn." The theology of his pulpit has its counterpart in lessons from his heart; Wesleyan experience as well as Wesleyan doctrine and both apostolic—"that which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled, of the Word of life; for the life was manifested, and we have seen it and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us."

He believed in, advocated, promoted and enjoyed emotional religion. It was philosophical, scriptural, a privilege of believers—"Again, I say, rejoice." In his own heart exercises it often kindled into outspoken praise, and not seldom flamed into rapture. Such characterized it all along in his Christian life—from an early day, this reminiscence in the memory of an eye-witness, Rev. L. R. Downing: "Once at love-feast under an arbor at Soule Chapel, in Lincoln county, Mo., when we arose from the final prayer, he remained on his knees, and reaching either way, caught hold of a bush with each hand, as if to hold himself down to earth, and commenced shouting and praising God—the happiest mortal I think I ever saw." That day he had preached from the text—'He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.' The effect was 'clear cut.'" A similar incident has date in 1872, at the Wesley Grove Camp, from the pen of Rev. W. K. Boyle:

> I heard him speak and preach once a day during his stay. He came every morning to the experience meeting, seeking, as I believe, a religious preparation for preaching, by having communion with the saints. I remember one morning he said, his countenance being strangely lighted up: "I am bathing in an ocean of love." Next morning, with transfigured face, he said, as though he had a much richer experience than the day before—"I am floating in an atmosphere of love."

> He seemed during that meeting to have a seraph's tongue. The most stolid natures gave way before the inspired utterances he poured forth, and the strongest men wept and laughed for joy.

Another such incident of his spiritual exercises is related by L. D. Palmer, the President of Willson College, California:

> I have heard softer, more musical voice, but recollect no one who seemed to sing with such spiritual energy and made so much melody in the heart by sacred song. The first time I ever recognized him was at a love-feast, held during the General Conference at Memphis, Tennessee, in 1870. The preliminary services were introduced by the venerable Andrew Monroe, who soon after went to his reward. The Bishop arose from his seat singing the old chorus which I had never heard before, but which I can never forget:
>
> "I love thee, my Saviour,
> I love thee, my Lord,
> I love thy dear people,
> Thy house and thy word."
>
> Not only his voice, but his countenance and entire form entered into the song, and the intensity of the spiritual impression was manifested in tears and sobs all over the Church. A few months afterwards, when visiting at my house in the East, I heard him sing the beautiful words again, and at the Los Angeles Conference, held at Santa Ana, California, last year, in love-feast, still again. I can now recall the outline of every sermon I ever heard him preach, and remember many passages of rare spiritual eloquence, but I have no recollection of Bishop Marvin more distinct and powerful than as I saw him pouring out his soul in worship, while singing these sweet, simple words.

These higher moods were common in the secret place, as in the public assembly; more than once in his diary entries, the ejaculation: "God is love"—once adding: "I rest in that,"

Bishop Marvin subscribed fully to the Wesleyan doctrine of experience, and has borne witness to the distinctive creed of Methodism—"the will of God, even your sanctification." His testimony on two prominent occasions has been preserved. One was at the Centennial Commemoration of North Carolina Methodism, his address containing the following passage:

It seems that Mr. Wesley never did, in any formal way, profess himself to be a sanctified man. If he made such profession at all, it was in the most modest way, and by mere implication. But he did encourage his people to seek for perfect holiness, and upon any distinct experience to profess it. Occasionally they gave him great trouble by premature and fanatical demonstrations on this point. These he earnestly strove to correct. For himself he rejoiced in Christ, kept his body under, triumphed over sin, and gave the most remarkable example of an unspotted life, without ever venturing to say, "I am sanctified." But all the weight, both of his life and teaching, went to establish the highest standard of experimental and practical godliness. He felt that indeed the blood of Jesus Christ *does* cleanse from all sin, but yet there was a touch of the deepest humility to the very last.

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merit of Thy death."

This consciousness was in him to the close of his life. Yet in victorious faith he added:

"Every moment, Lord, I *have*,
The merit of Thy death."*

With this understanding of Mr. Wesley's experience, in an address at the Semi-Centenary of St. Louis Methodism, in similar reference to it, he exclaimed: "Full salvation! There ought to be a revival of this experience; a conscious and constant victory over sin. I trust the Wesleyan spirit is my own, and I pray God I may realize it—the fullness of the joy and the salvation which is in Christ Jesus."

On the last named occasion, he heard a sermon by Bishop Keener, on the faith of Abraham, to which, in his address, he refers, and which led to extended remark. That grace was the most marked of all his religious exercises and affections—distinguished at the same time, in conspicuous eminence, as a man of faith and consecration. Every monograph has signalized it. Every contributor notes it. He has preached it, written about it, testified concerning it; understood and exercised and experienced it—all in remarkable witness and wonderful power. His doctrine and exemplification of faith, if it might be, emphasized the definition of it in the Eleventh of Hebrews, and joined him to the company of worthies who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. How largely he comprehended the nature, processes and power of the justification of the sinner before God: "It is not repentance that saves; it is not faith that saves; it is Christ that saves." But the salvation is conditioned on faith; according to the measure of faith; maintained by faith; and by faith, fruitful of good works, overcoming the world, and having victory over sin—"Good works," he added, "a part and parcel of the salvation itself; its essence in personal holiness."

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*The Centennial of Methodism in North Carolina, p. 398.

This summary statement of an elaborate disquisition, closes with the personal testimony, falling on the ears of all his Episcopal colleagues, and of a large company of ministers, and experienced Christians, in tones of thrilling emphasis: "I declare to you to-night, in this presence, on this commemorative occasion, that in my personal experience, the only victory I have ever had over sin has been in the name of Christ—as Christ is *realized* in my thought; as Christ is *realized* in my heart; as Christ is *realized* in my faith; as Christ is *realized* in my love. Brethren, this is the great truth of our religion. I have no defense against my own sin, but an immediate recurrence of faith to the Lord Jesus Christ. I have no breakwater against the floods of depravity, excepting it be in His Name: and in honor of His Name, I announce and declare to-night, that that Name has never failed me yet."

One has aptly characterized the simplicity of his faith—"What the Word of God said was with him, *all so*." It was strikingly illustrated by a personal testimony occurring in a passage of one of his sermons at the St. Joseph District Conference, held at Savannah, Mo., reported by the Rev. M. M. Hawkins: "The subject of one of his sermons was 'The Foundation of the Christian's Faith—the Eternal Word.'—Heb. vi, 13-20. During the sermon he used this illustration: 'If there was a tower as high as heaven, and beneath it a chasm yawning and as deep as the nethermost hell, and one *word*, nay, one *syllable* of the Word of God jutted out of the tower, and God should command me, I would *leap upon that syllable, though my soul were as heavy as the universe*.'"

The confidence of faith never hesitated in approach to God, and never wavered in expectation from Him—"God is love, and God is mine." Its appropriating power was wonderful. It brought God into all his conscious being, and kept Christ in his heart—formed there, the hope of glory. More wonderful than all, was its realizing sense—the perception of the invisible, as a tangible reality; the future brought near; his conversation in Heaven, its scenery as real and as familiar as the landscapes of the earth on which he trod, "the Gates of Glory in sight and pulses of heavenly music falling on his ear."

This faith interprets his rapture in the song—"The land of Beulah." Its inspiration was on him often when he preached as when he sung; and sometimes it seized his pen, even in his newspaper correspondence. A notable instance is a passage in his Texas letter, during a sojourn at Houston, recording a pastoral visit. It is evident how his spirit caught fire, and his own kindred faith pictured the experience he describes:

> On yesterday I called on several of the older members of the Church, with great profit to myself. One of them I must mention particularly. John Shearn is an Englishman by birth. He came to Texas at an early day, and joined the Church nearly thirty years ago, at Houston, under the pastorate of Dr. Summers. He has been a very active man, not only in his own private business, but also in public affairs, and especially in the Church. Since his first connection with the Church he has made it a point to omit no duty. While strength remained he was always at the prayer and class meetings. The spacious house of worship now occupied by us here was built mainly by him. He was the friend of the widow and the orphan. He was never ashamed of the name nor the reproach of Christ. Altogether his Christian life has been decided and remarkable. But now

in old age he has been confined pretty much to his room for nearly two years. To a man whose life has been so active and enterprising, this is a great trial. It might be expected that he would be gloomy and querulous. Far from it. On the contrary, he is the happiest man I have found in Texas. His soul overflows by day and by night with the love of God. He is in a constant ecstacy. His very face glows with holy light. Whenever he awakes out of sleep, even in the dead hours of the night, praises spring instantly from his lips.

He is passing through the land of Beulah. Rich clusters of grapes hang on all the trees Streams of living water flow perpetually. Echoes of music from the celestial city reach his ear. He sees the hills on the other side of the river, and the distant gates of the city, with angels evermore passing in and out. Thus the aged servant of God lies upon his couch and waits. The Master will soon call him, and his reward will be great.

His faith was one of the chief stones in the foundation of his consecration—apprehending the great recompense of reward, as he estimated it in the sermon on the parable of the talents: for joy, entering into the joy of the Lord, who sees of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied; and for honor, rule over ten cities—"Cities of God," he exclaimed, "tell me how large and how glorious is one of God's Eternal Cities! And yet it is a destiny of the consecrated man to be ruler over ten of God's Cities." So it is said of men like him: "His life had at bottom the conviction of the littleness of time to work in, and the vastness of eternity to work for." It stirred in his heart sympathies of awful depth, as he looked upon his fellows in the light of his faith, and in their rescue, in the same light anticipated the joy of gathered sheaves—"we believe, and therefore speak."

Another foundation stone, in his devotedness, was the authority of the Master; and the chief corner-stone, the constraining love of Christ. "This poor life," he wrote, "is a very unworthy offering to Him who died for me."

What the power and comprehensiveness of consecration could have no higher expression and no stronger statement, than in a paragraph of the funeral discourse of his Volume of Sermons—the "In Memoriam" of the late Hon. Wm.

H. Byrd, of Selma, Ala. He commits himself to the doctrine of the peremptory sovereignty of the Lord and its stern assertion:

> He must assert himself between husband and wife, even at the moment of supremest sensibility, and command us even from leave-taking; He must stand between father and son at the grave's mouth, a Master and Lord who has prerogative even there to summon the broken heart from the most sacred of human duties. Our dead are under the roof; with crushed hearts we are preparing to follow them to the grave and weep there; an inviolable silence honors the grief which all humanity has consecrated by an awe that stands aloof and gives up the time and place to sorrow; but the hush is violated by the sudden crash of a stern voice: "Come away—let the dead bury their dead—follow me." What sacrilege is this? My outraged heart must scorn a call like that at such a time. But no; I look up—His eye is upon me. "My Lord and my God," is it thou? Thou hast the right. Take me! Take me! Even though it be from the side of my unburied dead. I yield myself in unquestioning love and faith to Thee."

The sentiment was not the rhetoric of a discourse, but the sober prose of his history; a real and not a cheap sentiment. It took him from the "old place" in Warren County to the ends of the earth, and made his life a grand epic in trials and triumphs of faith, not unworthy to be an added verse to the Eleventh of Hebrews—to Abel's faith and Moses' choice and to the trust of Abraham—in his whole history, a pilgrim on the road and a servant in the field; ever on his tongue and in his heart—"Wist ye not I must be about my Father's business." "My meat to do the will of Him that sent me, and finish His work:" "I must work to-day and to-morrow." In his diary it is written: "There will be rest after a while."

The personal relations he sustained to Judge Byrd may suggest what was the ground and cement of his cherished and deepest friendships. It is expressed in a foot-note to the funeral discourse: "My own participation in the bereavement was such as to disqualify me in a large measure for the duties of the hour. I will add that I have rarely known a man to whom I was so deeply attached as I was to

Judge Byrd. I count it one of the privileges of my life that I enjoyed for two weeks the hospitalities of Judge Byrd's house. His conversation profited me in my personal experience; I felt nearer to God after I had been with him"—admiring, loving and devoted to him, not because he was an eminent jurist and a prominent public man, but as a good man. There were obscure but saintly men and women, from whom he could expect neither honor nor advantage, but whom he alike and equally loved.

The author of the introduction of his "To the East by the Way of the West," has written of him "as a good hater"—qualified by the writer, in the sense he meant and in the truth of the matter, "as David has it in Psalms xv.: 'In whose eyes a vile person is contemned, but he honoreth them that fear the Lord.'" He could be angry and sin not, which Paul enjoins as a virtue, and which Paul practiced—with indignant rebuke of licentious Corinth; and towards one whom Romanists have made Primate of the Apostles, but whom Paul detected and published as a time-server and dissembler and perverter of others, misleading even Barnabus: "But when Peter was come unto Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."—Gal. ii. 11. The same Paul was so loved by Ephesian Elders that they wept on parting with him, and was so tender-hearted, that he exclaimed: "What mean ye to weep and break my heart!" Open and fearless when sin was to be rebuked or injurious disorders were to be corrected—"to his face"—but, as Dr. Summers says further of Bishop Marvin, "he might have sat for the portrait of a Bishop in Titus i.; especially was he 'a lover of good men.'"

In this record of the active intercourse of an Episcopal pastor with the people, it has not been noted how personal character entered, as a prime factor, into the form and force of his ministry. He has illustrated what is here meant by what he said of Mr. Wesley—his genius and his character projecting themselves upon his work and upon the world: "The man that analyzes John Wesley has a compendious statement of the differentia of Methodism. * * * His massive personality moves forward in its orbit with a force that is irresistible." The indirect but potent influences going out from him are specified in the following words of disquisition upon the office of pastor, and had illustration drawn from his own observation:

> It is not the instruction given in particular cases, the special attention given here and there, that builds up the members of the Church. There are subtle, spiritual influences going out from a true man of God, which accomplish more, for aught I know, than any special effort he may put forth. While he is intent upon this duty and that, going about the Lord's errands, results follow that he never dreamed of. I once knew a very faithful man in charge of a Circuit, always doing something for God, who was on the road early one morning, going to meet a Bible class. A wicked man seeing him in the saddle at that early hour, and knowing his character, and that he was spending his life in doing good to the souls of men, fell under conviction, and was soon converted. It was but a short time till the whole country was in a flame of revival.

It is what is in the saying of the good St. Francis, of Assisi, to a young monk: "Ah, my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach, unless we preach as we walk."

The location of his Episcopal residence has an interesting history, illustrative of personal character, as well as official fidelity. He was elected as a Western man, though not for the West. Not strictly required, it was, however, proper that he should fix his home in that section of the Church. At what point was the matter of determination, as it had become a matter of competition among places, and, hence, of perplexity to him. In the West and Southwest there existed a felt want of Episcopal oversight and service. That sentiment was prevalent and clamorous, particularly in Texas and Missouri. Throughout all that section his election to the Episcopacy was received with great favor; and his personal popularity was unbounded. Accordingly, application in various forms of solicitation, and from various quarters, for the location of his residence was presented and urged. At once there was a call for his return to Missouri, and invitation to make his home at St. Louis. Shortly afer the adjournment of the General Conference, the Texas delegations united in a formal petition in behalf of the Church and Conferences in that State, to continue his residence permanently in their midst. There were numerous individual solicitations from both States; and from both substantial inducements in assurances of the donation of an Episcopal residence.

The location of his residence at St. Louis at first was governed by high considerations of official duty and superior usefulness; on the same grounds it was maintained there. From first to last, how unselfish and elevated his decision was appears in the facts. It is known that the proposal of a residence to be provided for him had not been fulfilled. He died in his "hired house," with the way left open for his return at any time to a house, his own, in Texas; or to another on the Atlantic seaboard; or to a third, as Mrs. Marvin was assured by a leading Methodist of California, on the Pacific coast.

It was always the purpose of the Church in Missouri, and particularly in St. Louis, to provide the home. The delay in its accomplishment is a testimonial to his disinterested devotion to the Church. On two occasions, on his return to Missouri in 1866 and in the year 1870, he interrupted a movement to that end—on both occasions assigning the reason that it might embarrass pending financial enterprises and interests of the Church in St. Louis. These facts are known to the writer. They explain in part the delay, and show an enhanced deserving of the testimonial, which was postponed because he forbade its prosecution.

In another notable instance, similar honorable sentiments governed him. In 1870, at a joint meeting of all the official boards of all the stations in the city of Baltimore, held at the Central Church, resolutions were unanimously adopted inviting him to that city. The Baltimore *Episcopal Methodist*, announcing that action, endorses it in extended remarks, urging the acceptance of the invitation on various grounds, among them these: "We require a preacher who can command the attention of the people on his ministry—who can break up new ground; who has the missionary spirit, and around whom we may rally as one man for the spread of the Gospel. Such a man should be unstationed—he should be at the head of the Church; in fact, the hearts and heads of our people have recognized that man in our beloved Bishop Marvin. Will he come? The coming of the Bishop will be an augury of success, and we promise him and his family an old Maryland welcome to a home in the city of Methodists." Though not expressed, it was understood, that the invitation included the donation of an Episcopal residence—so stated in the public prints at the time. That communication was formally presented to him during the session of the General Conference at Memphis. It was urged privately by influential advocates. His health at that time was much broken. It was the promise of lighter burdens and more comforts of home. Mrs. Marvin reports his reply: "Mr. Marvin communicated to me the invitation presented to him at Memphis to establish his residence at Baltimore. I replied, agreeing with him in the conclusion, that having been elected to the Episcopacy as a resident in the Trans-Mississippi section of the Church, it was our duty to remain in it."

What manner of man he was has illustration, also, in the history of his agency for St. Charles College—strikingly and in various aspects of personal and official character.

In June, 1875, on a call at the residence of Hon. Trusten Polk, and going as usual to his library-room, the writer found him engaged in a business interview with Bishop Marvin. They were seated at a table, and Governor Polk held a pen in his hand, with which a few moments after he signed a paper and handed it to the Bishop. At the moment of entering the room the remark was heard, "I do this believing and protesting that you are under no legal or moral obligation to pay this amount; certainly not more than the principal sum with the interest in law, at *six* per cent." The Bishop's reply was, emphatically, "I will have it so." This is all concerning that transaction known by the writer at that time or afterwards, till the following narrative, from the pen of Rev. J. P. Nolan, came into his hands, and which induced a search among the business papers of Bishop Marvin and the discovery of this, the paper signed that night in June, at about nine o'clock:

Recieved, St. Louis, June 29, 1875, of Bishop E. M. Marvin, three thousand dollars, paid by him, for benefit of St. Charles College, to me as Trustee for said College under the will of Mrs. Mary Collier deceased, mother of George Collier, also deceased, by the appointment of said George by his last will, it being the same amount which I paid over to him as Agent for said College on the 4th of September, 1856, in pursuance of the resolntion of the Board of Curators to that effect adopted the 22d of August, 1856—which amount I received, believing at the same time that said Marvin is not justly or legally responsible for the whole of the aforesaid amount. TRUSTEN POLK.

That money, it is known, was saved by rigid economy during several years out of his salary. The receipt for it Mr. Nolan's narrative interprets:

At the St. Joseph Conference, in 1874, in my room at the hotel, and when we were alone, he made the following statement substantially, according to my best recollection, in reference to the transaction of making up the $10,000 he was to collect once as Agent of St. Charles College:

"At the last," he said, "when it was necessary to do something, the Board of Curators borrowed $3,000 from the old lady Collier endowment of $5,000, then in Mr. Polk's hands, and this amount, with the sum I had collected as Agent, was presented to the George Collier executors in the bonds of Missouri, when we obtained the $10,000 provided for in his will. I approved this action of the Board—indeed, without my sanction, I dare say, they would not have done it. My purpose, as expressed to the Board, was to go on with my Agency, and as soon as I could collect this money, replace it in the Mother Collier fund. Brother ——— got a portion of the old lady Collier endowment from Mr. Polk when he went South, and it was lost in his (———'s) bankrupt estate. I have been greatly troubled over this business. I have felt morally bound to see that borrowed money replaced, and the old lady Collier fund of $5,000 made whole. The honor of the Church demands it, and my honor does, too. I have seen that the Curators would not attend to it. Some time ago I resolved to attend to it myself. I have begun to do it—out of my own earnings altogether. During next year I hope to accomplish it. I shall never rest until it is done."

There is a subsequent history which enhances the lustre of this exhibition of sensitiveness to his individual reputation and self-sacrificing devotion to the honor of the Church. It has been considered as going far beyond what the most scrupulous prudence or most conscientious official fidelity could require. It has been so declared publicly by the action of the Missouri Conference, resolving that what came out of Bishop Marvin's private means ought to be refunded. It is supposed commonly to have amounted to three thousand dollars, as it did, with interest added, and could not have been less, in the principal, than fifteen hundred dollars. Members of the Board of Curators, in like manner—men like D. K. Pittman and T. W. Cunningham—declare that in their personal conscience, as well as official capacity, they cannot allow such self-imposition, as they deem it, to go unrighted; the more moved thereto by the sentiment of admiration for a remarkable spectacle of self-abnegation in love and devotion to the Church. Bishop Marvin replied to the resolution of Conference, and hastened to say, that if the refunding were tendered he would not accept it. When it came to his knowledge that, predicated on this refusal, a member of the Board meditated securing the return of the money by means of a trusteeship for the benefit of his family—"Neither shall my family receive it," was the determined message to his old friend. Whatever may or may not be done in reference to the proposed refunding of that money, the last words of Mr. Nolan's narrative of his interview with Bishop Marvin, stand good to the reader, as to himself: "I was deeply affected by the words of the Bishop, as they opened up the noble, generous impulses of the man. God bless his memory!"

In his wide intercourse with the Church, joined with the perfect openness of his character and his habit of unreserved self-disclosure, he was thoroughly known and understood. His Christian graces and natural traits were published in his intercourse and dealings; and, perhaps, may be best illustrated by the incidents of both. Some are already before the reader; others still in hand; little things, some of them; but like straws in the air, showing the direction of the wind.

Gratitude is an instinct of the brute, and so natural and common a virtue, that it is written of, as the last virtue of all the train to leave the abandoned heart. Nevertheless, Barrow, perhaps it is, reports the inquiry made to one of the old philosophers, "What is that which doth soonest grow old?" and his reply, satirically, "Thanks." The remembrance of favor by him was long-lived and vigorous, as Bro. Crouch had experience at Marshall, Texas, at the close of the war when he was himself a refugee; taken to a home in the parsonage of the pastor, whom—"the sick preacher"—he had taken out of Price's camp to his home in Arkansas. At the same parsonage in an older memory of the patronage of Dryden on his first Circuit, when the boy-preacher needed a suit of clothes, Dryden found a friend in need, and a nurse in sickness.

He was the soul of generosity—in its large sense and in an universal application. In the use of money, it is known how, more than he loved it, he cared for the good it might do. Charity in bounty Lord Lytton has called an aristocratic virtue. Bishop Marvin relished it as a luxury of life. At the Missionary Anniversary his speech had in it what Bishop Pierce has called "the closing argument," laying a greenback on the table. At the Church dedication he took "stock," as it is named, in the House to be cleared of debt. At the College, among the students, is the son of a Texas preacher, supported from his purse. At the Conference, when a whole Conference is to be saved, he issues drafts on himself, having the pledge of all his worldly substance. Out in the destitute places he puts a preacher in the field at his own charges. With far less revenues than Gonzalo de Cordova, had he had a thousand times less, he would have said the same that the "great Captain" said to the steward of his treasury: "Never stint your hand: there is no mode of enjoying one's property like giving it away."

He was devoted to his friends, kind towards strangers, tolerant towards those who differed with him; towards enemies not resentful, though not a coward in the fight; not hesitating to cross swords with a leader in the opposition, but compassionate towards the followers.

The vain man is an egotist; the proud man is self-satisfied —there is no incident of either character known to his public career, nor his private life, nor his familiar speech. Envy has been called a "shy passion, because when it shows itself, it defeats itself." It may be detected, however, in its family features and in its progeny—"the daughter of pride and the mother of detraction." Humility was the jewel of his graces, and did any ever know of malice in his heart or detraction on his tongue. Even rebuke falling from his lips was annointed with the oil of kindness; and if stern, it was vindicated, as the command of his conscience and the necessity of duty. If, in his earlier ministry, there had been carnal ambitions, the name and fame of Caples would have been an offense to the "evil eye;" but they were bosom friends, and Marvin was his biographer—in life never envying the promotion of his honors, and the most enthusiastic panegyrist of his pulpit; and in death, his memoir a labor of love, and with a design to give to his name and labors posthumous influence and renown.

Somebody has said, "no man is great in the eyes of his valet." In the commonest scenes, Bishop Marvin was "a proper gentleman." In the closest intimacies, nothing was seen or known about him that was low or mean—by none known better, nor both loved and honored more than by his wife and children.

To the public eye his character was transparent, and to the eye of friends he opened the windows of his inmost heart. To his consistency and sincerity there is an universal verdict; his character a real and not a painted flame, and the external lustre the reflection of an inner light. At this point of remark, the writer recalls an expression which would not fail to strike attention, and could not be soon forgotten: "I would shrink as little as the next man, in the face of the world, to turn myself inside out." It was not a boast. Occurring in a conversation upon the native and inveterate corruption of human nature, it was the preface of a statement that, notwithstanding his sense of conscious rectitude, he detected with pain a proneness to evil. It was in evidence, hewever, of his watch and ward over it and the cleanness of the inner sanctuary. What was *of* him was scarcely better known than what was *in* him. What might not be seen he told. A remarkable exemplification of such candor has been narrated in the columns of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, and apparently well authenticated:

> The Rev. Dr. Wilkes relates the following, which illustrates the spirit of the man. In 1870, when Bishop Marvin made his second Episcopal visit to Texas, he preached for Dr. Wilkes, in Austin, spending Sunday and Monday with him. On Tuesday Dr. Wilkes took him in his buggy, and they started for the West Texas Conference, thirty-five miles distant. A little after noon they came to a clear stream of water, and the Doctor proposed that they stop and get dinner. The Bishop expressed a little surprise that the Doctor had been so thoughtful as to provide them a table there in the wilderness. They stopped, and the good Doctor, who was an old army officer, proceeded to make the coffee and spread the dinner, which process the Bishop watched with marked interest from his seat on the grass, with his feet under him, after the style of a tailor. When the

clean towel was spread on the grass, the dinner set, and the rich aroma of the smoking coffee had imparted its delicious flavor to the tempting morsels, the Doctor said:

"Bishop, ask a blessing." The Bishop removed his hat, and very devoutly and with tremulous voice invoked the divine blessing. After which the Doctor said, "Now, Bishop, help yourself." But he noticed that the Bishop hesitated and was silent. On looking up he saw that the Bishop's eyes were swimming in tears, and that he was affected with deep emotion.

"No," said the Bishop, "I cannot eat this dinner"—

"Why, Bishop, what is the matter?"

"Until I make a confession to you."

"Why, you astonish me, Bishop."

"Well, you must allow me, Brother Wilkes, to relieve my conscience of a prejudice I have had against you for years, growing out of your association with C—— and G—— and their notorious brigade during the war. You know that that brigade had a bad character for lawlessness and general irregularity. I was with Price's army, just behind you, for some time, and your brigade became notorious. I always associated you with C—— and G—— in their bad conduct, and yet, I confess, that I could never hear of anything lawless or wrong that you did. It was only prejudice. I cannot recall a single instance, during or since the war, that I ever heard that compromised your character, and I must, therefore, confess that it was nothing but prejudice, and I could not partake of this dinner to-day until I had made this confession. I have had no opportunity before."

Ever after they were the warmest personal friends.

A kindred virtue was his love of truth. It could have no stronger statement than in his own word, which nobody ever impeached—what he said in reference to College Commencement reports: "I believe it is expected when a man writes about examinations, he should speak well of them. I have a rule on this subject. If I have nothing *good* to say, I say nothing *at all*. I *will not* say flattering things of a poor performance."

Not a flatterer; and as to his own performances, or position or public fame, not an egotist, not vain, nor proud, at what point was he open to flattery? If he had a "blind side," his most intimate associates knew nothing of it. They, least of all men, would have the folly to attempt an insidious approach to baffle his insight of men, or the temerity to attempt upon him an imposition, or the hardihood to propose to him vicious counsel or a wrong purpose.

Where, it may be asked, was his weakness or his fault? The writer answers for himself, that he knew him well and does not know. He knows of complaints and alleged grievances, but knowing the facts intimately in regard to the motives and grounds of his action, it is only a not uncommon history of good evil spoken of. If the writer did know, as we do not look at the sun to discover its spots, it would be more just to a great character, as well as more grateful to the feelings, to adopt the Latin maxim—"*nihil de mortuis nisi bonum.*" The same wise and considerate judgment is expressed by the biographer of Wm. Patton, the first Presiding Elder of Bishop Marvin—said for those who knew him well: "They will forget his failings and imperfections, and fondly dwell upon the recollection of his amiable spirit, gentle manner, deep and fervent piety, well-tempered zeal, strong faith and exemplary walk and conversation."

Every monograph which has fallen under the observation of the writer, has specified, as a distinct attribute, what is by all pens written, as his personal magnetism. The Rev. Dr. Deems locates such impression from his presence as long ago as at the session of the General Conference, in 1850, at St. Louis, where Marvin, then stationed at Palmyra, was a visitor. In an admirable sketch, dated 1872, of that General Conference, he writes: "There I first saw Bishop Marvin. He was much with Caples, as I recall it, but I distinctly remember that when I first saw him, he so impressed me that I could not keep my eyes from him."

Of other great men writers have spoken of the same peculiarity. It is usually called an indefinable something; but, as generally, it is attempted to define it. This incongruity leads to the remark, as the present writer conceives it, that what is judged to have been a separate and distinct quality, was rather an impression from the whole effect of his exalted character and great career. Rather than a nondescript something, there is a satisfactory rationale of the wonderful attraction he laid upon the minds and hearts of men. The topmost peak of a mountain range will command the first look and fix the gaze of the observer. There is attraction in the majesty of greatness. The gold that has passed through the crucible of the assayist will be prized above crude or common ores. He was a tested man, and known to be as pure gold. The loadstone in the attraction of what has been otherwise called "personal polarity," resided in the impression thoroughly grounded and amply vindicated, that he was a great, true and good man. Especially in the latter quality, in which his greatness had its sanctification to the work of God and the welfare of his race, and which kept his ambition true to his calling in high and costly consecration and abundant labors, may be found the history of an instinctive admiration and an exalted reverence and the gravitation of love. The fame of his high benevolence made him known and loved in the households of the Church, as the name of Jesus was a household word throughout all Judea; because, wherever he went, he went about doing good. The self-sacrifice of his life contained in it what was spoken when the deepest shadows of the passion began to fall upon the the life of the Savior: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." That was more than an appeal of suffering to sympathy—the constraint of unselfish and suffering love winding itself around the heart of the world, as with a broad fold and an adamantine chain. Bishop Marvin has noted this power in Mr. Wesley: "The depth of sympathy that was so conspicuous a trait of his character, gave him extraordinary power with men." A young tourist, Dr. F. M. Deems, expressed the same truth, as exemplified in his impression of the modern London pulpit:

> Bishop Trench is clear and persuasive; Dr. Parker is grand and impressive; Mr. Spurgeon's eloquent common sense is electrical; but why I should have said to my friend, as we left Dr. Cummings' Church, that if I

remained in London he would be my pastor, is more than I can tell. His sermon I thought betokened great care in its construction, and much study, but the sweet, easy, winning style of the Doctor's delivery had a peculiar charm for me too subtle to be imprisoned in words. I felt all along that the man in the pulpit loved the men in the pews, and above all else, was most anxious that they should see the truth as it is in Christ. It may have been this rich, marrowy vein of the love-element that ran through all his sermon that attracted me.

Another writer has said: "According to every theory of regeneration, grace runs in human channels; and it never makes a more musical current than through those happy souls that have a bent to kindness." The love-element is a golden thread in the cord, but not the exclusive tie that bound men to this magnetic man—a threefold cord it was, as Dr. Vaughan paraphrases the Charity of the Thirteenth of Second Corinithians: "A heart of iron to himself, a heart of flesh to his fellow, and a heart of fire to his God."

In respect of his natural traits, the graft of grace was on a good olive tree. His Christian graces were radical—the root and stock of a tree garnished with foliage and flowers, and laden with fruit. The effect of his whole character and history, it was, which commanded the admiring exclamation concerning the disciple, as of the Master—"Behold the Man!" In the combination of virtues—

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, '*This was a man!*'"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

1870—1876.

The General Conference of 1870 and 1874—Measures of public policy—Theological education—Denominational schools—His argument—Gen. Lee's testimony—The College in his dying hand—The itinerancy—Pastoral term—Lay representation—An incident—Relations of the two American Episcopal Methodisms—Formal fraternity—Fraternal Messenger to the British Wesleyan Conference—Southern Methodist Missions—The home work—Foreign fields—China visitation—Exploration of Heathendom—"The whole world converted to Christ."

THE dates which give name to this chapter include the only two General Conferences which Bishop Marvin attended after his incumbency of the Episcopal office. They will locate the history of the part he took in measures of public policy, and some labors which have not properly fallen under review in former chapters.

At the General Conference of 1870, the report of the Committee on Education was drafted by the pen of Dr. Landon C. Garland, at present the Chancellor of Vanderbilt University. It was exclusively confined to the question of providing a Theological School—an elaborate argument and earnest plea in favor of that measure. There was a minority report, respectable in the number and weight of influence of the dissentients; among them, several College Presidents. It was the view of the minority, that the Biblical Chair in the Colleges, which had been recommended at a previous session, and had been introduced generally, was as far as the Church might go wisely and safely. The question came before the General Conference as controverted, and gave occasion to one of the spiciest debates of the session. The measure was carried in the committee, but lost on the floor by an overwhelming vote. It is to be added, perhaps, that the comprehensive and compact argument of the report of the committee was flanked by the *ad captandum* reply of the spoken address. The proposition was in advance of public sentiment. It laid too abruptly across the traditional policy of the Church—the defeat at Memphis, quite like, in history and result, that at St. Charles, when the "Horseback College" rode down all opposition, and Marvin was "floored." On the latter occasion, as at the former, other reverend seniors, besides Bishop K., in the scene at St. Charles, laughed over it; some might have cried. Besides, it may be, the question, in the mind of the opposition, was not unmixed with a foreign issue—the centralization at Nashville of the Educational, as of the Publishing, interests of the Church. Before the session, the project had been mooted among nine affiliated Conferences for the establishment of an University at that place; and the proposition at the General Conference was interpreted as a part of the movement. That movement went on, nevertheless. It has had grand culmination in the Vanderbilt University, which to-day realizes in all its parts the report of Dr. Garland in 1870; and, in the general sentiment of the Church, has vindicated its foresight and its argument. The discussion began in the Committee-room and was waged on the Conference floor. It widened out before the general public—notably, under the championship, on the one side and the other of the question, of two of the Bishops, Pierce and McTyeire. They had an universal hearing through the columns of the Church *Advocates*. Though not taking a public part in this agitation, Bishop Marvin observed it with absorbing interest. Before it had reached its height and heat, and before the session of the General Conference, when, however, there was sufficient suggestion that it was a coming issue, he put on printed record his views. They were enunciated in his life of Caples, the last pages of which, in the preface, were dated April 28, 1870. He adhered to them, after he had read and pondered all, and the much in complete discussion, which had been said and written on the subject. The reader, it is supposed, will recognize in his points usual common sense and practical views. They struck out a middle course between the extremes of opinions. Perhaps, it may be added concerning them, in the general verdict—*medio intissimus ibis.* His eight points are prefaced by a striking presentation of the training of the ministry in the days of the fathers—the school in which he was educated. That is quoted at large in a former chapter—this following:

> But I shall be told that things are changed now—that there is extemporaneous preaching all over the land, with much of the Methodist fervor and power, by educated men of other denominations, and that the people at large are themselves more intelligent, so that our preachers must be up to the level of their hearers, or lose credit. I doubt not there is much truth in all this, and on this point I have these remarks to make:
>
> 1. No one desires that preachers should be educated more than I do. Let it be done as far as possible. Let the Church tax her resources to the uttermost. Let us have a Theological School. Let us have a Chair of Divinity in our Colleges, where it can be done.
>
> 2. But when the utmost has been done, we will not turn out educated men as fast as the demands of the work will require.
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> 3. Large classes of men will always be found to whom men of good sense, though not highly educated, will be acceptable; more acceptable, than the learned man, if he have the air of a pedant.
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> 4. Many men in the Church now who are in demand in the very best and most cultivated communities, are such as have had no early advantages beyond the common school.
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> 5. The College will not make a brilliant, attractive man of a naturally dull one. Many educated men never become acceptable preachers. If a man has no "gift," no training can *give* it to him. My conviction is, that if a man does not become a respectable public speaker on the basis of a fair English education, he would never do so with all the help in the world. You must have the "timber" to begin with.
>
> 6. I apprehend that exaggerated hopes are entertained of the results of a College course. Yet I do not deprecate the present agitation of the

subject. Good will come of it—has already come of it. But brethren will be disappointed in many of the young men that will come to their pulpits out of the Colleges.

7. I should deplore most deeply any legislation that would make a liberal education a *condition* of membership in the Annual Conferences. The hand of God will be on many a man who can never take a classical course. I am not sure but some men—very useful men, too—whom I have known, would have been spoiled by any attempt of the sort. I am almost tempted to give names. H. S. Watts will pardon me for writing his.

8 If in any measure Methodist preachers lose their simplicity through affectation of learning, it will be a black day for us. If ever geometry and Greek, "the objective and the subjective," come to reduce our estimate of personal holiness as the prime condition of a truly useful ministry, we may write "Ichabod" upon our altars—for Methodism will be dead.

At the General Conference of 1874, the report of the Committee on Education, Hon. Trusten Polk, the chairman, dealt with the general subject of Christian and Denominational Education, in schools of the Church of all grades. That special view was brought to the attention of the Conference by several memorials, praying legislation on the subject—one from Missouri, on the importance of a general and thorough system of Educational Work by the Church, and another from Virginia, to establish District Schools throughout the Church. The latter was reported on favorably, with an accompanying argument of great force. In a concluding statement, the combined and concurrent culture of the intellectual and moral constitution is set forth in an outspoken and strong utterance:

The powers of the moral nature lie at the foundation of both greatness and goodness. Why was it that Cato, the Censor, was a grander man than Cicero, the Orator? Did the ambitious Cæsar fear the intellectual, the cultivated, the accomplished and graceful rhetorician, as he did the stern, unselfish, uncompromising moralist and patriot?

Considerations such as these urge themselves upon us with commanding emphasis at the present juncture. The cry of our times is, Education! Education! But it is for the education of the pure intellect, and not of the moral constitution. And, unfortunately, as we think, the tendency and aim of our systems of public and State Education are the development of the intellectual faculties, to the neglect and ignoring of the moral and

> higher nature. We want an *intelligent* people, it is true, but it is also and especially true that we want a virtuous people—a people who love, and practice, and exemplify the cardinal virtues.

The fact which the report notes is old, though the argument which libels it is so conclusive, as the doctrine of reason as well as the Scriptures—as old as Plato, who, concerning the mental and moral constitution, quaintly and forcibly puts it: "We are not to fashion one without the other, but make them draw together, like two horses harnessed to a chariot." Bishop Marvin had occasion for large expression of his views on the relation of the Church to the School. Some pains have been taken to collect and summarize them.

Mental education is in the order of nature. It is in the custom of the times. Every man, as and when he is able, will give his sons and daughters a liberal education—"to school they must go." Accordingly as it may or may not have a moral tone and spiritual direction, education will be a social blessing or curse, promoting the harmonies or aggravating the discords of life. In individual history of the educated youth, that which is a weapon of power to carve out a path to distinction and usefulness, may be the sword of the suicide. On the arena of public life the educated mind can do more good—can do more harm. The conclusion, in his own words, is: "The youth ought to be educacated—*must be*, WILL BE. Who shall do it? The Romanist? The Infidel?" He answered for himself those questions. In a stirring passage he has warned against the insidious wisdom of Romanism:

> The Romanist and the Infidel, and especially the former, are striving to the utmost of their power and their vast resources, to get possession of the young mind of the country. And parents—thoughtless Protestant parents—are constantly sending their sons, and especially their daughters, into the midst of this religious infection—this spiritual small-pox—stupidly hoping that they will escape the plague. Just at the most impressible period of life, when opinions are almost wholly the offspring of the senti-

ments and the imagination, the incipient woman is placed under the exclusive control of those who will take possession of her through her affections, and in constant contact with a ritual contrived by the sagacity and experience of ages, to impress the imagination. If she is not led by her affections and imagination to embrace this stupendous distortion of the Christian faith it will be a miracle.

It is evident in the terms of the above earnest pastoral admonition, how potent the School as an instrument of Church power, and how wise to employ it in counteraction to a corrupted form of Christianity and make it subservient to a true, as it is to an Apostate Church. The Jesuitism of Romanism may be denounced, but its wisdom is real and to be admired and imitated. It fixes its eye upon the cradle. It stamps its image upon the plastic heart of childhood. In its dealing with social and spiritual life, it takes its stand at the fountain, where the stream may be turned and directed, and makes channels for its flow. That is, it employs wise and necessary methods of Church conservation and propagandism. It omits no pains, it spares no money, for the guardianship of the children of its own communion—in this country, in competition with the State and in rivalry with the revenues of a Commonwealth. The most astute and enterprising monastic order has located the Catholic propaganda in the College, and has undertaken the education of the youth of the world.

There is need of Christian schools, it is equally obvious, for the preservation of the young mind from the dangers of the pride of intellect and the perversions of learning, and especially, of "science falsely so-called" — particularly in this day, when free thinking is bold, and thinks aloud, and when a class of scientists have appeared, who are banded conspirators against the authenticity and the authority of Christianity. Amidst such perils, Christian schools must become spokesmen of the scientific thought of the day, and stand sentinel over the literature and philosophy of the age—to conduct education to the discovery, that in the fields of science there is no path crossing the track of revelation, and no stumbling-block to Gospel truth, and in the disclosures of philosophy no denial of God. Bishop Marvin held that the battle against the false but plausible philosophies of the age must be fought out in books, rather than in the pulpit of the Church, and fought against with the culture of the Christian College. He has elaborated the thought—in earnest plea for the Pacific Methodist College, he said it in a word: "Through our Colleges our children will be prepared to speak with the enemy in the gate."

In one of his letters from California, he speaks of the thrill of pleasure he experienced at the tidings of the success of Dr. Smith and Bro. Bourland in raising money for the endowment of Central College. As was the custom of his correspondence, it fell at once into the channels of pastoral solicitude. In its utterance there is disclosed a higher aim, and a broader and more vital view, in respect to his zeal in the cause of Christian education, than mere Church aggrandizement. It is what is reported of Gen. Lee, in Washington College, as related at his funeral obsequies—a testimony too valuable not to be republished:

> The venerable Dr. White, Stonewall Jackson's old pastor, sitting in his chair, being too feeble to stand, said:
>
> "The question has been often asked, 'What could have induced a man like Gen. Lee, one who had filled so high a position in the confidence and love of such multitudes in this and other lands, to take a position like that he held here?' Some ascribe it to a desire to be employed. Such a man, they said, could not end his days in idleness. Others said his object was to aid in training the young men of his country in science and literature. Both of these were noble motives, and I doubt not contributed largely to the result. But it is our good fortune to have learned from his own lips what the ruling motive was. This he explicitly avowed to me in the following manner. In the good providence of God I was permitted to serve this institution for two months as their Chaplain during the first year of Gen. Lee's administration. In passing his gate one morning on my way to the Chapel, he joined me. When we had nearly reached the College, he stopped, and after remaining silent for a moment or two, with moistened

eyes and a very earnest manner, he said: 'I shall be disappointed, sir; I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here, unless these young men all become real Christians; and I wish you and others of your sacred profession to do all you can to accomplish this result.'"

Another, Rev. J. Wm. Jones, was constrained by the above recital to narrate a similar incident:

> At the "Concert of prayer for Colleges" last year, one of the pastors had urged that special prayer be made for a revival in the Colleges of the country, and especially in the two institutions located here. Gen. Lee was present, as he always was on such occasions, and at the close of the meeting he went to that pastor and said, with more than usual warmth, "I want to thank you, sir, for that address; it is just the thing we needed—revivals that shall bring all our young men to Christ. I hope you will continue to labor for that end." And, during the great revival in the Virginia Military Institute, two years ago, Gen. Lee said: "It is the best news I have heard since I have been in Lexington, and it is what we want in all the Colleges."

Bishop Marvin, as the supreme motive of his zeal for the Church School, did not stop short of the same aim and end—valuable as a bulwark against infidelity, and a method of denominational aggrandizement; but not fulfilling its mission, except as an evangelizing agency, and in this, not as it might produce a decent formalism, but realize the power of vital religion. Thus, in the letter above alluded to, it is expressed:

> Only we must be careful in the midst of our material prosperity to live near to God. If we ever begin to trust in mere material agencies, we are ruined. Methodism is a miserable failure the moment it ceases to realize a high spiritual life; gorgeous churches and grand institutions can be no compensation for the want of holiness. The grand aim of our Colleges must be to secure a high standard of personal religion in educated men. There is a strong tendency towards ritualism throughout the nation. A relish of grand music and of the beauty of a well conducted performance of "divine service" is mistaken for true religion. A species of sentimental pietism takes the place of true piety. Æsthetics displace religion. God is honored with the lips, because there is a certain beauty and imposing grandeur in the way it is done. The heart at the same time is far from him. It is the beauty of the service, and not the love and holiness of God that has entranced the worshiper.
>
> We must bestir ourselves to lead the educated young people of our

> Church directly to Christ. Not the cultivation of a devotional taste, but the sanctification of the soul is the great thing to be sought for them. We must make them, not connoiseurs in matters of ritualistic tastes, but polished stones in the Spiritual Temple They must be "born again;" they must be made "new creatures in Christ." To secure this end we must not only maintain our own simple forms of worship, but in the Church, the family, the Sunday School and the College, the most active evangelizing agencies must prevail. If we allow them to float off into other institutions we are derelict, and must answer for it to God. But unless we provide Colleges of high grade they will forsake us. The Church in Missouri is beginning to realize her obligation in this matter. May her altars and her firesides ever be luminous with sanctified intelligence.

In like manner in Texas, it is of record that at the Conferences his "telling speech" from the Chair gave authority and enthusiasm to the proposal of a grand University for the five Conferences with an endowment of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars—as the Commissioners had agreed upon and reported; and before he left Texas presiding over the Convention called to promote the grand undertaking. So, also, in Oregon, he is the leader and the strength of a public meeting for the Corvallis College, raising on the spot a not inconsiderable sum of money for its revenues. He was alike zealous for the Seminary at Visalia, Cal., at a District Conference, taking up a collection of $1200 for the District Academy. In Missouri, besides his devotedness to Central College, he was in sympathy with the successes and the struggles of its High Schools. On his attendance at the session of the St. Louis Conference, held at Caledonia, in 1874, he became alive to the imperilled condition of its two Institutions of learning—Arcadia College and Bellevue Collegiate Institute—and took hold of the action of the Conference for the relief of both. He was present at the meeting of the Board of Curators at St. Louis, and bringing with him men of St. Louis, who represented the wealth and enterprise of the Church there, to co-operate with him in the undertaking. The same authority for that statement reports that he withdrew his hand only because it was announced in the meeting that the emergency would be otherwise provided for.

His labors in behalf of the Church School are to be interpreted in the light of his sentiments as they have been summarized—belonging to the record of his high life and character as a philanthropist, a Christian and Christian minister. They were large, valuable and life-long—begun, it has been seen, in 1854, and dropping from his hand when death palsied it.

The pastoral term was up for revision at the General Conference at Memphis. In 1866, at one point of the proceedings, a resolution had been adopted, removing all restriction as to term of time; but afterwards it was reconsidered, and the present four years' limit adopted. At the next session an indefinite pastoral term was before the body on a minority report of the Committee. It was defeated instantly and overwhelmingly, and has not appeared since, even in the multitudinous memorials and resolutions on changes of economy. Bishop Marvin on a prominent occasion—the Centennial of Methodism in North Carolina—put on record his view on that subject. It was done as late in his life and in his Episcopal administration as in 1876—his mature as well as deliberate and decided conviction. It went beyond the point of favor towards an itinerant rather than settled pastorate, and reached to frequent changes—the wheels of itinerancy not to be without both spirit and motion, and not allowed to rust.

> This system renders stagnation impossible. It keeps things stirred up in the most vigorous way. No man stays in one place long enough to be tired of the sound of his own voice, nor does he remain long after he has lost his vital hold upon the people. It has often been said that this system works well in the country, but that a settled pastorate is better for cities. I am fully persuaded, upon large observation, that this is a mistake. It has been further affirmed that the itinerancy tends to make preachers good revivalists, but poor pastors, and is, therefore, a good aggressive system, but does not conserve the fruit of its own success—that the settled pastorate is better for that. But I am well convinced that the pas-

toral activity among Methodist preachers will bear comparison with that of any other.

The first time he sat in the Chair of the President of a General Conference—his prentice hand—the report of the Committee recommending the introduction of Lay Representation into the polity of the Church was under considertion. There is an interesting episode in his personal history connecting him with the beginning and end of the agitation of that measure—his first sight of a General Conference associated with its first introduction; and, as Bishop in the Chair, conducting the proceedings which adopted it, sixteen years afterwards. It is narrated in one of his papers on the "Doctrinal Integrity of Methodism," at date in 1871:

> Up to the spring of 1850, I had seen but a very few of the distinguished men of the Church. The reputation of such men as Bascom, Smith, Winans, Kavanaugh, and the Pierces, had excited a romantic inlerest in me. I was, therefore, quite excited with the expectation of visiting the General Conference in St. Louis that year. I had but two or three days to spend, but during that short time I saw and heard all that one man could.
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> The most impressive thing I heard was Dr. W. A. Smith's great speech on Lay Representation, a measure which he proposed and advocated at that time. To what extent that speech influenced the action of the Church in 1866, I do not know. But there was a fact stated in it that I had not thought of before. I saw at once that it was a fact of great significance It was this: That here had never been a doctrinal schism in the Methodist Church. Its organic divisions and internal troubles, both in England and America, had originated from other causes. They had originated either from considerations of convenience, growing out of geographical relations, or from opposition to the form of government. In no case had there been the slightest trouble about doctrine.
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> Nor did the Doctor dread any trouble about our doctrine. He feared that if we failed to introduce Lay Representatives into the General Conference, the time would come when there would be disaffection on that ground. But he anticipated schism from no other cause.
>
> His views seemed eminently reasonable to me.

It so happened that in the same volume of the same *Advocate*, of which Rev. Dr. Deems was a correspondent likewise, the following paragraph appeared in a letter of reminiscences of the General Conference of 1850, sketching its *personelle:*

> And we have been good friends ever since, albeit afterward he and I had a sparring on the question of "Lay Representation," he *con* and I *pro*—he in the Nashville *Advocate* and I in the *Southern Methodist Pulpit*. I am now ready to acknowledge that, perhaps, it was presumption in a mere boy to lead off so *vigorously* for a great reform, and Dr. McFerrin trounced me well for it. I had no backers, so I backed out; but I let fly at him this Parthian arrow, printed in italics: "We have no douht that *if he shall be living twenty years hence, he will sit down in his Conferences beside Lay Delegates*." I had forgotten this prophecy until it was fulfilled and my attention recalled to it by one of the Bishops, as a rare instance of prevision, and to-day I found it in the *Pulpit* for 1852, and Dr. McFerrin is good-natured enough to enjoy it with me.

The reminiscence is in evidence of the state of public sentiment at that date in regard to a measure of radical change, which was adopted with such large unanimity by the whole Church, and twenty years afterwards was in practical operation at Memphis, in its Supreme Council. At the first it seemed supported on reasonable grounds. From the Chair and platform of a Presiding Officer he saw it tested, and wrote of it:

> There is scarcely a doubt remaining anywhere with respect to Lay Representation. The universal voice is, "It works well." The fact is, laymen are as true to the Church as ministers. Many of them love the cause of Christ as deeply. Though but few of them have studied ecclesiastical polity as deeply as most of the preachers may be supposed to have done, their views, based on observation and good sense, are generally sound. The late session vindicates their good sense and devotion to the true interests of the kingdom of Christ. Three or four weeks' time taken from pressing private affairs, just at a season when all business is active, may well assure us that the Church is not lightly prized by her lay members.
>
> Nor were they less laborious in the committee room than their brethren. All the burdens and labors of the occasion were fully shared by them. Though not forward in discussion on the Conference floor, yet many of them participated, and, with scarcely an exception, in the very best spirit.
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> One excellent effect of this will be a more general and a deeper interest throughout the Church in the business of the Conferences. This is a natural consequence of direct participation in the labors and responsibilities of these bodies.

The above concluding remark has confirmation in this note in his visitation of the Texas Conferences during that year: "I called in at the *Advocate* office this morning, and witnessed a most interesting scene. The leading ministers and laymen were together in serious but happy labors, perfecting the business plans of the two companies, respectively in behalf of the Publishing and Educational interest of the Church. It was an animated and inspiring business spectacle. It was business for God and the Church. The new interest which our laymen everywhere are taking in the affairs of the Church is a fact of most happy augury."

The history of the reconciliation of the two Episcopal Methodisms of the United States, is of public and permanent record, and need not be related on this page. It began with the visitation and overtures of Bishops Simpson and Janes at the Annual Meeting of the Southern Bishops at St. Louis, in May, 1869. It was consummated in the Proclamation by the Joint Commission, constituted by the two Churches and clothed with plenary powers, issued from Cape May City, N. J., August, 1876. Bishop Marvin was absent on the Pacific Coast at the first date, but took occasion at once to express publicly his approval of the reply of his colleagues to those overtures. He was in entire accord with the intervening action of the two General Conferences, before which, in 1870 and 1874, the subject passed in review. He was not carried away with the gush of personal sentiments of fraternity, prevalent at Louisville, so as to lose sight of vital questions of public justice and ecclesiastical dignity. At Memphis, the posture of the overtures was without the support of official sanction, and was otherwise incongruous with an authorized or just settlement of the controversy, as set forth in the resolutions of the Conference in reply to the proposals made by Bishop Janes and Rev. Dr. Harris, as Messengers from the Board of Bishops of the M. E. Church. In an article appearing in the *South-*

ern Review for April, 1872, and in his public correspondence, he has indulged severe strictures upon the inconsistent attitude of that Church, which have marked him out for frequent animadversion in the Northern press.

The prominent part he took in the controversy, and the severe invective he indulged, grew out of his peculiar personal, as well as official, relations to the question, reaching back to the date of the beginning of strife, and continuing during his entire ministry. In the invasion of the Southern jurisdiction, authorized and introduced by the action of the Northern General Conference of 1848, Missouri was the first point of attack. There were, at a few places, small minorities in the vote among societies on adhering North or South. These became organized and were supplied with pastors from the North. One such organization at Hannibal he found, and another at St. Louis, when he came there in 1855. Thus began the unseemly spectacle of altar erected against altar, and the division of Methodist forces in the State. The particulars of the history shall be omitted. It was in its first stage an attempted disintegration and a failure. In St. Louis the Society had become extinct at the time he went South, at the beginning of the war. At its close, on his return to Missouri, he found the Southern Church enfeebled and scarred, and the rival organization existing in a separate Annual Conference covering the State. It had been introduced concurrently with the military invasion and the change of political rule, both of which had been turned against the Church, South, and its preachers driven from their fields of labor in a large measure, some to prison and death, and in numerous instances, its churches and parsonages and other property he found in adverse possession by the preachers of the Church, North. As Bishop, in his general superintendency, he knew of a similar history in other portions of the Connection ; and of the intended occupation of its whole area under the avowed policy of disintegration and absorption, inaugurated at that time and carried forward under alliance with political power, and by subsidy of the missionary treasury.

At least this much, in general statement, of the Southern view of the situation, is imperative on the biographer in a just representation of the personal bearing and official administration of Bishop Marvin in respect to the original separation and the subsequent strife. Especially in regard to the later history, in his official position it was required to confront boldly and strenuously what from his stand-point was viewed as unwarrantable and wicked aggression. It could not be otherwise, in his personal sentiments, than that he should denounce it severely—intemperately, some have thought. If passion had entered into his resentment, it would not have been strange. Letters received by him during the war and for a year or two after his return to Missouri are, with little exception, the only ones which have been preserved. Those relating to Missouri disclose a sad tale of spoliation and filled his ears with the cry of distress—in some instances among his most cherished personal associations. Among church houses diverted from their Southern ownership were two at which he had served---at Lagrange and Louisiana. He was touched nearly in his personal feelings by the case mentioned by him in the following reference:

> The Supreme Court of Missouri has just lately decided the St. Charles College case. This college, to which I gave one year's service, has been in the hands of our Northern *brethren* (my pen falters at the word) since some time during the war. The endowment fund was partly devised to the college expressly for the use of the M. E. Church, South, by the late George Collier, on condition that the church should raise $10,000 for the same purpose. This money I raised at a time when it was no light task to do it. During the war the North Methodists gathered it up, as they did so many other tempting pieces of property. They attempted to establish a school in the building, but made a complete failure. A little Yankee sat down there with a handful of pupils, and lived on the proceeds of my labor. Two years ago their own Board of Curators gave up all effort to keep a school going. Yet we had to go to law in order to repossess our-

selves of the property. How plain a case it was is clear from the fact that the Supreme Court, organized by Gov. Fletcher, in the interest of the Radical party, decided the case in our favor. It was ungraciously done, though, the very terms of the opinion showing how reluctant the court was to "do us a pleasure."

The writer of these pages has been in good position to know the tone and tenor of Southern public sentiment from first to last, of which Bishop Marvin was an exponent; and to know that, so far as the case admitted of it, his advocacy was free as possible from passion and was actuated by a sincere conviction of the requirements of ecclesiastical fidelity and the constraint of Christian conscience. At the beginning of the controversy there was the sentiment of deep regret implied in the sound remark of Bishop Morris, publicly expressed, that, had the plan of separation in its terms and spirit been carried out, the division of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction would have produced no more friction than the dividing of the boundaries of an Annual Conference. The course of public sentiment and events at the North, culminating in the action at their General Conference in 1848, excited surprise and indignation. Non-affiliation was lamented, but accepted as the law of the position of the parties and a necessity to Southern self-respect. The actual invasion of Southern territory, soon following, was deplored as an unnecessary and unwarrantable disturbance of the peace of Zion and diversion of the forces of Methodism. In its ecclesiastical character it was resisted and reprobated as in bad faith and denounced as covenant-breaking. The subsequent history during and after the war made a record of deeper estrangement and wider antagonism, which necessitated the conditions of fraternity proposed in the resolutions of the Southern Methodist General Conference at Louisville, in 1874—adding to the fraternal responses at Baltimore, the settlement by the Joint Commission at Cape May.

Negotiations extended through eight years. The approach f the Methodism of the North to the Methodism of the outh at St. Louis, in 1869, like a flag of truce, was a pornt of peace. The mission of Bishop Janes and Rev. Dr. V. L. Harris was not a success, but it was not a failure. It vas a second step, faulty only in the path, not in the purpose and destination of the movement. The reply by the resolution of the General Conference at Memphis, reiterating the reply by the Bishops, at St. Louis, was understood by the General Conference of the Northern Church in session at Brooklyn. It was respected, and in their reply there was seminal promise of reconciliation. Their messengers were at the bar of the Southern Church, at Louisville. The personelle of the deputation—Rev. A. S. Hunt, D.D., Rev. C. H. Fowler, D.D., and Gen. Clinton B. Fisk—was admirable, coming, as Dr. Lovick Pierce expressed it, with "winning ways." Their utterances were eloquent, captivating and assuring, and the responses by the Southern delegates at Baltimore—the late Dr. Lovick Pierce, Rev. James A. Duncan, D.D., and Dr. Garland—were dignified, wise, conciliatory. That Conference met promptly and in terms the proposal of the South for a Joint Commissson "to remove obstacles to fraternity between the two Churches and to adjust all existing difficulties." M. D'C. Crawford, D.D., Hon. Enoch L. Fancher, LL.D., E. Q. Fuller, D.D., Gen. C. B. Fisk, J. P. Newman, D.D., were the Commissioners on the part of the North, appointed by the Board of Bishops. The promise of the negotiations, perhaps, was signified by the remark of Dr. Newman, of the Church, North, one of the Commissioners, to a Commissioner of the South, as they met for the first time in the surf of the Cape May beach—"We meet amidst breakers, but let us hope for a calm sea." It was little in the thought and hope of the Church that it might be accomplished; but it was done. God was in it and He brought it to pass. In the human agency, Dr. Lovick

Pierce, who was not of the Commission but at the head of the delegation to bear fraternal responses at Baltimore, had a remarkable prominence. In his person, he had his birth, March 28th, 1784, in the year in which the American Wesleyan Methodism was organized, and his itinerant ministry dating from 1804, the oldest in the world. In his office, as fraternal messenger, in 1848, he had left on the journal of the General Conference of the Northern Church of the divided jurisdiction the record of the sole condition upon which his rejected mission of peace and fraternity would be renewed. In the same office, in 1876, his address contained a paragraph, substantially embodying that condition, which became the text of the first overture between the Commissions, and shaped the ordinance which was adopted by the unanimous vote of both. At the first meeting of the Commissioners, the greatest "obstacle" to fraternity was removed—the unity of the Church under its divided jurisdiction defined and declared as the status alike of both branches of the Original Methodist Episcopal Church. The adoption of its first paper, a "Declaration and Basis of Fraternity," lifted the burden of anxiety and doubt from off all hearts in that company of ten men representing the hopes and fears of three millions of Methodists, and caused a spontaneous expression in joined hands and outburst of song:

"Blest be the tie that binds
  Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
  Is like to that above."

That paper was drafted by a Northern pen; the South subscribed to it a satisfied Amen. Its adoption was moved from the North and seconded by the South, and all the Commissioners pronounced upon it an emphatic aye. In a paragraph containing three short sentences, the strife of thirty-two years was put at an end:

STATUS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH, AND THEIR CO-ORDINATE RELATION AS LEGITIMATE BRANCHES OF EPISCOPAL METHODISM:

Each of said Churches is a legitimate Branch of Episcopal Methodism in the United States, having a common origin in the Methodist Episcopal Church organized in 1784.

Since the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was consummated in 1845, by the voluntary exercise of the right of the Southern Annual Conferences, ministers and members, to adhere to that Communion, it has been an Evangelical Church reared on scriptural foundations, and her ministers and members, with those of the Methodist Episcopal Church, have constituted one Methodist family, though in distinct ecclesiastical Connections.

The second paper speedily followed—"Rules for the adjustment of Adverse Claims to Property." It was just, equitable, magnanimous—a measure of healing. After the adoption of the final paper—"The Address," Dr. Myers presiding, there is the following minute in the proceedings:

The Chairman announced the vote stating that, by a strange coincidence, it had become his duty, for the third time, to announce unanimous action in the adoption of the most important papers passed upon by the Joint Convention, and it gave him an inexpressible pleasure to announce the vote upon the final paper, as unanimous—a paper which he believed, would bring permanent peace to, and restore complete fraternity between the two Communions.

M. D'C. Crawford, the Joint Chairman, followed in words of hearty reciprocation of the sentiments uttered by the Chairman, and continued in earnest words of gratitude to God for the happy outcome of the labors of the Joint Commission.

The action at Cape May had first comment in the secular press. It was viewed by them chiefly from the standpoint of social and political considerations, and denominated a work of patriotism and an ordinance of national brotherhood—construed in the leading papers at the commercial metropolis of the Nation "as the greatest event in the Ecclesiastical history of the century," and "a measure of political reconstruction for the healing of the wounds of the country." Christian men rejoiced over it, as did a Christian minister on the highway of travel, Rev. Dr. C. D. Foss, the fraternal messsenger at Atlanta, and the first upon the platform of a consummated brotherhood of the Methodisms. He read the announcement in a newspaper and exclaimed: "It is an inspiration of the Holy Ghost!" The entire address was, by request, given to the telegraph wires—published on the same day on the shores of both oceans, and borne by the lightning from lakes to gulf. It filled the heart of universal Methodism with joy, and its lips continue to render the Doxology of Praise to God. In that sentiment of satisfaction Bishop Marvin joined. Before the public announcement it was known to him—before that, the only one to know it outside the Council Chamber of the Joint Commission. Its deliberations were kept rigidly secret. By special order the result of it was permitted to be disclosed by telegram to him with his trunk packed to start on the tour of the world, taking the mountains of Montana in the route. It satisfied him. On the soil of Missouri and among the last acts of his official administration was cordial reply from the President's chair of the St. Louis Conference to the fraternal greeting of the Conference of the M. E. Church, bearing the same name. He would have subscribed the address of his colleagues to the General Conference of 1878—in reference to its action on the subject in 1874 and the result:

> In accordance with the second resolution, Rev. Edward H. Myers, Rev. Thomas M. Finney, Rev. R. K. Hargrove, Hon. R. B. Vance, and Hon. David Clopton, were appointed a commission, on our part, to meet a similar commission appointed by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. These two commissions met by agreement, at Cape May, August, 1876. After a session of several days, characterized by devout supplication for the Divine blessing, a due appreciation of the pending issue, and the exercise of becoming Christian candor, they adopted with entire unanimity, as the basis of reconciliation, the true ecclesiastical status of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This essential factor solved the problem of "formal fraternity," and led to the conclusion which was hailed by the Church as the settlement of the questions submitted to their arbitration. The terms authorizing these com-

> missions were fulfilled, and accordingly their action in the premises must be considered final. The transaction of those commissions, as the historical and official exponent of the present reciprocal relations of the two great branches of American Methodism, is invested with peculiar significance. It illustrates also before the world the genius of the Gospel, and especially the filial affection which should ever pervade and animate two families descended from the same parent stock.

At the General Conference at Atlanta, in 1878, the Southern Church, at length, had greetings from well nigh the entire family of universal Methodism—from its sister Episcopal, the Protestant, the Canadian, the Zion Colored, and the Colored Methodist Episcopal in America, and from across the waters, the British Wesleyan, which Bishop Marvin called, "Jerusalem, Mother of us All." He was not there—gone, as he said it, "to join the brotherhood of the Immortals." Before his departure hence, it had been his privileged and distinguished mission to become representative of Southern Methodism around the world, and its first personal representative before the parent body of all the Methodisms in all lands. The manner of that appointment and the discharge of that high trust the Episcopal address testifies:

> It is eminently proper that we should refer, in this connection, to a trust committed to him and his associate by the College of Bishops and the Board of Foreign Missions, under the assumed warrant of the General Conference, that they should, on their return, attend the ensuing session of the British Wesleyan Conference, in the city of Bristol, and represent the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in that patriarchal body. They were present at that session, were duly recognized, and in an able and lucid address, the Bishop set forth the claims of Southern Methodism to a co-ordinate position amongst the Wesleyan families, and requested that a deputation be sent from them to the present General Conference. In lieu thereof, we are informed that a written communication has been sent, which, in due time, will be transmitted to you.

That communication speaks of "the earnest and affectionate salutation" borne to them by Bishop Marvin and his colleague, the Rev. E. R. Hendrix. It was preceded by a clear and concise exhibit of the status of the Southern

Church, and the sentiment and tone of his address, it appears from the report of it in full in the columns of the London *Methodist Recorder*, commanded frequent and hearty marks of attention and applause. The Rev. Dr. Punshon replied felicitously to the address, and moved a resolution expressing the pleasure of the body in the reception of the messengers and address of the M. E. Church, South, and in the renewal of fraternal intercourse with that "numerous and important branch of the Methodist connexion." The occasion is more particularly related in a communication from Rev. Richard Martin, a member of that Conference, from which the following extract is made:

> The lamented death of Bishop Marvin occurred so soon and so suddenly after his appearance among us here, that I seemed quite overcome by the stroke. For some years, the name of Bishop Marvin had been familiar to me. I first knew of him through Mr. Vickers a relative who lived in St. Louis and was connected with the M. E. Church. I possess his book on "The Work of Christ," and had learned to prize him highly before I ever saw him. His appearance in the last Bristol Conference was a great joy to me. My regret was that his stay was so short, and at that stage of the Conference so crowded with business that he had not the best chance of being heard and known. The impression made on us was that in point of moral and intellectual excellence Bishop Marvin must hold a foremost place. Illustrious predecessors from the South had represented Southern Methodism in the British Conference in years gone by. Capers, Emory, Soule and Sargent are remembered still. The sainted Bishop was worthy of being their successor and will ever be classed as one of the worthiest in our remembrance and love.

He was in full accord with the sentiment of fraternity between the kindred Episcopal Methodisms, but, in 1877, as in 1845 at Columbia by his Conference vote and personal adherence, he held to organic separateness. The Southern organization he taught was not born in the passions of changing times, but based upon principles of Christian truth and ecclesiastical polity, unchanging and vital, of which, among Methodists, it became in the order of Divine providence and continues to be the sole representative and responsible guardian. The trust committed to it he has defined negatively: "If the Church, South, has no reason for continued separate existence other than the passions of the war, let her be blotted out. If, indeed, her organization from the first was merely in the interest of slave property, as her enemies assert, then she never had any just title to existence, and the sooner she perishes the better." Positively, as respects both polity and principle he defines it in three principal particulars—the essential co-ordinancy of the Episcopal function and independent status of the chief executive power in the constitution of the Church; the inviolate supremacy of law as the spirit of the community and the unbending rule of Church discipline; and lastly, the great principle, the exclusiveness of the spiritual vocation of the Church—"My kingdom is not of this world." The duty and the destiny of the Southern Church he locates in these earnest and stirring words:

> To alienate its existence is to betray its trust. Its members cannot disorganize it without incurring guilt. God holds them to account for the work He has given them to do, and they cannot destroy the body which is the instrument provided by the Head of the Church for doing it. * * * We must stand in our lot. The future must be left to the men of the future and to God. Those who shall have the affairs of the Church in charge fifty years hence will be as wise as we. Let us pray that they may be much more wise. Fifty years hence God will be listening to the prayers of his people. Fifty years hence—we cannot doubt it—there will be a Methodist Church in the land, in poise amidst the factions of the hour, pure amidst its temptations, her candlestick still in its place, her light burning with the pure flame of inspiration and faith, revered by all who love the Lord Jesus, and hated only by his enemies; her children dwelling in peace in the South and in the North, and in the West and in the East, with Republican and Democrat, Radical and Conservative, alike calling her blessed. She will excite the suspicion and hatred of none by allying herself with an adverse party upon issues that arouse the passions of the hour, but lie outside of her proper sphere. She will move with a grand but quiet energy amid the affairs of men, the representative of Christ to all, the political ally or enemy of none. She will stand for Christ, recognized by all, upon a plane far above the level of those contests which come and go with the energy and swiftness of a tornado. She will abjure both the riches and the power which might reward

a lewd and bewitching coquetry with some successful party in the State. She will be known, and loved, and hated, as the chaste spouse of Christ. Her character will give full force and meaning to the word of God committed to her.

This is the destiny of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, a destiny that she cannot alienate. She must "stand in her lot to the end of the days."

During the quadrennium expiring in 1870, the work of the Church was its own reconstruction after the disorganization and prostration resulting from the war. To this work it addressed itself with an earnestness and energy inspired by the desolation of a loved Zion, and a purpose, animated by a chastened devotion, to rebuild its walls and restore its former beauty and strength. It was entered on with heart and hope. At the close of the first post-bellum quadrennial term, its busy activities were noted by Bishop Marvin in a review entitled "The Situation":

> With all these measures of the General Conference there is also another fact which must not be passed over in silence. We are in the midst of an era of uncommon activity in the ministry. Bishops, Presiding Elders, Pastors, Editors, Agents, Teachers, all feel it. Men are in earnest. Many are laboring with a zeal and constancy that causes alarm amongst their friends. But there are not wanting those who would rather die in the rush of victorious battle than linger out an insipid and profitless existence in the midst of a stagnant and decaying church.

Recuperation was rapid and large. The rubbish had been removed and re-erection of the Church on its old foundation had progressed wonderfully. Aggression had gone along with rehabilitation, and in the large domain of the Far West the fields of Church Extension had been explored. The address of the Bishops calls attention to the fact of progress and its responsibilities:

> Our Domestic Missions have multiplied, and with increasing usefulness. Your attention is particularly invited to the great and effectual door now open in the West. From the mouth of the Kansas river to the Golden Gate, and from the Rio Grande to Puget's Sound, there is a field becoming populous more rapidly than any in which our fathers labored in their day. No louder call has ever fallen on the ear of the ministry than that which

comes to us from this vast region. This is all missionary ground at present, including Oregon and Southern California.

It has already appeared in these pages how in his own labors those fields had been explored and opened up to the view of the Church—some words in the above extract from the Bishop's address taken from a manifesto published by him shortly before, in the central organ of the Church at Nashville, from which quotation has already been made. The whole paragraph embodies the recommendation in his written official communication to the College of Bishops at its May meeting, in 1869, in St. Louis, and renewed in personal interview, in 1870, at Memphis, with an earnest inspiration of zeal and hope, such as imbues the whole of that paragraph of the Bishop's Quadrennial Address. Likewise, just before the assembly of the General Conference, and in view of it, he published a formal and elaborate paper on that subject in the columns of the *Advocate* at St. Louis—from there, called the "Gateway of the Mighty West," summoning the Church to the occupancy of that vast domain of Missionary enterprise. It was brought to the door of the Church in the access to it opened by the great highway of the Pacific Railroad just recently completed. He was the first Methodist Bishop, perhaps, who had traversed its line from end to end. His own eye had seen what he describes, and his own feet had stood amidst the unoccupied but inviting fields to which he uttered the rally-call. His utterance was eloquent with the spirit of a leader. In Oregon, in the region of Puget's Sound, he had fixed the eye and heart of a General Superintendent upon the Dalles, where Bishop McTyeire, following in a path marked by the fresh track of his footsteps, found a Presiding Elder traveling a district a thousand miles around it, and making regular rounds of all the quarterly meetings. In the summer of 1872, as soon as he had pioneered the Mexican Border Mission work on the Rio Grande, he was up in the mountains of Montana, in the spirit and in the line of things belonging to an Apostolic Bishop, which looked and reached to regions beyond. The proposed programme was large and costly, and he called for money as well as men. In the paper referred to, he makes appeal to the traditional missionary spirit and policy of Methodism, and makes demand upon its revenue for missions, as at the time claimed for that work in the manifest Providence of God. The treasury had been, during the past quadrennium, applied, in its principal expenditure, to the fields within the bounds of the old and established Conferences—as provided for in 1866, dividing the revenue between the Domestic and Foreign Boards; the latter charged, also, with the support of all Missions other than in Annual Conference work, including the Indian Missions. That was the demand of the times in 1866, in the midst of the impoverishment of the people and inadequate support of the ministry, and other imperative drafts upon all the pecuniary resources of the Church in recovery from the desolation following upon the war. During that period, indeed, there were distresses of poverty and trials of persecution; but these had been endured, and were, for the most part, over past. The Church was erect, in 1870, as an unbroken tree, standing upright after the storm had swept over the bowed head. It must now spread its branches over the barren plain and enrich the desert place with its fruits. He went to the General Conference at Memphis with that sentiment, and the purpose was expressed in the following paragraph:

> For one, I felt a deeper interest in the re-adjustment of our Missionary organization than in any other work before the Conference. I was not wedded to any particular plan. All I desired was that the Church should be put fully into the attitude of *aggression*. That we might enter, in full force, every new field in the West, and re-enforce the foreign Missions was, as I conceived, indispensable. The money of the Church must be brought into active service in the propagation of the Gospel.
>
> After food and raiment and habitation are provided, and the Christian education of our children and the preaching of the Gospel at home, with

a proper basis for our private business, what money remains over will go inevitably to the support and enlargement of the Kingdom of the Wicked One, or to extend the domain and enhance the glory of the Son of God. It will be hoarded by avarice or squandered in sensual and sinful pleasures and to pamper pride, unless it is expended for the aid of the poor, the diffusion of Christian knowledge, and the propagation of the Gospel in "the regions beyond." Money, in the hands of God's people, will be a snare and an occasion of backsliding, and of their eternal ruin, unless they put it into active service in the work of saving souls.

The legislation of the Conference fully realized his "heart's desire." The Western Conference was organized, its eastern boundary along the Kansas River; and the Los Angeles District erected into a Conference for Lower California. In these results, it cannot be in question that they were not only in the line of his counsels, but promoted largely by the authority of his great spirit and his example of apostolic labors from which he had come up to that session, and to which he went from it. After two tours in Montana, one of the mountaineers wrote: "Bishop Marvin was in deep sympathy with those laboring on the outposts, and longed to see our Zion occupying the whole land." His death was mourned in those fields as the loss of best friend and chief champion. He has left as a legacy to that work a printed record of argument and appeal, which has not been unheeded altogether. In it, "he being dead yet speaketh." It was written at St. Louis, where he wanted the whole College of Bishops to meet, as they did in 1869, "to look out upon the vast fields of the West." A copy of it was laid on the desk of every member of the General Conference on the first day of its session. In the argument, his doctrine of Providence connected railroads and Missions, as opening up a path and casting up a highway in the desert for an oncoming Christianity. In his doctrine of grace, "a man that does not earnestly desire the salvation of the world *is not a Christian*. Let him not deceive himself. If he lives thus he will go down out of the Church into hell.'' Of his doctrine of the Church and its Divine Headship—"The Church that does nothing for the conversion of the heathen by that very inactivity forfeits its character as a Christian Church;'' its right to live, therefore—"Love is life. Selfishness is death;'' instancing the rescue of the Indian Mission Conference, which he saved—"thus we have been saved from the curse that would be involved in losing our *Missionary character.*'' The concluding paragraphs are not his last, but one of the first and a life-long appeal to the Church in reference to the Mission fields of half a continent, and to what was the title of the publication, "The Duties and Responsibilities of the Hour:''

> There is one field of Missionary labor that demands special attention from us, and which has a history, up to this date, that must cause us shame and grief. An open door is set so directly before us as a Church as apparently to furnish a test of our integrity to the trust committed to us. This door stands wide open, suggestively, appealingly open, and has stood there for years; *yet we have never entered in any effectual way.* I speak of the whole West, from Leavenworth City to San Francisco, and from the Rio Grande to the Columbia and beyond. The very organization of our Missionary work is so cast as to preclude our entrance. It is in the domestic field, so that there can be no appropriation from the foreign treasury, and there is, in effect, no general treasury of the Domestic Board. In this way the general wealth of the Church is shut off from this inviting and fruitful field. A large section of it, including Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, are thrown upon the Missouri and St. Louis Conferences. Texas has all of its own boundless frontier, and one of its Conferences has almost the whole of our German work—all, I believe, except that at New Orleans. There is no hand to help Oregon, almost the whole of which ought to be Missionary ground. We ought to occupy Washington Territory. California, represented by the Pacific Conference, offers, with Nevada and Arizona, an empire to enlightened zeal. One hundred thousand dollars a year ought at once to be expended on this great field. Hardy and devoted men scattered over these vast regions would bring thousands on thousands to the Cross. The Church organized in these new communities would soon become self-supporting, and begin to swell the treasury for other fields. Enlightened labor here would increase the vigor of the Church at home. *The enthusiasm of work* would become an infection among us, and we should begin to measure up to the standard of duty, and acquit ourselves of the *trust* committed to us.

Now that we have recovered from the paralysis which fell upon a nation in its overthrow—a nation that was blotted out in fire and blood and famine—now that our people are rich and increased in goods, at this auspicious moment these great opportunities call us. And just at this auspicious moment the General Conference meets. May the God of Wesley and Asbury and McKendree give to the representatives of the Church wisdom in this hour. I do verily believe that the most important business before them, incomparably so, is the adjustment of the missionary organization to the calls and conditions of the time.

May I not also ask every preacher, and every member of the Church who reads this article, to make a new consecration of himself at this very time. Let us renew the offering of ourselves, our souls, our bodies, our families, our reputation, our labor, our property, to God. It all belongs to Him. Let us yield Him His own freely, joyfully. He has use for all. He will enlarge His kingdom, save souls and glorify Himself by it.

Then, from this hour, from this great convocation of the Church at Memphis will we see Zion in travail and in triumph, looking with maternal joy upon her children crowding all her palaces. The very calamities and humiliations of the past will prove to have been the preparation for a great history of labor and of reward.

In the deliberations of the General Conference at Louisville, in 1874, special prominence was given to missions on foreign shores. In the interval of the quadrennium then closing, under the administration chiefly of Bishop Keener a Southern Methodist Mission had been established in the heart of Mexico, and Hernandez, the first fruits of Mexico, stationed in its capital city. An advance guard had moved on South America and erected a Mission-post in Brazil. China, the early and only Mission of the Church in the heathen lands, called for reinforcement there and directed the eye of the Church to Japan, which had been recently opened to Missionary occupation, its first mission founded March 10th, 1872. In eight years the Church in its post-bellum history, had advanced step by step in the purpose and plans of its Missionary operations, till in 1874, it had in mind and in hand the entire scope of the work at home and the work abroad. The address of the Bishops, read by Bishop Pierce and it is presumed composed by him, pressed the claims of the Foreign field and vindicated their pre-eminence. It gave the key note to the legislation of that session of the General Conference: "Missionary work, distinctly so called, must be made more prominent. It ought to be disentangled from all *quasi* views and substitutes. It should stand alone in its magnitude and grandeur. It is *the* work of the Church, her special mission—'*Go* ye into all *all* the *world and preach* the *Gospel to Every Creature*.'"

In that sentiment as well as in the special call for Episcopal visitation of the China Mission for the ordination of native preachers, Bishop Marvin's Missionary Tour of the World had, if not origin, yet sanction and interpretation, as a reconnoisance of heathendom, preparatory to a large and well directed advancement of the operations of the Church in Pagan lands. The resolution on the subject, as finally adopted, allowed it and in terms, as a tour of observation, it was authorized by the instructions of the Parent Board of Missions. The incidents of his personal history during that tour, and in general terms the performance of his high trust, are narrated in the following chapter by another and an appropriate and able pen. His Episcopal colleagues have testified individually and collectively how satisfactory in performance and how important a result was this exploring tour, as well as enhearting and invigorating to the Mission in China. Its President has expressed the sentiment of the Board of Missions, of the Missionaries and the Church in his words of introduction to the bound volume of his letters of travel. "The benefit conferred upon the Church by this Missionary tour, thus faithfully and picturesquely reported, is incalculable. It has made the pulse of the Church beat higher—it has enlarged our view of the Mission field, and suggested plans for its cultivation—it has greatly strengthened the hands and comforted the hearts of our little band of Missionaries in China, and those of other Churches in the lands visited by him, and the publication of his letters will do much to fan the flames of Missionary zeal in the widespread connection of which he was so bright an ornament and in which he labored with so much zeal and success."

In the extraordinary circulation of the bound volume, as well as in the wide publication in the columns of the Church journals, he has addressed the judgment and conscience of the Church in such extent and with such power, that what competition may have existed in the public mind, in 1874, between the claims of Domestic and Foreign Missions (as was supposed and to the disadvantage of the latter), has been modified by the effect of those letters. Altogether, it is a marked and valuable significance of his administration and labors in behalf of Missions, that alike and equally the enthusiasm of zeal has been kindled for the Home and Foreign work—the heart of the Church fixed on China, as on Montana, and fixed for the occupation both of the Western Hemisphere among his own countrymen, and of the Eastern among heathen nations.

His letters, besides as Epistles to the Churches, read "like chapters in the Acts of the Apostles," as was said by a reader of them at London, the great seat and centre of Evangelizing agencies, to which they had reached in their wide circulation. There is in them the sign and fruits of personal enthusiasm. In a private letter to Dr. Summers, the President of the Board of Missions, he wrote of Lambuth, the founder and Superintendent of the Mission, and of his co-laborers: "Our brethren are hard workers—true and faithful—and held in high respect by the brethren of other Churches, both European and American. I am becoming more and more interested in this field." It was the same spirit in both hemispheres developed for both the domestic and foreign work. In America the spiritual destitution in Territories, as large as States and prinicipalities in Asia, constrained the expression to a Montana Missionary: "I wish I could go myself and labor in your fields." It was the same spirit in the utterance, at the graves of our dead in China—" How I would love to labor and die here among these Missionaries of the Cross! How I would love to rise at the last day in the midst of a multitude of heathen converts!"

That sentiment was reiterated in the address to his old Conference, the Missouri, in one of the very last of his addresses to the preachers among whom he had begun his ministry, that he wished he could have gone as a Missionary to Japan when he was called to it by Bishop Paine in the days of his early ministry. What he saw with his own eyes of the social degradation, as well as the soul-benighted darkness of heathen lands, inspired a sentiment and prayer which had in them prophecy and pledge of a boundless future zeal. " Hundreds of times in this tour have I been overwhelmed with gratitude to God that I and my children were born Christians. May a merciful God pardon any want of ardor I may have been guilty of in pressing the conquests of the Cross!" By one who has known well, also, of his Apostleship to the Church in America it is suggested for this page: " If he had lived, would he not have been our Apostle to Foreign Missions?" Another has suggested: " Out of the apparent evil of his translation will ensue immense good to the cause of the Church of Christ. The work of God will probably be more extended by the Bishop's death than if he had lived. And, Oh! what a joy to him will it be to see others, by the solemnities of his departure so soon after the completed mission, brought into and carrying on the work so well and so extensively inaugurated by his Missionary tour." The sentiment and the fact are not unknown or uncommon. At Columbo, in Ceylon, on the wall of the first Church built in Asia by the Wesleyans, in 1818, he saw a tablet sacred to the memory of Thomas Coke, erected and inscribed by his surviving Missionary companions and sons in the ministry. It recounts that he died on the voyage and was buried at sea. Bishop Marvin has spoken of him, as he was a Methodist, that Methodism is "the Mother of modern Missions;" and as the first Methodist Bishop, that he was "the first mover among the Methodists in the grand enterprise of converting the world." Of his death, he has written: "More than half way to India his body is preserved in the depths of the salt ocean, as if ever more, in the silent eloquence of death, he were calling the Church to the regions beyond. The call has not been in vain. Only one other, and that a very small Church, equals the British Methodists in Missionary zeal and liberality."

At Beyroot, he had stood before a monument in the Prussian Cemetery, inscribed on the one side, "Rev. Calvin Kingsley, D.D., Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Died in Syria, April 6, 1870, while making for his Church the first Episcopal tour of the globe;" on the opposite face are these words: "May his tomb unite more closely Asia and America." Bishop Marvin died at home, within the year of his completed tour, but in the midst of an uncompleted Mission, while the Church awaited with large expectations his leadership in a rally to the standard of Missionary conquest. His tomb is in a Christian land. If it shall have, in like manner, a voice, it may be appropriately the text of his address at St. John's Church, which in a public meeting bade him God-speed at his departure and welcomed his return at a public reception. In that address he stated, as its text, a principal question, and the one most frequently asked him since his return—"Do you believe the whole world will be converted to Christ?" "Conscientiously," he said, "I can answer, I do,"

His official communication to the Board of Missions, at its May meeting following his departure, was an admirable document; clear and solid and convincing, as well as assuring. It was written from the midst of heathendom. and contained the words both of practical wisdom and inspiring hope.

Among plans of Missionary enterprise, not publicly mentioned, was a suggestion, not for immediate adoption, but as both wise and good, when there might be ability for it, that an Asylum be founded at Shanghai as a refuge for hapless Erusian girls. It was the proposal to add the benevolent institution, as well as the school, to the Church house, as an Evangelizing Agency. It embodied the wisdom of the Romish propaganda—the trinity of power, Charity, Education, Worship; in Protestant hands, the ministration of the pulpit as well as the altar; and in connection with Education, the Press.

His volume of six hundred pages must be read for a proper and adequate report of his observations in the Mission fields of the world, and of those of his own Church, and for his legislation of plans of work and for the scope of argument and appeal. It covered the whole ground of the duty and opportunity of Christendom in its relation to the peoples which sit in the region of the shadow of death. Never was turned on those fields a more discriminating eye. Never was more analytic mind at work on the conditions of their occupation, development and possibilities. "It may be known to you," he wrote to the President of the Board, "that Brother Lambuth has had a desire that we should occupy Japan. He fully agrees with me now that our true policy is to enlarge in China." The statement is amplified and intensified in his public utterance: "My plan is for the Church to keep to this field. Go nowhere else outside of America. *Enlarge here*, instead of going to Japan, Siam, Persia, or anywhere else. *Enlarge here* and make a Conference, so that our brethren may have the great advantage there is in numbers and annual sessions, kindling enthusiasm and imparting courage." In the concluding paragraph of an elaborate showing of the conditions of China and its relations to the surrounding nations, there is this question and answer: "What interest has the Church in this fact? This: the conversion of China would be, virtually, the conversion of all Eastern Asia, and that would, practically, complete the conquest of the world." He adds: "I rejoice, that though our Church has but one Mission across the ocean, that one is in China. It puts us into the midst of the campaign which is to be decisive and final in the enthronement of the Son of God over the nations." "China conquered, the world will be virtually at the feet of Jesus," were his words; and the hope of the Church and of the Cross for China, which he calls the key of the situation, is in his own words, written at the graves, as for the tombstones of our dead Missionaries: "*China will turn to the Lord!* I feel it; I almost see it."

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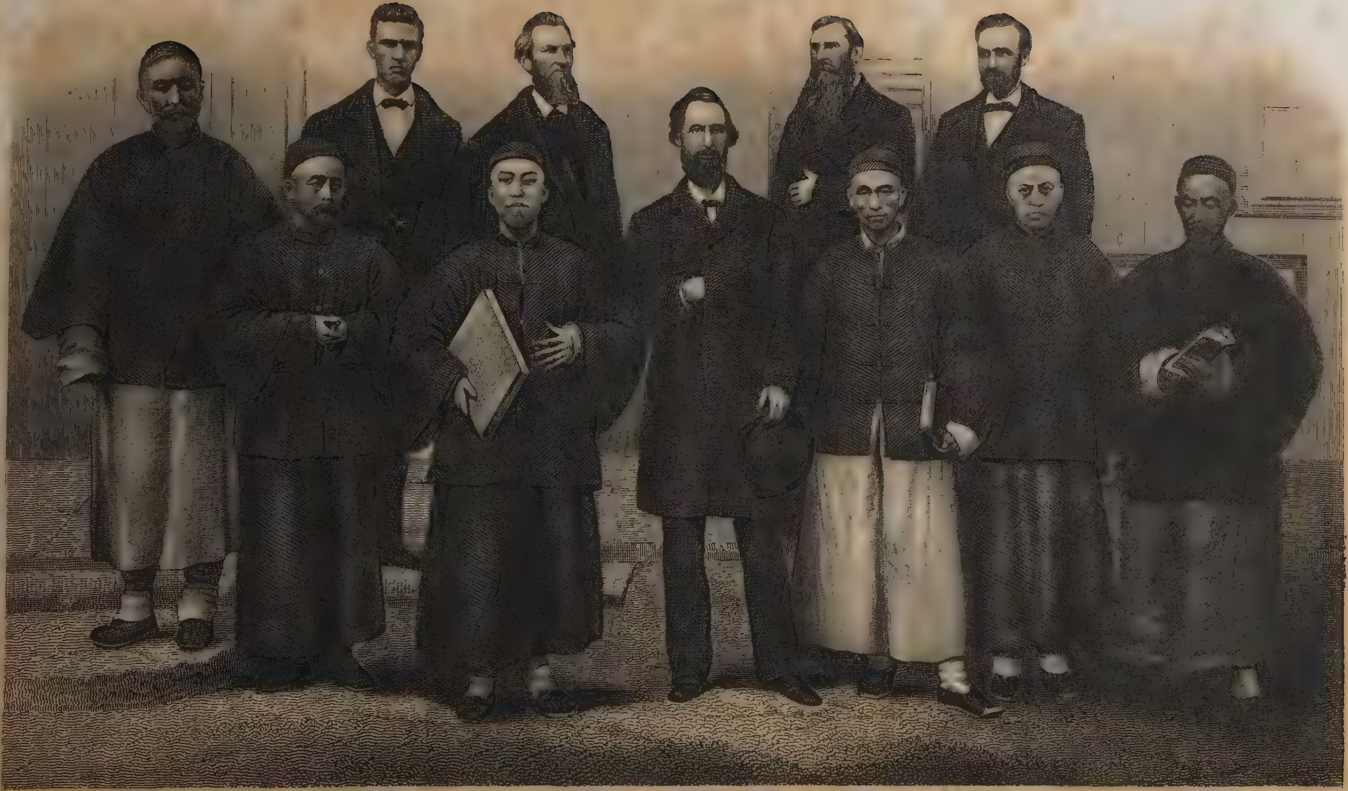

FONG. A P PARKER J W LAMBUTH BISHOP MARVIN. Y J ALLEN E R HENDRIX TSUNG.

YUNG KING SAN *(DEACON)* SEE TSE KIA *(DEACON)* DZUNG YOONG CHUNG *(ELDER)* DSAU TSE YEH *(ELDER)*

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FIRST CONFERENCE IN CHINA

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HIS MISSIONARY TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.*

AT the session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in Louisville, in May, 1874, the following resolution was adopted, viz.:

"*Resolved*, That a Bishop who may visit the Pacific Conference during the next quadriennium, if deemed advisable by the College of Bishops, also visit our missions in China, and ordain any native preachers who may be recommended by our missionaries in the field."

At the annual meeting in May, 1876, Bishop Marvin was assigned by his colleagues to visit the Pacific coast during that year, and he was thus in a position to comply with the expressed wish of the General Conference, as there would not be time for a suitable visit to China unless made then. In one sense he regarded his appointment as accidental, that is, an accident of his episcopal supervision of the Pacific Conference. In that view of it he recognized that it might just as well have been given any of his colleagues had it been their time to visit California, and that he had not been chosen for the tour because of peculiar fitness for it. In another view he regarded his appointment as providential, believing, as he always did, that any opportunity for usefulness was not a thing of *mere* accident, but something occurring in the order of Divine Providence. The conjunction of circumstances which seemed to indicate him as the man for this specific work, he believed to be, in some sense, an appointment of Him who is "Head over all things to the Church." In this confidence he went forth on his great mission, assured that the Master who sent him would fulfil his promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

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*This chapter has been contributed by Rev. E. R. Hendrix, D.D., now President of Central College, Mo. He was the traveling companion of Bishop M. on this great tour, and of whom the Bishop has said, he was everything such a companion could be. The reader will prize this more private history of his life and labors in the Eastern Hemisphere, than is found in the published travels. The delicacy and good taste, as well as literary excellence with which it is rendered, will command admiration.—[AUTHOR.

He had long felt a growing desire to leave to the Church in some permanent form certain lines of thought which had given him great satisfaction in private, and upon which thousands had fed as he had at different times elaborated them from the pulpit. Now that his voice was to be heard no more for many months in his native land, he believed that the time had come for him to publish his volume of sermons. No small part of that volume, as we understand, was prepared for the press between the Bishops' meeting in May and his departure for the Western Conferences in August. He seemed to anticipate that his work was nearing its end, as appears by the closing language of his preface to that volume: "And now that the day is far spent and the night at hand, I feel that I cannot afford to be idle. So I have put in the odd hours in preparing this book. Son of God, I commit it to thee!" His volume of sermons has thus a more immediate connection than many are aware with his great missionary tour.

After he had ended his work on the Pacific coast he was joined in San Francisco by the writer (who was to be the companion of his travels) preparatory to embarking for the shores of Asia. In the meantime, however, since the Bishops' meeting in May, the proposed visit to our missions in China had grown to a tour of immense proportions.

Bishop Marvin was first to suggest to the officers of the Board of Missions that his visit could be made of most profit to the Church by extending it to other missionary fields than China. They fully agreed with him in this, and his plans, as discussed with them, included visits to Ceylon, India, Egypt, Syria, and, if possible, to Turkey and Greece, and thence to Rome, where he desired to see what foothold Protestantism was getting under the shadow of St. Peter's. He hoped also to reach England in time to witness some of the great missionary gatherings always incident to the May meetings in London, and to learn something of the best methods for disseminating information and quickening zeal in use among the successful missionary churches of Great Britain.

His plan was a vast one, worthy alike of his heart and brain. Its very announcement fired the Church and brought them into more immediate sympathy with those distant fields which seemed far less remote when about to be visited by one of their honored Bishops. He himself spoke of it in the following language: "It is a sort of exploring expedition and contemplates an advance movement of our own Church. We hope by the grace and help of God to take a leading position in this war of conquest, and to do our full part toward the coronation of our risen Redeemer as Lord of all.

"While I did not seek the undertaking, but rather sought to avoid it, I did not resist it, as I have never resisted any work laid on me by the Church. And I confess that since my designation to it, notwithstanding all the discomforts of the voyage and the long absence from home involved in it, I have a feeling of great satisfaction in doing this work for my Master I pray that it may be the beginning of a new era of missionary activity in the M. E. Church, South. In entering upon it I commit myself to the care of God and the prayers of his people."

A suitable farewell meeting was held at the St. John's M. E. Church, South, in St. Louis, where Bishop Marvin's family hold their membership. Another occurred in San Francisco, at St. Paul's Church. At this latter meeting, attended by numerous ministers and members of other churches, the Bishop spoke with deep feeling, remarking that while he went forth with no evil forebodings, he knew not but what that was the last work which he should ever be permitted to do for his Master, and he craved the prayers of the people of God that he might do it well. He desired to make most careful observation while in heathen lands and to discover the progress which the Gospel was actually making in supplanting the false faiths of the world. This information he should seek to make as wide-reaching as possible, that Christian America might share more largely in in the conquest of pagan lands for Christ. His speech was almost prophetic. He scarce survived the great work, while the information which he gathered during his tour, published under the title, "To the East by way of the West," had a circulation within six months after publication of not less than twenty thousand copies. It may doubtless be safely averred that no American has been so highly useful in the dissemination of missionary intelligence.

At noon on November 1st, 1876, the good ship "Alaska" started with us on her long voyage across the Pacific. By the thoughtfulness of Rev. T. M. Finney, D.D., an autograph letter of introduction was secured from President Grant, bespeaking the kind offices of United States ministers and consuls throughout the world. Similar letters to different individuals living in the Orient prepared the way for one of the most delightful of tours. From the time we steamed out of the Golden Gate until, ten months later, we awoke one morning at anchor off Staten Island, though compassing the globe in the interval, there was no lack of facilities for making the tour in the largest degree both pleasant and instructive. English and American residents in foreign lands were equally cordial in proffers of assistance. Being thrown very largely with the missionaries, those who spoke the language of the country and were most familiar with the customs of the people, the tour was unusually satisfactory.

The average traveler in the Orient is in danger of coming back with most superficial views of the work of evangelizing the heathen. The class of English-speaking residents which he meets about the hotels are too often those who were very unfamiliar with Christianity before leaving Christian lands, and who, practising none of its restraints, are very unwillingly reminded by the presence of devoted missionaries of its laws and personal claims. The avowed object of their stay is to make money. The natives are to them only so many agents for the increase of commerce and wealth. If they ever attend religious service it is often one more marked by an elaborate ritual than by the presence of what may quicken spirituality or awaken the conscience. Of missionary work they know nothing. Their opinion is worth about as much as that of the hotel-loungers in New York concerning the benevolent work done at Five Points. Bishop Marvin, on the other hand, visited the missionary chapels and closely observed the worship of the native Christians. He saw them in their homes and conversed with them, in some instances in English, but more frequently through interpreters. He visited their schools and saw their zeal for knowledge. He talked with those whose experience and long residence in the country are a guarantee of the accuracy of their information. It has been a matter of surprise to some that Bishop Marvin's narrative of his tour should be so remarkably accurate in view of his limited stay in different lands. The explanation is found in the reliable sources from which he obtained his facts. He usually endeavored to see things from the standpoint of the consul, the merchant, and the missionary, and of all the missionaries of whatever sect.

The books of travel, the outgrowth of that tour, have been so generously received by the public that the general facts of Bishop Marvin's great mission abroad are already in the reader's possession. It is no part of the work of this chapter to repeat them, even in outline. Such a tour could not have taken place without disclosing, amid the intimacies of travel, the inner life and character of the man. It was thus that Dr. Johnson stood revealed to the eye of his companion, so that "the most charming biography in the world" was written by Boswell after only 276 days of personal intercourse with his great subject. He enjoyed scarce a dozen occasional visits to Johnson; but the "Tour to the Hebrides" had already torn away the disguises which frequently conceal the real character. The self-respect which should prevent one's playing the Boswell to an eminent man during his life may well restrain the pen after his death. But that closer view obtained during the unrestrained intimacies of travel, belongs now, in part at least, to others.

As we walked arm-in-arm the deck of our steamer the first night on the Pacific and watched the disappearing rays of the Farralone Light House, with this last glimpse of our native land he began to open his heart with the utmost freedom, both as regarded his official and private life. Eight years before, when spending a week at my father's house, the need of a wise counselor at a critical stage in my ministerial career was the occasion of a prolonged confidential interview of several days. The insight which he then gave me into his own history was the beginning of the most cordial friendship, marked by the utmost openness and candor. Although we had been together for only brief intervals since then, yet he had so honored me with his confidence at different times, that when he was assigned to visit China, I had no hesitation in offering to accompany him on his great tour.

In response he expressed his great joy at the proposal, and compared his feelings to Paul, at Athens, waiting in loneliness for the arrival of Timothy. Only death ended the delightful confidences renewed and cemented during that memorable tour.

What impressed me at the very beginning of our voyage was the joyful sense of rest which he experienced in escaping for awhile from his exacting official duties. In two months he had held four conferences and traveled several thousand miles, four or five hundred of them in a stage-coach. Even his great powers of endurance had been unduly taxed, and he craved rest. After incessant calls for sermons and addresses, he welcomed release from public speaking. He was glad, too, to lay aside his pen and to be out of the reach of the mailbags and the telegraph. He seemed to luxuriate in inactivity and it had come none too soon. With rest came a new spring to his whole being. The summer mildness of the atmosphere which our southernly course on the Pacific brought us was extremely grateful. The long voyage of a month was not more than enough for relaxation in social intercourse and in reading before the exactions of sightseeing should begin on the shores of Japan.

I cannot, with some, attribute Bishop Marvin's shortened days to his round-the-world tour. There were delightful intervals of rest on the water, occurring when most he needed them. The Inland Sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea quiet the traveler's nerves after his strange experience in the "Land of the Rising Sun." The China Sea and the Bay of Bengal rest him between China and Ceylon, or India. The Arabian Gulf and the Red Sea are hailed with delight after long travel in India, while the tideless but stormy Mediterranean is welcome even to a poor sailor after the weariness of land travel in Egypt or Syria. Only in Europe, with several months of constant travel unbroken by a sea voyage, did Bishop Marvin begin to show signs of unrelieved fatigue. Once or twice, when suffering from a cold which he had taken on the Alps, he expressed the fear that he would have to stop a day or two for absolute rest. A Sabbath in Cologne was spent mostly in bed, but with his remarkable powers of recuperation he expressed himself the following morning as anxious to proceed at once to Holland. The Atlantic voyage, however, seemed to prove quite a tonic, and on his return his friends could not but remark his improved health. Ere we reached London a considerable business correspondence began to tax his time and to raise some difficulties that evidently perplexed him. There were complaints about the times for holding some of his conferences. Letters were written which brethren would gladly recall if they knew that it was while seeking to comply with their wishes that he attempted the unwise and enormous task of holding five conferences in as many weeks, and traveling several hundred miles between them to meet his engagements. The whole tour abroad, busy as was his pen during much of it, was a rest compared with his exacting duties at home. Despite the fact of organic disease as developed by a *post mortem*, the fresh vigor with which he returned would have given him a new lease of life but for the overwork in the conference room, and, later, with his pen.

Perhaps, character is nowhere better revealed than on a Pacific steamship during a long voyage. The number of passengers is usually small, and their life soon becomes home-like and shows the predominant traits of each. In the books chosen from the ship's library, in the companions selected from the passenger list, in the table-talk and daily occupations, one soon discovers who are his fellow-voyagers. I find myself constantly reverting to our life on board ship (which occupied almost three months of the tour) for the best insight into Bishop Marvin's tastes and character. True, I saw him tested by the many varied experiences of land-travel, now quickened into enthusiasm, again sprung with indignation; but on ship-board I saw his character in repose as we calmly discussed the strange sights and events which we had witnessed in the Orient or picked up the thread of our American life and talked of men and things across the seas.

What constantly impressed me were his habits of introspection. Always occupying the same or adjoining staterooms it was our habit to spend an hour before breakfast in family worship. We usually read a couple of chapters in each of the Testaments, pausing to comment, harmonizing seeming difficulties, discussing doctrinal points, and then followed the reading by prayer. The Bishop's prayers at such times were marvels of simplicity and sincerity. He fathomed the great deep of his own soul, exposed impure thoughts, checked improper desires, and questioned all motives, until it would seem as if he were one of the basest of mortals. It was thus by the help of the Psalmist's prayer, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults," that he became one of the holiest of men. His was one of the most transparent characters. His simplicity and candor were windows which opened his entire being to the gaze of friendship. Having reached so elevated a position after so humble and unpromising a beginning, he naturally felt some measure of satisfaction at his success. In any other person Bishop Marvin would have condoned this feeling as pardonable, but in his own case he regarded it as sinful vanity. I remember that at one time he characterized himself as "nothing but a bundle of vanity," because of dwelling on his somewhat successful career; and yet while being driven back to our hotel in London in the carriage of a successful business man, who had been entertaining us by some account of his prosperity after a most humble start in life, the Bishop apologized for him on the ground that where a man's success was due so largely to his own mental force there might be a feeling of pride about it both natural and innocent. The uniform humility of Bishop Marvin's character forbids the thought that personal vanity ever obtained the mastery over him, but only, doubtless, because he constantly watched his subtle foe.

At the time he spoke of himself so disparagingly he confessed that his only safety was in the atoning merits of a merciful Saviour, and that despite the fact that his feet sometimes well-nigh slipped in the midst of his peculiar temptations, yet Christ was so consciously present in his religious life that he needed but reach out his own trembling hand to touch the hand that was pierced. Ejaculatory petitions were frequently on his lips, especially at night, when he seemed most given to self-examination, he would often exclaim, "Jesus, forgive me!" "My Saviour, have mercy!" The conquest of self which so impressed all who knew him was a victory won only after the utmost vigilance and the most trying struggles.

It was following such times of introspection that he preached his most remarkable sermons. At Shanghai, Lucknow, and Bombay he excelled himself in elevation of thought and in depth of feeling. In every instance the afternoon preceding the evening sermon had been spent in the profound study of his own religious life as compared with the exalted standard of the Scriptures. The candor with which he confessed his own derelictions led to convictions of unfaithfulness in the hearts of his congregation. His preaching in each of these places produced a deep impression. In Shanghai his services were demanded as frequently as his official engagements would permit. Merchant and missionary seemed alike eager to hear his faithful words. In either case the effect seemed to me to remind men of the elevated claims of the Gospel, which require the whole heart. Many a missionary resumed his work with new consecration after the tender deliverances of the American preacher. The Bishop's visit was almost apostolic in some places, while to the native preachers of our Chinese

Mission he was a very Apostle sent from the Church in America.

His keen sensibilities brought him into ready sympathy with the noble men who were laboring for the redemption of heathen lands. The first two nights we were in Japan he was scarcely able to sleep as he recalled the temples and the idols and the benighted people. The burden of their salvation was soon upon his soul, and it never left him. It became a matter of petition in both his public and private devotions. It was no uncommon thing to pray for our Chinese missionaries by name long after we had left the coasts of the Middle Kingdom. He sought to inspect thoroughly every branch of missionary work. He combined both the philosophical and the practical spirit. While he sought to trace idolatrous systems to their source and to ascertain the secret of their hold on the masses, he inquired into the order of civilization that attended them, endeavored to learn their very best products in the comforts of social life, in architecture, invention, village customs and laws, and then discussed with equal interest the best methods of enlarging missionary operations for the spread of the Christian religion and its higher civilization. He seemed to comprehend in every case the difficulties of missionary work, whether in light-hearted Japan or superstitious China or polluted, bigoted India. His supreme conviction was, that while the work of education was important and the press a mighty agency for good, no less in heathen lands than in our own, yet everywhere the preached Gospel was the power of God unto salvation. A living ministry faithfully proclaiming the truth must ever hold the prominent place among all these agencies in every land. The revival of preaching in its best sense is ever a revival of religion.

While in Ceylon we met a layman of large influence: he was of English parentage although a native of the island. At one time he was impressed with the fact that it was his duty to preach. The missionaries believing that a Christian barrister with a large practice and ample income would give a social status to the church among the English-speaking population, and that he could be largely useful as a layman, did not encourage him to become a minister. Their expectations of his usefulness were not disappointed, and they narrated the facts to Bishop Marvin with some satisfaction. He thought about it much, and after some days he remarked to me that he believed they had made a mistake. A man who could hold entranced audiences in Exeter Hall, as this gentleman had done, might, if given wholly to the work of the ministry, have had unparalleled success among both native and foreign residents in Ceylon. Nothing in his opinion was a substitute for preaching the Gospel. It was a favorite thought of his, that "incandescent thought when lodged in words which themselves take fire" is the mightiest force known to man. This strong stress which he everywhere laid upon the preached Word, and the frequent illustration which his own labors gave of its power, accomplished great good.

The Methodist Episcopal Mission in Japan expressed by a formal communication* their deep appreciation of his services; while his visit to our Chinese Mission, where he ordained four native preachers and visited each station of the mission, was of incalculable benefit. His spirit was so admirable, and there was such a magnetism about him, that he won all hearts. Quickened zeal followed his visit, and unusual results attended the labors of both missionaries and native helpers after he had gone. He refused no opportunity to preach, and many of his discourses were memorable and powerful expositions of the word of God. He touched no land in all the tour where he did not contribute toward the success of the moral agencies already at work. While holding to the form of belief espoused in his early manhood, he proved himself in full sympathy with all Christian views of whatever name. The privilege of communing with those of nearly all Protestant sects, and of many different nationalties, he prized as one of the delightful features of the tour. In Japan, in China, in Ceylon, in India, in Syria, and in Turkey, the sacramental services with many who had been won to the Christian faith from the false religions of the world were occasions of memorable interest. He so impressed all with his singleness of aim that native Christians in Japan and China followed him to the ship, dismissing him with their benediction; while four hundred Christian Singhalese arose in a native Church in the heart of Ceylon to pledge him their prayers for his successful mission and safe return. It could be as truly said of him as of St. Paul, that "being recommended by the brethren unto the grace of God, he went through Syria and Cilicia confirming the Churches." His path through the Orient is radiant with good words and works.

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* YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, Dec. 4, 1876.

To the Rev. Bishop E. M. MARVIN, D.D., *and the Rev.* E. R. HENDRIX, A.M., *of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, U. S. A.*

DEAR BRETHREN—On behalf of the Japan Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U. S. A., we desire to express to you the great pleasure and benefit we have received from your brief sojourn among us. Your discourses at Yokohama and Tokio, to English-speaking audiences, your addresses through interpreters to our native Church, your remarks at the Missionary Conference in Tokio, together with your godly counsel and hearty sympathy with our missionary work, have been most opportune and refreshing to us, and, indeed, to all who have here met you in the social circle or waited upon your public ministrations.

We pray God to preserve you during your long journey, to make you a blessing to all with whom you meet, and, in due time, to bring you safely to your beloved families, and to the church you so worthily represent. Yours in the Gospel,

R. S. MACLAY,
J. C. DAVISON,
JULIUS SOPER,
W. C. HARRIS,
IRVIN H. CORRELL.

One source of Bishop Marvin's strength, no less apparent during this tour than at home, was his naturalness. He himself used to say: "Any departure from simplicity is a loss of power." Whether you saw him in the pulpit or in the social circle, or alone, what first impressed you was the *man* more than the Bishop. He had a decided personality, but nothing affected. His laugh was hearty and genial. His social instincts were strong, and the hearts which he won in conversation he held and moved in the pulpit. Those, too, whom he influenced in the pulpit he did not lose in social intercourse. He was fond of an innocent joke, and had rare powers as a mimic. His skill in "taking off" operatic singing and iron-side preaching was something remarkable. His sense of the ludicrous was quite keen, and his happy powers of description often reproduced some ludicrous event for the merriment of his friends. I remember while out in the interior in China the astonishment which sat upon the faces of some who for the first time saw the wonderful mimic whom they had only thought of as the grave Bishop. But there was never anything to compromise his character, and the very naturalness which charmed in private won all hearts in the pulpit. The devoted, conscientious minister could be as playful as a child. His simplicity never deserted him, and as he went through heathen lands toiling missionaries recognized in the eloquent Bishop "a brother beloved."

One day, while on a Rhine steamer observing the old castles that border the historic river, a few remarks addressed to a bystander, made him the centre of a group of listeners, mostly Americans, who sought to draw him out in conversation. They discovered that he was no ordinary man, and were anxious to know what one of their distinguished countrymen was going down the Rhine with them. His conversation on European affairs showed that he was so well versed in political matters that some supposed that he must be a politician abroad. A lady insisted, however, that he must be a minister, and, seating herself where she could watch him at the dinner table, she turned triumphantly to a friend with the remark: "I told you that he was a minister, for I saw him bow his head and return thanks."

He thus happily illustrated the advice of a theological professor to his pupils: "Never demean yourself so as to proclaim your profession to strangers, but always act so that if your profession becomes known no one will be surprised to learn that you are a preacher of the Gospel."

While Bishop Marvin did not advertise his vocation yet he never forgot that he was a Christian minister. He began to preach when only eighteen and made it his life work. He often said that any live lawyer or banker did more business in a fortnight than he had done in all his life. He was a man of one work and of one book. He was, accordingly, in his element when he reached the Holy Land. With the geography and history of other lands he did not profess the most intimate acquaintance, but the country of our Lord's nativity he knew almost as well before reaching it as he did his own native Missouri. With his keen religious susceptibilities the journey through Palestine was one long ecstacy. He had feared that on account of the threatened war between Russia and Turkey that he would be unable to do more than to see Jerusalem and a little of Judea, but when he learned at Cairo that it would be perfectly safe to take the long tour, crossing the foothills of Mount Hermon to Damascus, his joy was very deep.

I can see him now on the deck of our steamer as on the morning of Easter Sabbath we stood gazing upon the outline of the Promised Land. With eager eyes he looked upon Mount Carmel, the coast of old Cesarea, the town of Joppa, and the country of the Philistines, all stretched out in a single panorama, while the Judean hills skirted the horizon and shut out the Holy City. This vision, which until a few months before he had never dreamed of enjoying, was a banquet to his gratified spirit. As we sat, a few hours later at our hotel window, the air fragrant with orange blossoms, and looked out upon the Mediterranean, the Great Sea which had fixed the thoughtful gaze of so many from Jonah to

Peter, the first impulse was to thank God for this privilege, and then to turn to the narrative of Peter's vision on the historic housetop. The Bishop's Bible was hardly out of his hands for the rest of the day. He was studying the religious history of Joppa and trying to learn where and by whom the Gospel had been first preached in this seaport of Palestine, so off the line of the Lord's travels. At length he believed that he had found that it was none other than the evangelist Philip, whose history after the baptism of the eunuch is summed up in a single verse: "But Philip was found at Azotus: and passing through, he preached in all the cities, till he came to Cesarea" (Acts viii: 40). Joppa being in the line of his travels was doubtless the scene of his labors, perhaps the first ever performed in Christ's name there, and Dorcas may have become one of the faithful from that visit. This exposition gave the Bishop great satisfaction, and he referred to it during his sermon in the afternoon on "Peter's vision."

There were certain localities in Palestine where he delighted to linger and to open his soul to their sacred associations. One of these was the walk between Jerusalem and Emmaus. Here we dismissed our carriage, preferring to go on foot the distance which our Master walked with His two disciples. What an hour of memorable communion with each other and with Christ! And we said one to another, "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way?"

In that conversation he referred much to his early life. He had not expected to enjoy this hour. His ministry had but begun when many looking at his spare form had predicted an early death. This had only quickened his zeal and multiplied his labors not knowing but what his time was short and being anxious to do what he could. He confessed even to an enthusiasm that would have welcomed death early in life. But God had spared him far longer than he had expected and had now granted him a joy of which he had not even dared to dream. It was evident that his cup was full and that he was almost ready with aged Simeon to say, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace."

In our rambles over Olivet, to Bethany, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, about the Pool of Siloam, to Bethel and Bethlehem, he found great delight. His deep voice lingers on my ear even now, as, seated on one of the slopes of Olivet, he read John's account of the costly ointment that was poured upon the Saviour's feet. His voice comes up from the Plain of Shechem responding its solemn "Amen" to the blessings and curses as read from Ebal and Gerizim. I hear his exclamations of delight as we stand on the brow of the hill back of Nazareth, or are being rowed by Galilean fisherman across the Sacred Gennesaret, or as from one of the foothills of Mt. Hermon we have our last, lingering views of the Holy Land. Here, amid the sacred places, he seemed to be in that receptive mood most favorable to poetry and eloquence. As he said of the Sea of Galilee, "As I sat there on horseback, gazing upon it for the last time, the whole scene entered too deeply into my heart to be forgotten. I am sure it will never fade. I turned my horse's head and left it—or, rather in a deeper sense, I carried it away, a rich possession of the soul forever." It was thus that he carried away much of Palestine to be reproduced with his marvellous felicity of expression to the delight of admiring audiences for years to come—but no! the fruit had ripened and the vine dresser gathered it for the celestial banquet. Only a few drops were pressed from the purple cluster for the taste of expectant men.

Bishop Marvin seemed to enjoy his visit in Athens more than at any other point on the Continent. During the earlier part of our visit there I was confined to my bed, but the enthusiasm with which he described the Parthenon and other of the rare temples of ancient Greece made me impatient to join him in strolling amid these ruins. With that readiness at mastering most subjects to which he gave his attention, he made a specialty of architecture for a few days, and had so fixed the general rudiments in his mind, as well as the peculiarities of the different schools, that he made an admirable *cicerone* when we were able to climb together the summit of the Acropolis.

In the more familiar portions of Europe he found the usual delight of the tourist in visiting the great art collections, seeing the wonderful cathedrals, witnessing the varied scenery from Italy to the Scotch highlands and the Irish lakes. It was his first visit to Europe, and he expected it to be his last, and he looked upon everything with the eyes of a traveler who did not expect to see them again. His experiences at Rome recalled some of the incidents of his "Lectures on the Errors of the Papacy," during which, as he subsequently learned, his life was sought by a Roman emissary in St. Louis. Now he walked unharmed in the very halls of the Vatican. As we passed the elaborate confessionals of St. Peter's he recalled a remark which he had made in one of these lectures: "If my wife had habitually confessed to a priest, I would not have married her had she been the only woman in the world." This, he said, he could repeat now with added emphasis.

With his strong Methodist affections, he greatly enjoyed visiting City Road Chapel in London, and standing by the graves of John Wesley, and Clarke, and Benson, and Bunting, and just across in Bunhill Fields of Susanna Wesley, well worthy to sleep near the dust of the "immortal dreamer," John Bunyan. He loved to linger around these spots, and also Wesley's first Chapel in Bristol. His visit to the Wesleyan Conference, though brief, gave him great satisfaction by the insight afforded into the workings of the Methodist polity. He won for himself and the Church he so ably represented the esteem and affection of his English brethren, so that the kindliest of feelings will henceforth exist between the venerable mother and her second largest daughter. Could his stay have been longer, he would have found ready access to all the leading British pulpits.

The call of duty was now upon him, and he had only time to return and spend less than a week with his family ere his official work in presiding at the Fall Conferences should begin. He often lamented during his absence his inability to sermonize. His mind, he said, would not take hold of a text with sufficient grasp for the making of new sermons, and he had to be content with preaching such as he had prepared before. But crossing the Atlantic, his mental habits began to be adjusted to the requirements of his work in America, and he rejoiced at the ease with which he was able to sermonize again, declaring that he had mapped out with some satisfaction the analysis of several discourses. His whole mental force seemed turned back into its old channel, and I observed that until we parted in St. Louis, with mutual congratulations on our successful tour, his uninterrupted moments were spent in close thought. He had the happy faculty of thinking in the midst of the noise and confusion of travel. His moving lips indicated that he was often giving many of his thoughts their rhetorical dress, while his unconscious gesticulation would enforce some of his periods.

He thus reached home prepared for the greatest usefulness. He had as never before the ear of the public. Only one other Bishop had ever made an official tour of the world. No tour had ever awakened so much interest, or made so favorable an impression as his. While his preaching was commanding vast audiences in one hemisphere, his letters were being read by eager thousands in the other. His Church felt a natural pride in her distinguished Bishop and servant. But when she thought herself rich in his accumulated stores of information and in his enlarged views and sympathies, she was called to lament her sudden poverty and to mourn her irreparable loss.

Bishop Marvin's missionary tour accomplished all that he or the Board of Missions could have hoped. It brought the Church to a close view of the very forefront of the great battle waging for the world's conquest. It made men comprehend more fully their opportunity and their duty. With his bugle call yet ringing in their ears he falls in the conflict, and they are left to win the battle.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IN MISSOURI—LAST DAYS.

"My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun."
—*Land of Beulah.*

THE life and labors of Bishop Marvin, which had their beginning, had their close in Missouri. In the first half of this Volume there is record of them from the cradle to the maturity of his age and powers, and embracing ministerial labors during twenty-two consecutive years of his public life. Of the remaining sixteen years, nearly twelve of which were employed in his Episcopal office, very much of its cares and service was expended among the Churches and in the Conferences of Missouri. At length, in fitting termination, he ended his days in the midst of the associations of his earlier years, and laid down his charge where first he took it up.

Nowhere, more than in this peculiarly home-field, has his work been more abundant and various or more acceptable and useful. His Episcopal residence, it must have been observed, was favorably located—at St. Louis, which, among its other peculiar cognomens, has been called "the half-way house between the Oceans." Within a half hour's walk from his residence were points of departure, in direct travel and on lightning trains, for either Coast of a Continent and across Arkansas into Texas. Along the front of the great city, the Father of Waters flowed to the Gulf, with its lateral streams and railroad connections reaching to the Middle Conferences and to the most northern and southern borders of the vast jurisdiction—all locating him at the centre of the Connection. It contributed to the wide oversight and extensive travel and abundant labors recorded in the foregoing pages. In the policy of his Episcopal administration, the view, conversely, was prominent and profound, that the Church must be fostered at the Great Central City of the Continent and in the Empire State of the Great West.

Though not in the Plan of his Episcopal Visitation his labors in Missouri began in the first year of his Episcopacy. After the session of the Texas Conferences in the fall of 1866, on his return to Missouri in December, he was met by multitudinous and clamorous calls for visitation and service. By being put away in an old trunk the letters have been preserved, making several large bundles. They are suggestive at every point—an universal and hearty welcome back to his native State and his old Conferences; abounding in sentiments of personal love; full of tender reminiscences; containing a picture of the times, after the desolation of the Civil War, and sad stories of individual distress as well as Church disaster. Some of the calls are triplicated in default of reply to the former—the reason of it, the writer knows, in utter perplexity how he might, as he wished, respond with an universal compliance, and delaying answer till he could project a plan of visitation intelligently and make the most of time and strength. At length, it was formed and employed every Sabbath and all weeks till the sessions of the Conferences in the fall of 1867; and thereafter, in like stretch and strain of ardor and energy, throughout the fall and winter and spring and summer, till his departure for the Pacific Coast in the last days of July, 1868. The extraordinary itinerancy on the Pacific Coast closed his first

Episcopal quadrennium, during which he had traversed the Western field in its whole extent—his labors elsewhere, he has said, were surpassed by the travel and preaching in Missouri.

In the subsequent quadrennium, much of every year, during the intervals of Annual Conferences, he spent in preaching tours in its bounds. He has been in every section of the State, in every Presiding Elder's district of the three Conferences, and for the most part in their Circuits and Stations. In every section there are fruits of his pulpit —its converts in Missouri, from first to last, to be counted by the thousand. In all quarters, throughout the Conferences, he has been a benign presence among the Churches—in all forms of ministry and great in all. In his Episcopal office, conspicuous throughout the entire Connection as the large-minded, enterprising and indefatigable General Superintendent, in the home field, he was watchful, painstaking, untiring, his own transcending the labors of any of its Diocesan Bishops.

Pre-eminently and by every personal consideration, as well as official fidelity, Bishop Marvin was enlisted for Missouri Methodism—its purity, its peace, its power; and for all, with single-minded purpose and self-sacrificing devotion and eminently, with prevalent influence and control. Correspondingly, he was an acknowledged leader, and in the midst was not only an aggressive but centripetal force. Happening in his last years, Church troubles in Missouri are too notorious not to be known throughout the Connection. It is the purpose of this Volume to abstain from review of them. In these lines the silence is not broken, it is presumed, in saying, what will be recognized by all as proper and universally admitted, that no man could have held and guided the elements of disturbance with a more powerful and influential hand; and none could have borne himself with more dignity, more meekness, more self-contained power—at length, closing his life and labors in the Missouri Churches, at the end as at the beginning, the idol of their affections and enshrined in their veneration; in those troubles, some disapproving his administration, but few, if any, dismissing him from their respect and love.

In the distribution of labors among the Bishops, the charge of the Conferences in Missouri fell to Bishop Marvin only twice—in 1867–8, and in the last year of his life. The advice of Bishop Andrew, locating his residence in his native State for particular and constant supervision of its Church-work, was well-founded and well-justified. His first coming was timely and of incalculable advantage. He returned to Missouri, after the war, to find the Methodism in which he was born to God, and for which he had toiled in the dew of his youth, prostrate and bleeding. Not long before, literally, the Conferences had confronted the question of their possible existence. The situation in the Missouri Conference during those dark days Bishop Marvin has delineated in his Life of Caples. In the St. Louis Conference the prostration and the peril, if possible, were still greater. The writer has still in his possession a communication from Western Missouri, signed by as true sons of Southern Methodism as ever wrote or spoke for it or suffered for its name's sake, who, in the consternation of the shock at the first and during a bloody tribulation, suggested whether the Church could survive the odium of its connectional relation with the Church in the South, and submitting whether it might not and should not be dissolved for the time of this distress—at least the name changed. The communication was addressed to the Presiding Elder of the St. Louis District; at that time the only district organization remaining on the south side of the Missouri River. The reply came from Boyle, Morris, Browning and Prottsman among the older men, and was the voice of all—the flag with its old inscription, M. E. Church, *South*, must not be lowered; if the Conference goes down in the stress of the tempest, it must be with its colors flying from the masthead.

Subsequently, Bishop Kavanaugh, the only Bishop remaining within the Federal lines, at the first opening for his visitation, was among the desolated fields of Missouri Methodism and rallied the broken ranks of its Conferences. At his coming, it was in doubt whether, in holding his first Conference in Northeast Missouri, the arrest of his person was not impending. It will be remembered by every one of the thirty preachers who were convened at St. Louis in Conference session, in the basement of the First Church, the appearance of an uniformed young Lieutenant, stalking up the middle aisle with heavy tread and the spurs of his military boots clanking on the floor—in a Church Court to require of it an oath of loyalty to Cæsar. The writer has in his possession the phonographic report of the grand and brave sermon of Bishop Kavanaugh on Sunday morning, from the text, "Be it known unto you that we will not bow down to your image." Only two men sat with the Bishop in his Cabinet—one of them, Rev. S. S. Headlee. "I am making these appointments," said the Bishop in the stationing room, "with a feeling as solemn as death." When he read out the appointments, he added, "I do not know but that I am sending men to their graves."

It happened even so. On the Lord's day, in the precincts of the House of God, on his way to preach, Headlee was murdered by a band of men, with McNabb, a Northern Methodist local preacher, as the ringleader of the mob, and his house the place of noon-refreshment after the murderous deed was done. Nobody thought of arresting the murderers. At that time a trial would have been a mockery of justice, and conviction futile. It is reported of the Chief Executive of the State, who had recently been in the locality of the murder, that he gave the ominous counsel, "If he preaches, stone him from the hill.'' He had previously proclaimed publicly that "the Northern Methodist Church in the State was a better reliance than his militia.'' The spirit of political frenzy and ecclesiastical hate and vandalism, which cannot be gibbeted on the gallows, was the real culprit. It can only have, as it ought to have, and must have, its trial and its doom at the bar of history and at the tribunal of retributive Providence. How a radical and unrighteous and remorseless ecclesiasticism run the government, and Southern Methodism was put under the ban of political proscription, had many illustrations in the seizure of Churches without redress, and by more than one instance of the process, with impunity, to silence its pulpit by killing its preachers—so the graves of Ashby of the Missouri and of Woods of the St. Louis Conference, as well as the monument of Headlee, record it.

The martyrdom of Headlee had date in the year of Bishop Marvin's election to the Episcopacy—July 28, 1866. When he came back to Missouri, in the last month of that year, the proscription was still in existence and in its rage. There is an illustration of it in his personal history, in an incident which may not be generally known. It is connected with the history of the Literary Address which he delivered at the State University in June, 1872, but which was first requested for June, 1867. The facts are sufficiently indicated in the following letter found among the Bishop's papers, which is printed entire, except the name of the writer, which would be recognized as prominent and most highly respectable:

COLUMBIA, MO., February 21, 1867.

Rev. E. M. Marvin, St. Charles, Mo.:

SIR—The young gentlemen of the Literary Societies of the State University at this place have, in accordance with their own taste, and at the instance of not a few of your friends here in general, recently requested you to deliver an address before their respective bodies in June next. Some more deliberative and judicious friends have desired me to say to you, as our School is a State Institution, and the State being just now in the hands of the Radicals, that it might be prudent for them to use a little policy in the selection of their orator just now, especially as the institution is at this time making strenuous efforts to secure the establishment of the College of Agricultural and Mechanical Arts in connection with it. As you and myself received during the war somewhat similar treatment from the powers that *were*, I was pitched upon to express to you, not their wish to fail in having you address them, but their regret that for the time being the good of all perhaps demanded it.

I trust, my dear sir, that the day will come when our much-abused State and general privileges as a Christian Nation will not remain in their present down-trodden condition.

I shall be exceedingly happy to hear from you, and to have an intimation of your determination, in a few years at the farthest, to meet the boys' desire.

Respectfully,

Of course the Bishop recalled his acceptance of a recalled invitation. The reply to his letter, releasing them, shows how embarrassed the "boys" were, and how profuse in assurances that "neither the students nor the faculty could see any grounds on which to base justly such prejudice;" but the prejudice was dominant and spared neither education nor religion in its remorseless proscription of any person or thing bearing the name or affinities of "*South*."

At the session of the St. Louis Conference in the fall of 1866, at Lexington, held by Bishop Doggett, there was not a single representative from the region of country where Headlee's grave was dug; and none from an area of one-third of the Conference territory. From that Conference Rev. Jacob Ditzler was sent out to explore the land. At the next session, held by Bishop Marvin at Kansas City, he brought back a sad story of desolation and spoliation. That section had been in the past a fair heritage and the most fruitful field of the Conference—now, a waste, blackened in places by the ashes and rubbish which marked the path of the notorious and infamous "Order No. 10," which consigned citizens of whole counties to exile and their homes to the torch; and in the scourge of Southern Methodism, houses of worship wrested from it, congregations dispersed, and preachers driven away or silenced or slain. At that Conference, men who had laid foundations in that country, in the former days, were present; among them, prominently, Winton and Webster. The Bishop had his home and held his Cabinet at the residence of the widow of Rev. Thomas Johnson, of the old Indian Mission in Kansas, who, also, had fallen by the hand of violence. In the facts of the situation and in the memories of the past, there was both demand and inspiration for heroic daring and endurance. It had ready and brave response in the heart and administration of Bishop Marvin and in the sentiment and sympathy of the Conference. The whole body felt the pang of the smitten member, and there was not wanting men for the work at the rallying-call of the Bishop—"The burnt district must be recovered."

The first explorers went out in the face of threatenings and, as was thought, in some places in peril of death. They returned from the tour of exploration to tell of noble Christian men everywhere abiding faithful to the Church in severest trials of fidelity and yet in much patience. As soon as the old standard was lifted up, the old Methodism flocked around it. They hailed with joy the return of their preachers. The timid and the false had fled. Many remained and rallied at the roll-call of the old class books. Reorganization commenced. The disordered work was soon mapped into circuits. A band of local preachers, worthy of their office and their orders in the Church of God, assumed pastoral charge and undertook the labors of the itinerant ministry and with the fervor of its zeal. At each successive Conference reports were brought up of rapid and extensive restoration. The soil had been fertilized with the tears of trial and even enriched with the blood of martyrs. Such fields quickly respond to culture and yield luxuriantly.

In the summer of 1870, he made the two weeks' preaching excursion, recorded on a former page—commencing at Pleasant Hill, with a line of week night appointments extending across the "Burnt District," and terminating at the Red Oak Camp Meeting and District Conference. As described by the Presiding Elder it was a triumphal march. His own note of it is significant of the former and the later history—at Red Oak, the father of his host had been slain for his principles, and at the Camp-ground, preaching to the largest congregations he had ever faced.

At its session in the fall of 1870, the Old St. Louis Conference was divided, the present Southwest Missouri Conference having been set off at that time, under the authorization of the General Conference held at Memphis the previous spring. Bishop Marvin was absent in Texas at the time. If present, he would have opposed it strenuously. In one of his published letters he asserted strongly the impolicy of it. Such, indeed, was the sentiment of the majority of the Committee reporting the measure and also, it is believed, of the Conference—assented to, as, at the time, a choice of evils. The division might have been delayed, but it became apparent that it was only a question of time; and it was better to part when it might be done leaving the separated Conferences in harmony, which could not be expected as one body touching the matters of difference. The personal ties between the members of the old St. Louis Conference were kind and strong, and so have continued. The evils which Bishop Marvin deplored are radical and still remain. It may well be considered whether, at this date, the best interests of both bodies might not be subserved by re-union. The late General Conference authorized it. It is the purpose of this paragraph to say that, if living, Bishop Marvin would say of it, Amen; and had he lived, it is probable, would have advocated it.

The division has had some indemnifications, resulting as it did in the more rapid development of the work in one Conference; and particularly in the earlier and larger cultivation of the hard fields of the other. In the partition of territory, it happened, what Bishop Marvin said of that between the Trinity and East Texas Conferences, the Southwest Missouri Conference got the "lion's share." This was inevitable—in the necessity of the case. With the old name, the mission fields, on mountain and in swamp, covering more than half its bounds, fell to the other Conference. In those fields, at this date, there has been large progress in building up the waste places.

In the work of both Conferences, Bishop Marvin's hand is seen—in foregoing pages large record of labors in Central and Southwest Missouri. In the Southeast they were abundant—in the breadth of visitation, culminating in that of the old Salem District in 1874, at Thomasville, in Oregon County, and in Texas County at Licking, lying at the southwestern corner of the St. Louis Conference, where no Bishop had ever before been. It was the mountain district, and had been for twenty years the mission field of the Conference. At each place he remained a week. People came from long distances and crowds attended his preaching. It was in power—forty conversions, as it is recollected, at Thomasville, and a still larger number at Licking. In preceding years he had expended large labors at other points in Southeast Missouri, along the line of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway—notably, at Irondale, where he held a District Conference and dedicated the Church. He remained over a second Sabbath and preached at the neighboring town of Potosi, in the same house and standing in the same pulpit which Bishop Soule occupied, when he held the Missouri Conference there in 1829. He returned to Irondale in the summer to a meeting, which was held under a brush arbor in the edge of the town. It was the privilege of the writer to be present and to know of its power and prevalency. It is still talked of in that community and vicinity. There were scores of conversions;

among them a young man, who died soon after, the son of the venerable James Evans, Sr., of Caledonia, who said to the writer while these pages are being penned, "that meeting saved my son."

Bishop Soule, on his way to hold the Conference in Howard County, in 1828, first beheld St. Louis, then a small town. His prescient eye foresaw its inevitable and great future. Ever afterwards, in the cares of his Episcopacy, it was in his mind and on his heart. At the session of the same Conference held in Arkansas, he sent to its station E. W. Sehon from the Ohio Conference; and afterwards, from Pittsburg, Drummond, whose dying words have become a shibboleth of the Methodist itinerancy—"Tell my brethren of the Pittsburg Conference that I fell at my post." Later, Edgar R. Ames, who became Bishop in the M. E. Church, was brought from Indiana; and as late as 1840, from the Pittsburg Conference, Joseph Boyle, successor and compeer of Drummond, in the spirit and power of his ministry. St. Louis was held by Bishop Marvin in like estimation; far more than in any other single locality, bestowing upon it personal service and official cares. Its church-work was on his hands when he left the State in 1862, and was the first taken in hand, when he returned to it, as Bishop. It was signalized by service, at a critical juncture, which added St. John's Church to St. Louis Methodism. That enterprise was like the church-building by the Blackwater class for the town of Brownsville, only on a larger scale—the Methodism of the city building for Stoddard Addition, which has since become, as it was foreseen, the best residence portion of the city. Its plan, accordingly, was not a chapel, but an edifice, at a cost for ground and building and furniture of one hundred thousand dollars. The enterprise was large, unselfish, missionary. It commanded his admiration. Only about half the cost was provided, and the subscription had halted. His solicitude was awakened. He met the Committee. It was his first word at the business interview—"Let us lay this matter before God." His interest and anxiety entered into his prayer. God was in the midst. The next voice was, "I'll give five thousand dollars." The subscription went on, and in the following summer, in June, 1867, Bishop Marvin spoke at the laying of the corner-stone. In the fall of that year he appointed F. A. Morris to the pastoral charge, who reported at the next Conference the Chapel dedicated and a society of over two hundred members. Before the end of his four years' term the main edifice was completed.

At St. John's, as in all the St. Louis Churches, Bishop Marvin has labored on the building of the spiritual house—notably, during the quadrennium of its second pastor, Rev. Dr. J. W. Lewis, especially in a meeting at which there were about one hundred accessions. Another such instance of the zeal and power of his pulpit occurred at the meeting connected with the rehabilitation and reopening services at the First Church. The meeting was continued for sixty days, and resulted in nearly two hundred additions to the Church. During the first week Bishop Marvin preached every night, and left the meeting in full tide of revival. His voice was familiar in all pulpits. His prayers were heard at all altar places. At the week-night prayer meeting of every society he was a worshiper, and a witness in their love-feasts, and a visitor at their firesides. He sat at the council-board of Church enterprise, and was a servant in its toils—in the midst of the Churches, pastor, evangelist, counselor and leader.

Most prominent among occasions was the commemoration of the Semi-Centenary of St. Louis Methodism, on the third Sunday in January, 1871. It was grand in programme and performance. There were present the surviving old pioneers of Missouri Methodism. It was a re-union of the former St. Louis pastors—at their head, Andrew Monroe, from the pastorate of 1823. Four Bishops were in attendance, each for sermons on the Sabbath and an address on a special topic during the week. Bishop Marvin preached at St. Paul—his sermon the discourse in his volume of sermons on Spiritual Thrift. He delivered the Commemorative address. It was extemporaneous. The line of thought and the substance of it were embodied in the grand address delivered at the Centennial of North Carolina Methodism. He made a journey from Texas in mid-winter to be present at St. Louis on that occasion. He had great personal enjoyment in the religious services, and satisfaction with the practical results. In the two preceding years St. Louis Methodism had contributed to church building and to the educational and publishing interests of the Church well nigh two hundred thousand dollars. The pledges to the memorial fund reached an additional hundred thousand.

His coming was preceded by a published letter of acceptance of the invitation to be present at the commemoration. Letter, sermon and address disclose his personal relations to Methodism in St. Louis, his hope in it, his charge to it. The necessity and the conditions of growth are propounded in the sermon. "Let us away from these commemorative services to our work," is a last word of argument in the address; and in the closing paragraph, an eloquent picture of centennial rejoicings—fifty years hence—when the city shall number its population by millions and its Methodist Churches by the hundred. The letter is a link which connects his former pastoral charge with his Episcopal oversight—in both, the same spirit, the same jealousy for God and for souls, the same philosophy of Church-power, the same exaltation of Christ. Appropriately, it may be considered and may appear on this page, as directory and incitement of zeal for the present and future generations of St. Louis Methodists—in its general facts and distinctive principles, for the Methodism of his own and all lands:

REV. T. M. FINNEY:

Dear Brother:–Yours of the 13th inst. has just been received, and brings me an invitation to attend and participate in the approaching celebration of the Semi-Centenary of St. Louis Methodism.

As you are aware, it was my purpose to spend the entire winter and early Spring in Texas. I proposed to do this for two reasons; First, because I have heretofore suffered considerably in health by going out of a Southern climate, into the latitude of Missouri in mid-winter; and, secondly, on account of a conviction that labor might be bestowed in Texas with much profit.

I need not make any protestations to you of the deep interest I feel in the progress of the Church in St. Louis. An immediate pastoral connection with the Church in St. Louis for a period of nearly eight years, first and last, has, of course, attached me closely to the people of that city. It has, also, brought fully within my observation these two facts: First, the great harvest which there invites the sickle; and secondly, that the number of laborers employed is scarcely sufficient to make any appreciable impression upon the field. The work done by us in St. Louis, however important as considered in itself, amounts to very little when the extent of the city and the amount of its population are taken into the account. In the midst of so overwhelming a multitude we are scarcely felt.

One church for every twenty-five thousand souls would give us twelve or more. But we ought to have, by all means, not less than one for every ten thousand. This would give us over thirty. Instead of this we have but five and two of these are very feeble.

The Methodist Church in this city has scarcely more than held its own for many years, while the population has doubled itself over and over, and over again. Much of the new population, indeed, is of a class inaccessible to evangelizing agencies. But we have not advanced with that which is accessible. Much less have we made inroads upon the multitudes that are under papal and infidel delusions.

That God has preserved us through a period of fifty years, so that now we still exist—that we have commodious houses of worship, some of them recently erected at a great cost—that many of our people are truly and deeply devoted to God—that there is a growing spirit of consecration, both of person and property, to God and His cause—and that many, since the organization of the Church, have been led by it to Christ, and many have gone from it to the Church triumphant—must furnish motives of thanksgiving in the approaching solemnities.

Yet much more will there be occasion for self-examination and prayer. Truly there should be "great searchings of heart." Let every one ask, Has *my life* been such as to advance or retard the cause of God? Have I lived in a manner pleasing to God? or am I only a dead branch upon the Living Vine? What have I done to advance the cause of Christ—to promote the conversion of sinners? Am I a simple-hearted child of God, or am I vain and proud, and carnal and worldly? Does my religion consist in anything deeper than the profession? Is it the great controlling fact of my life? Do I, indeed, love the Lord Jesus Christ above my chief joy? Is He to me "fairest among ten thousand and altogether lovely!" Is this so, or is my religion only an incident of my life? Are its requirements held in abeyance to every social claim and every worldly interest? Do I really *deny myself* and *follow Christ?* Am I ready to accept His will in *any heavy cross-bearing?* Am I ready to be held as the filth and offscouring of the earth for His sake?

But this Semi-centenary Celebration should be the occasion not only of thanksgiving and self-examination, but much more—*it should inaugurate an era of new consecration and new activity in the Church.* Let it be the occasion not of vain resolves and feebly-formed purposes to be forgotten in a week, but of actual performance of vows. Let a more earnest course of holy living and a new and deeper faith mark the coming half century. Let us not only be numbered with the people called Methodists, but let us be all that this association imports.

But it must never be forgotten that high attainments in the Christian life, or indeed *any* attainments, are to be realized not in any self-righteous effort, but only through the blood of Christ. No self-confident purpose will be of any avail. We are born in sin. We are depraved by nature. We are far gone from God. Only through the righteousness of Christ can a man be justified before God. In Him we stand. Out of Christ we are weak and corrupt—exposed to the wrath of God. Let us look our sin full in the face. We must attempt no concealment with God. We must see our case as He sees it. Only then will we renounce self and lay hold on Christ. He has offered Himself *for* us. He offers Himself *to* us. He is our righteousness. He is our life. Let Him be our only *trust.*

I feel deeply, my dear brethren, the need of coming closer to Christ at this time. We must make our commemorative services an occasion not of vain-glory, but of enthroning Christ absolutely in our hearts and over our lives. We must take Him to be ours—our atoning High Priest—our Sovereign Lord. We must give ourselves up to be His—our souls, our bodies, our children, our estates. Nothing must be held too valuable or too dear to be surrendered to His possession.

If our fathers in God have done any work that is to re-appear in eternity, it has been thus leading men to Christ to be wholly His. If any have lived and died carnally-minded, though they may have been called Methodists and died in the Church, they have been cast out into the outer darkness. I cannot doubt that many pass out of the Church into hell. "*Strive* to enter in at the straight gate, for many I say unto you will *seek* to enter in, and shall not be able."

Bear with me, my brother. My heart is full. The love of God constrains me. I feel the overshadowing presence of the Son of God. He is all. I am nothing. The Church is nothing—only as He dwells in it. The dread is upon me that in our commemorations we will exalt man and depreciate Christ—not of design, but through the subtle beguilement of self-love. May the Holy Spirit of His presence preserve us. Henceforth, forevermore, may He be the only Lord of our souls.

I have written more than I intended. In answer to the invitation extended to me, if life and health be spared, I will be in attendance. I can do no otherwise. Although it breaks into my plans for the winter, I must join my brethren in these rejoicings. I must participate in these solemnities. It would be unnatural for me to absent myself. It would be ungrateful. I must appear in the Church with thanksgivings.

In the Missouri work, the first and the latest Episcopal service was given to the Churches in St. Louis. His last Sunday morning sermon was in the pulpit of Centenary Church. His last interview with preachers was at the St. Louis Preachers' Meeting, the next morning. It may serve as a parting word to all preachers. It contains a sentiment which was radical in the rule of his own ministry, and was the burden of Episcopal charge in all Conferences—the power of the Church located in its piety:

The Preachers' Association in this City will not forget Bishop Marvin's last appearance among them and the earnest words which he delivered. The condition and needs of the Church in St. Louis was the special subject considered in our meeting. The feeling was general that Methodism had accomplished but little, comparatively, in the city for several years. The Church was not delivering the power that she ought to deliver. The Bishop had returned that morning from Kirkwood. Sunday had been a day of hard work for him, preaching at Centenary Church in the morning and at Kirkwood at 3 P. M. The chill which was the beginning of his last illness came on him while preaching at Kirkwood. We observed his feeble condition when he came to the Association Monday morning. But he spoke with great earnestness upon the subject of discussion for the occasion. "Methodism," he said, "had its birth in a great spiritual awakening, a revival of religion. In the spirit of that revival it had gone forth, its special mission to spread scriptural holiness. All the machinery of the Methodist Church was adjusted to this revival work, and the spirit of the grace of God alone could make its machinery efficient. The Methodist Church is unsectarian. She seeks spiritual holiness. She does not bind her members by any cords of prejudice, exclusive views in doctrine, exclusiveness in ordinances, apostolical succession, an imposing ritual, or any of those things which may foster Church pride and make people zealous sectarians. When spiritual life begins to fail in the Methodist Church she loses the very power which preserves her as a Church. Other communions become more inviting both to ministers and members." "We need," the Bishop said, "a revival of discipline. We have to begin at the house of God to restore the spiritual power of the Church by lopping off the dead branches. The Church has grown formal, fashionable and worldly."

The Missouri was the first Conferénce held by Bishop Marvin, in 1867, after his return from the South. It was on his last Plan of Visitation, held at Fulton, September 12, 1877. Much of this Volume records his labors in its bounds, the first and among the very last in his wonderful career and glorious ministry. In the intervening ten years between his first and last Presidency in the Conference, he had been present at nearly all of its sessions and very largely among its pastoral fields. The numerous occasions noted in these pages are not an hundredth part of them. He had doubled on the track of all his former itinerancy and renewed the earlier associations of his personal friendships and ministerial companionship. In his Life of Caples, that reference is prominent and cherished in his notice of his old Conference. He is living over again the former days. He is again in Conference session with his brethren of the olden time. Caples is still in the pulpit, grand and radiant, as when he had looked upon him aforetime on the Sunday night of the session, there in the magnetism of his person and the grandeur of his popularity and power; as he pictures him, looking down upon the vast throng crowding the whole space within the walls, his right hand extended forward, the palm downward, the fingers at a slight curve, and "the words of this life" flowing from his lips. The admiring view painted it on his memory, how sentence after sentence the thought deepens, feeling becomes more intense, tears flow, shouts ascend, and every preacher there feels it would be an honor too great to be allowed to preach Christ on the most miserable mission in the State. So felt all under his sermons—none more admiring, more moved, more joyful in the triumph of that pulpit, than Marvin. "The greatest preacher in Missouri; his rank would have been with the first class anywhere on the Continent.'' I say it without qualification, was Marvin's thought and word of testimony; Caples would have said, as he thought, the same of Marvin.

In the memory of the re-unions of Conference-week, Caples is the central figure—the charm of his presence, the flash of his eye, the resonance of his voice in the pulpit and the ring of his laugh in the social coterie, the long night-talks and unreserved confidences. Their reciprocal love is in the words of the survivor: "He was my friend. I record it with gratitude The writing of his life is a labor of love.'' On his first appearance, in 1867, in the chair of its President, every heart in the Conference connected the living Marvin with the dead Caples—his presence, the link of a riven chain. The Conference had put them forward as leaders and leaned upon them as pillars of its strength. Looking upon the standing column the thought of the Conference turned to the broken shaft. To request of Conference resolution to write the life of Caples, it is the reply of Marvin: "His name ought to survive the present generation of Methodists in Missouri. I desire to be his voice, now that he is dead, in order that he may 'still speak.' ''

The book is a life history of the dead and a heart-history of the living man. Than the picture on its pages, there is on no page of biography a more beautiful and noble companionship. Superior both by nature and grace to the littleness of personal rivalry, they had been to each other as David and Jonathan. There was in neither the evil eye of envy. The severed link of companionship is welded. Let this page unite their names on earth in a common memory and on the same tablet of love and fame. Caples has told of their first meeting at the Peery Camp-ground; Marvin, of the final parting. He was pastor at Centenary Church in St. Louis and Caples not far away in the same city, a chaplain to Southern soldiers, and in prison with them. Released on parole his steps sought Marvin. The night was spent together. "Our hearts," wrote Marvin "were full. We had many things to talk of and were little disposed to sleep. The clock struck one, two, three; and we had not thought of repose. I never saw him in a better mood. The next morning we walked together down Olive street to Sixth and parted. I never saw him again. Our hearts had been fused and flowed together yet more perfectly than before in that last meeting. From that day we went our several ways. They diverged and we met no more. I scarcely ever think of him but that I recall that last walk and the parting on the corner of the street. Through infinite, saving mercy I hope to walk with him again along the streets of another city."

Never was there a more marked memorial service at any Conference than at Mexico, in 1872. It was Bishop Pierce's Conference, but Marvin was Chaplain. There were five remarkable names on the roll of the dead, and all in peculiar relation to him. The youngest, D. C. Blackwell, was of the number of the first Missionary band he had sent out to the mountains of Montana. With broken health he had returned to his Missouri home to die. P. M. Pinckard had located under stress of cares two years before, but was honored with place in the memorial records of the Conference for the twenty-six years of service in the itinerant ranks and in high places of trust and responsibility. They had been close personal friends—when he went South his family was committed to Pinckard's care, and in their earlier ministry neighbors, respectively, at Hydesburg Circuit and Hannibal Station, and co-laborers in the educational work of the Conference, agents for St. Charles College and Central. The year had been the death-harvest among the old men. Horace Brown was held in honor as a defender of the faith, his life protracted to the age of seventy-three, and to the fifty-third of his itinerant ministry. George Smith had been the friend of the boy-preacher on Grundy Mission. Two weeks before the session he had received a special message to attend, with assurance of special care in his feebleness; his reply—"I expect before it assembles to go to the great Conference above." So it happened; gathered to the fathers in his seventy-second year and the fortieth of his itinerancy.

There was another, the chief name—Andrew Monroe, the patriarch of the Conference. Caples he loved; above all men, he venerated Monroe, chosen above all men to present him for ordination as Bishop and lay reverent hands upon his head.

The writing of the life of Monroe, at the request of the Conference, was in part Marvin's unfinished work—intended to appear at large in the history of Methodism in Missouri, which, during the Semi-Centenary Commemoration at St. Louis, at request of Trusten Polk and John Hogan and many others, he had consented to undertake. It was sketched in the sermon. The surpassing grandeur of Christian character and eventful ministerial history gave the life interest beyond the bounds of a Conference and raised it to the dignity of connectional importance. Its origin was traced to the fecundity of maternal piety. It began at the home of a poor widow in Virginia, who raised eleven sons and gave four to the ministry, whose combined years of ministerial service mostly in the itinerancy numbered over two centuries. His Conference life was a connecting link with the first generation of American Methodism. Bishop Asbury presided when he was admitted on trial. Coke had just died. Jesse Lee, the Apostle of New England Methodism, was still living, and Freeborn Garretson, who was admitted on trial, in 1776, at the third Methodist Conference held on the continent—then only fourteen traveling preachers and about five thousand members. In the person of a few survivors, his ministry was contemporary with men who planted the handful of corn on the tops of the mountains, the harvest of which he lived to see filling the land. "What hath God wrought?" was a common exclamation on the lips of Monroe. When he joined Conference there were only nine, including the two Canadas; now, perhaps, not less than two hundred; then, with 695 traveling preachers and 171,931 white and 42,304 colored members; and now, in the various branches of Methodism, more than two millions of communicants, and about fifteen thousand traveling and thirty thousand local preachers.

His history connects him with the chief men of the Church in the heroic days of pioneer Methodism in the West, and with the times of the present glory. He was a traveling companion of McKendree and a chosen and trusted adviser of Roberts and Soule. He has voted for admission on trial of four Methodist Bishops—Morris, Paine, Kavanaugh and Marvin. His ministry reached through fifty-six years, and his itinerant travel has traversed territory now covered by four States. He traveled in Kentucky, when it was in the Ohio Conference and when it was attached to the Tennessee. When he crossed the Mississippi, there were only two districts, one each for Missouri and Arkansas, with an entire membership in Missouri of 2,471 whites and 42 colored. When he died he was the only survivor of the Kentucky preachers when he joined them, and of the twenty-one composing the Missouri Conference at its organization in 1824.

He was well fitted for his calling and career. He had an iron constitution, and a clear and strong intellect. He combined wise counsel and executive force. In social life he was a gentleman. Courageous as a lion and as gentle as a child; always candid and always kind; positive, but not rash; in the prime of his pulpit a powerful preacher; his Christian and ministerial character indexed in his history—the portraiture of Bishop Whatcoat, a good likeness of Monroe: "So deeply serious! Who ever saw him trifling or light? Who ever heard him speak evil of any person? Nay, who ever heard him utter an idle word! Dead to envy, pride, and praise. Sober without sadness, cheerful without levity, careful without covetousness, and decent without pride. He died not possessed of property sufficient to have paid the expenses of his sickness and funeral if a charge had been made, so dead was he to the world!"

He has represented his Conference in every General Conference except one since 1824, and his name was known and honored throughout the Connection. In Missouri, most of the preachers have entered the Conference under his eye and many have enjoyed his training. When Bishop Marvin, absent in Texas, heard of his death, he exclaimed: "Think of a session of the Missouri Conference marked by the absence of our Father in God! The vacancy itself will be a sermon of most subduing power." He ended as he began his ministry in the spirit and labors of a missionary. Appointments for a coming month had just been put in type in the same paper which contained the telegram announcing—"Andrew Monroe is dead." It was a last and best love of his sons in the Gospel, that, making him the care of the whole Conference, they kept him in the field in honor of his dearest wish—

"His body with his charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

The plans and love of work for Christ were on his heart in its last pulse. Nolan prayed at his death-bed. Bourland reports it. The last song of the Church sounding in his ear was "Rock of Ages;" the last Scripture on his lips, "The Lord is *my* Shepherd;" his last charge: "Tell the brethren to stand up for the integrity of Methodism. Upon you younger men devolves the responsibility of caring for the Church. Be faithful!"

At the memorial service on Monday of the session many had brought their offerings for the embalmment at a great Conference-grave—to represent the wounded heart of all, Bishop Marvin took the pulpit at eleven o'clock. In his sermon, embracing the names of the youthful warrior and the veteran soldier, there was a sublime sweep over the line of a finished course, and a grandly pronounced "Well done," on earth as in Heaven. The Conference sacrament followed—in communion with saints of all ages, the living and the dead; and with the Lord, in freshened love and in fidelity vowed anew.

The roll of the dead was often called in his old Conference. In the death-divided Conference since 1824, there are fewer on this side than on the other shore. Only about one-third of the number at the time he joined it were left when he was transferred to the Conference above. In the power of realizing faith and in the simplicity of heavenly-mindedness, the dead prophets were still present, hovering over their assemblies. So he writes of it. The Conference love was not buried in the tomb. It was carried to the skies and brought them back to earth and made them to the after-comers warders at the gate of Heaven. In the book he wrote at the request of the Conference—its memorial of Caples—he wrote: "Will he not meet us at the bank, on the other side, when we cross the river? Will he not lead us through the gates into the city? Will he not guide us in the unknown pathway and conduct us into the presence chamber of the King?"

There is a page which records the names of the fathers; some living then, all gone now. It has since become a great Conference tombstone—Monroe, the father of us all; Caples, the great, gifted, young man, the leader of the host; Smith, who preached Methodist doctrine like Watson's Institutes; Brown, with sermons on any topic, conclusive and exhaustive, a censor, but respected; the modest

Jordan, too modest to become a leader as he might have been; Ashby, whose face was a sermon; the long dead prophets, Greene and Bewley and Redman and Lannius and Patton, and many others whose names are written in reverent memory, and of whom he wrote:

> A noble company will be there from the old Missouri Conference. May we all follow them as they followed Christ! May we join them in that day when the "Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God."
>
> "Lo! it comes, that day of wonder;
> Louder chorals shake the skies;
> Hades gates are burst asunder;
> See! the new-clothed myriads rise.
>
> Thought, repress thy weak endeavor,
> Here must reason prostrate fall;
> O, the ineffable *forever*,
> And the eternal ALL IN ALL."

That page will be read with an added interest now that the hand which wrote it is folded on a still bosom. It concludes with a remarkable testimony, and, in its connections, a valedictory prayer:

"I do not believe that there has ever been a body of men associated the same length of time with less friction than the Missouri Conference. I doubt if the Primitive Church offers anything that excels it. May this harmony ever continue. May there arise no vain men, with little personal ambitions to gratify, to be firebrands here. LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE."

There was no Conference he cherished so fondly as the Missouri—in its bounds his birth-place, and the nativity of his soul, and the training ground of his ministry. There he took his start and always turned his steps to its sessions when he could. At the last presence he was the Marvin of the former time, taking the brethren to his bosom and joining in their tears and shouts. The reciprocal love had expression at the General Conference Marvin Memorial.* "C. I.

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* Gen. Conf. Daily, May 18, 1878.

Vandeventer (cler. Missouri Conference) said: Mr. President, I can hardly trust myself to speak a word in this connection, and yet I cannot get my consent to let the occasion pass without at least saying that Brother Marvin (as we were in Missouri inclined to the last to call him) was the friend of my ministerial youth, as well as my riper years; and I may say with Dr. Rush, that I truly loved him, as I have seldom, if ever, loved any other man. His life was, in a peculiar sense, a Missouri heritage, and we shall cherish his precious memory in all the years to come. The recollection of his visit to the last session of our Annual Conference is green in our memory to-day. Worn with too many official cares, and too constant consideration of them, and pressed down with accompanying sorrow in the death of an only brother, the strong man was bathed in tears, and his trembling voice, while he announced our appointments, was almost inaudible with deep emotion and the general sobs of the vast multitude of his brethren and friends who were present on that day. But we humbly hope to meet him where tears and death shall never enter."

The first Conference he ever held was the Indian Mission. It was on the Plan of his last round—reported by Rev. Young Ewing:

> Nor shall I ever forget his appearance at our Conference held last year at String-Town, in the Choctaw Nation. He had just returned from his long trip around the world. His countenance seemed to glow and catch on fire, as he told us of Jerusalem, the Garden, and of Mount Olivet. He spoke of his brother's death on Sabbath morning, and said, "The first thought this morning, upon looking out upon the holy light of the day, was, this is my brother's first Sunday in Heaven."
>
> There was seemingly a celestial light in his eye, a holy radiance beaming upon his countenance. On Sabbath night, after one of our preachers had preached from the text, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst, but it shall be in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life," the Bishop seemed to be deeply moved and sang—
>
> "My latest sun is sinking fast;
> My race is almost run;
> My strongest trials now are past
> My triumph is begun."

—with the chorus,

> "O, Come! Angel band,
> Come and around me stand;
> O, bear me away on your snowy wings,
> To my immortal home."

He sang the entire hymn. The effect was overwhelming.

My last interview with Bishop Marvin was at the grave of my long-tried and true friend, the Rev. John Harrell. It occurred the day after the adjournment of our Conference. We spent the night and part of the day at the Asbury Manual Labor School in the Creek Nation. Before preaching in the morning, we went to the last resting-place of Brother Harrell, and there we talked of God and Heaven till we were filled with the comforts of religion.

That day he preached, I think, in many respects the most searching Gospel sermon I ever heard—that day, that sermon will never be forgotten.

Soon after the close of that service I parted with Bishop Marvin—to see him no more till we meet in the "Sweet by and by." Never shall I look upon his like again.

His last Conference was held at Independence, in October—the Southwest Missouri. It has been supposed that there were premonitions of his end. At least, all along in this last round of Conferences, it is apparent that, with end of labors, grace was maturing for end of days. "It is often the case," he has said, "that Christ becomes more and more to a man as he nears death." He had been in Conference session at the same place just twenty years before—then, in the Sunday night sermon his soul in rapture and his preaching in power. On that night the memories of Grundy Mission were upon him. They were recalled by the presence of Dryden at the session in 1877. On a former page is a testimony in personal religious experience given at that Conference, which was as old as when he was converted at the chair in McConnell's house, and still clear and bright—"I know that God is mine and I am His." The same pen adds:

I first met him when he presided over the St. Louis Conference which met in Kansas City, Mo., in the Fall of 1867. Since that time I have heard him preach at College Commencements, at Annual and at General Conferences—in all of which there was manifest vigorous thought, grasp of intellect and spiritual power. I had the pleasure of hearing him twice, on his last round of Conferences—once in Fulton, before the Missouri Conference and once in Independence before the Southwest Missouri Conference, when his spiritual power was not only manifest and impressive, but overwhelming, These sermons impressed me with the conviction that during his journey around the world he wonderfully grew spiritually, and came back in the enjoyment of uninterrupted communion with the Father. He had "grown in grace" and his utterances from the pulpit were "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He seemed to me to be prepared for efficient service on earth or for the raptures of the heavenly state.

The last was the fifth Conference in five successive weeks —beginning in the last of August with the Western Conference at Atchison.

"I know not another Assembly," said his Episcopal Colleague who preached the funeral discourse, "the presidency over which is so exhausting as an Annual Conference." He added: "Five Conferences in five weeks. Too much, even for a strong man. At the close of this tour his nervous system was prostrate." His colleagues had appointed intervals of rest in the midst of the sessions, but brethren desired a change and he consented, "unselfishly but unwisely," it is said. Nevertheless, after the adjournment of the Conferences, within the remnant days of his life—less than two months—he has entered upon work for the further endowment of Central College, prepared his Book of Travels for the printer, and committing himself to appointments for Church dedication and District Conferences. His little care of himself can scarcely be criticised as rashness. It will be admired in its promptings—"as much as in me lies," the temper of his mind, in the vows of his ordination and in the scope of his consecration, of which he professed, "if there was anything pertaining to him which had not been consecrated to God, he prayed to know what it was, that he might lay it also on the altar." There was no self-denial from which he shrank. There was no undertaking so large at which he faltered; and none so small that he did not perform it with his might. His last great Connectional work took him around the world; in his last week, he made an engagement to visit the Orphan's Home and talk to the children—the one Christ-like; the other Christ-driven.

Mr. Martin, of Halifax, furnishes a letter received by him from Bishop Marvin, covering the time from his departure from the shores of Old England to the day of its date, in the last month of his life. It is a window opened into his mind and temper during his last days.

2719 LUCAS AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO., Nov. 8th, 1877.

REV. RICHARD MARTIN:

Dear Brother:—I have been intending to write you ever since I got home, but have been so full of work, that I have allowed myself to put it off from time to time until I really feel quite surprised at myself. An accumulation of pressing duties awaited me upon my arrival here which I shall not fully dispose of for some time, inasmuch as the regular official calls I have to respond to furnish me pretty full employment, leaving but little time for such as are special; so that when I get behind I find it difficult to overtake my work. But I have thought of your kindness a thousand times and always with a glow of grateful feeling. To yourself and Dr. Jobson, more than any others, I am indebted for the pleasure of my Bristol experiences.

We made an unusually quick voyage to Queenstown, so that I reached home two days sooner than my wife expected me. However, I had sent her a telegram from New York, so that she had two days' warning. I had left home August 21st, 1876, and arrived August 21st, 1877, a year to a day. The first word, after the greeting from my wife, was: "I was afraid you would get home yesterday. That would have spoiled the year."

There had not been a day's sickness of a single member of my family since I had parted with them; no occasion for the visit of a physician. Nothing untoward had happened to me. How many mercies have I to inspire my gratitude! I am receiving the *Watchman* regularly, and have also received a copy of the Minutes, for which I know I am indebted to you, inasmuch as it was post marked, "Halifax, England." Thanks!

Are you receiving the *Southern Review*? I gave your name and address at the first opportunity to one of the regular agents, and take it for granted that all is right; but would like to know from yourself. Please write me at once. I hope to see you in America at an early day. Where is Brother Lockwood, the author of The Life of Bohler? Will you write to him and enquire if he has any objection to my republishing it here?

Your Friend and Brother,

E. M. MARVIN.

With Central College endowment already begun, and the unwritten History of Methodism in Missouri yet before him, and the Life of Bishop Andrew to be taken up at once, so soon as the reprint of Letters of Missionary Travel in Heathendom was off his hands, and which was in his hands on his death-bed; still, he is projecting the reprint of Bohler's life, at the risk of its cost and at the expense of a superadded burden. It must needs be that such a man shall die in the midst of unfinished work. The reflection was on his own pen, as he walked through the art galleries in Italy: "There are many pieces by Michael Angelo *unfinished*, though he died at an advanced age. *Unfinished!* Does any man accomplish all his expectations? Does not every one die in the midst of unrealized ideas?" It was true of the great ecclesiastic, as of the great painter—while the Church of his own country and Christians in all lands were in expectation from his maturest wisdom and best skill, the workman dies. Their hope and his own plans, projected on the future, were large. Correspondingly, it was subject of instant solicitude and eager inquiry, who might take up the work which fell from his dying hand. As yet, the vacancy in the College of Bishops is unfilled. It has been remarked of the late General Conference, how universal the impression that no man stood out in manifest designation, as Marvin's successor—its interpretation, perhaps, that, in the divine thought, his history shall stand out in marked separateness, for the instruction of his generation, as the grand embodiment and exponent, it was, of the principles and polity of primitive Methodism, and of Apostolic zeal which Methodism revived; in his successorship, that it falls not to one, but to many. His unfinished work exists in large outline—what he accomplished and left to be accomplished. Besides and rather than the incomplete picture on the easel in the studio, it was the "unfinished column" he saw at Jerusalem, the Titanic achievement of Phœnician architects, hewed out of the rock and its fellows supporting the area of Solomon's Temple. "If he had lived," it is the thought of one, "would he not have been our Apostle of Foreign Missions?" Equally suggestive it is, that in his last Episcopal tour, at the Western Conference, he is seen with his eye and heart on the vast Home Mission field. His mantle is large, to fall not on one pair of shoulders, but to cover the whole body of preachers and the entire Church—in true and best succession, the laborers who shall cultivate the handful of corn he planted on the top of the mountains in one hemisphere; and in the other, the Church which shall heed his call to the grand emprise of the recovery of the purchased inheritance of the Son of God, which he measured and mapped out in the latest travel of his itinerant ministry.

Bishop Marvin died November 26, 1877. The following is the account of his last sickness from the pen of his personal friend and family physician, Dr. S. T. Newman:

As for twenty years previous to his death I had been the family physician of Bishop E. M. Marvin, except during the civil war, before speaking of his last illness, it may be interesting to his friends to learn something of the state of his health during the twenty years referred to; especially, as this includes the most important and useful part of his life.

From 1856, at which time my acquaintance with him began, to 1877 he was seldom sick enough to require his remaining indoors more than a day or two at a time. Though apparently very feeble, he enjoyed a fair degree of health, and labored with unremitting energy. He had, however, evidently inherited a tuberculous diathesis, as was abundantly revealed by a *post mortem* examination, and but for his indomitable will and energy he doubtless would have succumbed years ago.

In 1858 he had a severe attack of pleurisy, which caused me much uneasiness, but from which in due time he recovered, not, however, without having the functions of the lungs more or less impaired, because of their attachment to the walls of the chest, subjecting him ever after to some inconvenience when taking active exercise.

In 1862 he went South, and for four years remained in the Confederate army, preaching to the soldiers and attending upon the sick and wounded. While in the army he suffered much from an ulcer of the cornea, which at one time threatened the destruction of the eye. Under the care of Dr. McPheeters, also from St. Louis, his eye was saved, but with a habit of squinting or closing the affected eye, as if to give relief from some unpleasant sensation.

In 1870 or 1871, he had another severe attack of illness, involving his lungs, from which he soon recovered, but, perhaps, with further impairment of lung function.

On Sunday, November 18th, he had conducted three or four different services. Sometime in the night he had a slight chill. But in the morning he was well enough to return to the city. In the forenoon he attended the Preachers' Meeting, and spent a part of the day in writing, and such was his uncomplaining nature, that he did not even mention to his family his indisposition at Kirkwood the previous day.

On Tuesday he appeared to be in his usual health, and was actively employed during the day—writing the last chapter of his Travels. But in the early part of the evening he had a severe chill, which lasted during the greater part of the night. Such was his self-abnegation that medical aid was not invoked, until Wednesday morning, when I was sent for. I found him very seriously ill, and suffering with excruciating pain from pleurisy. The severity of the pain was soon greatly mitigated by a quarter of a grain of morphine, administered hypodermically. I directed that he should be kept perfectly quiet and that he should see no company. But with the cessation of pain returned his desire for work and at a subsequent visit I learned that he had a long interview with the publisher of his Travels, hearing read and correcting proof and talking about the book which was to appear in a few days. I expressed disapprobation at this. He said he thought it had not injured him, but that it should not be repeated.

The next day, as he seemed not to be getting on in a satisfactory manner, I proposed to the family a consultation. Two physicians were sent for, one of whom continued in attendance with me during his illness. Notwithstanding our unremitting attention, the disease continued to advance, and the lungs became seriously involved.

On Sunday night I visited him at 10½ o'clock, and again at 2 o'clock, with two other physicians. At this time his respiration was rapid and difficult, and he said to me that he thought I had reason to be alarmed. The circulation of the blood through his lungs became much impeded, so as to embarrass the action of the heart, preventing it from fully emptying its cavities, which gave rise to thrambosis, or heart clot, resulting in death at four o'clock—much sooner than was expected. Professor Flint, of New York, says that in pneumonia thrambosis is often the immediate cause of death.

Thus terminated the life of a great and good man.

If known, his sickness would have brought a multitude of callers, and he would have had some to come to his room which was forbidden and forestalled by little mention of his illness. It was a shock to the St. Louis community, not less than on the shores of both oceans and from the lakes to the Gulf in the telegraphic announcement—"Bishop Marvin is dead." So little expected a near end or a fatal sickness, that his household, except his wife, had retired for rest, leaving her with two young brethren, as watchers. The family are aroused. His wife has come to the bedside to administer medicine at the stated hour. He does not respond. In fifteen minutes it is all over—he is with Christ. The history is in the words of his son, taken from a private letter, of date the first anniversary of that sad November day: "I have been thinking of him much for two weeks past. I go over in my mind each day of his sickness. The involuntary groan is in my ear. The sad, patient eyes are turned upon me. I see his features distorted as he *labors* for breath. At last the short respirations show that his pain is gone, but it is because his life is going out. He cannot speak. He cannot move his hand. He cannot move his lips. He cannot move his eyes. The intervals between his breathings grow longer. The breathings grow softer—and softer—they cease. And death, all unexpected, throws his shadow over our home."

So much abroad, it seems to have been an abiding fear at his home that he might die among strangers. In all his wide travels, there happened to him only one perilous accident. It was related by him to Rev. J. P. Nolan, and in a singular connection of an incident of his boyhood with his death—at home:*

Two weeks and two days before he died I was with him in Carrolton, Mo., when he told me of an accident with him at night beyond Grafton three years ago this Spring, on the B. & O. R. R. As he felt his coach—a

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* The incident, perhaps, is alluded to in the following note made at Calcutta: "To return to wheeled vehicles. There is no want of variety. In some parts of the country the cart has only a truck wheel, sawed off from the end of a log, a hole being made through the centre for the axle. Such were sometimes used in Missouri in the early settlement of the country. I came near losing my life when a boy by being run over by one. It flattened me out well."—Book of Travels, pp. 265-6.

Pullman—going down the embankment, his *first thought* was, "Don't fear, Enoch! you'll die in your bed at home yet,"—and he realised no fear, and crawled out of the wreck with the slightest damage. This interjected language, he said, had followed him from his childhood. When a small boy he had a narrow escape for his life. Shortly after he sat on his mother's lap, as she told the story of his rescue to an old lady friend visiting the family, who, looking straight at him, said: "Don't fear, Enoch! you'll die in your bed at home yet!" Somehow, said the Bishop, these words had been a comfort to him.

Now connect them with the fact that an hour after he died, his weeping wife met the first coming friend at the door with the saying: "Wasn't God good to me?—*he died at home.*"

The next Sabbath after his visit to Carrolton and the last of his public ministry, he is at St. Louis, in the pulpit at Centenary—the sermon preached when, as it turned out, the finger of death had touched him. So it seemed, indeed, to an auditor, the son of Jacob Lannius, his Presiding Elder when he was at Hannibal Station and Monticello Circuit. It is related by the pastor, Dr. Tudor: "I heard of course his last sermon at Centenary. The text was Rev. xxii. 14: 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the City.' The sermon was labored and unlike himself. At the close of service, Bro. Lannius came up to me, and said in effect, 'Something is the matter with Bishop Marvin. I never heard him so incoherent—is not his work done?' I thought during the discourse that he seemed to be laboring under mental fatigue, or was embarrassed by being compelled to time himself to a brief sermon so as to make the train for Kirkwood at 1 o'olock p. m."

With desire, no doubt, he dedicated the beautiful chapel at Kirkwood that afternoon—Boyle Chapel, its name. The Boyle-Marvin friendship was as old as 1844 and strong at the last. There is before the writer, in photograph, a group—Marvin, Boyle and Clinton in sitting posture at a table, and Morris standing in the midst. The sweet-spirited and gifted Clinton left the pulpit at First Church to go home to Mississippi, to die—in the last month of 1870 and the last of his life, his message to his old charge: "Watching and waiting! Waiting for the call, either way; the call to labor or the call to rest." The only survivor of the group has written of Marvin in these pages, and said of Boyle, at his bier, resting on the same spot where thousands looked on Marvin's dead face, and in the hearing of a like multitude assembled within the walls of Centenary Church:

> I have had every opportunity to know him, and I think I knew him well. He was a perfect gentleman, a pleasant friend, an humble Christian, an affectionate and faithful pastor, to the rich and to the poor, to the sick and afflicted, and he was an eminent and successful preacher of the Gospel of Christ. Take him in all things, I never knew any one better qualified for the work of the ministry. He sang well, and was singularly gifted in prayer. I have heard him preach very often, and on all manner of occasions, have heard him preach magnificent sermons, but never a poor one in my life.
>
> But why should I multiply words? Joseph Boyle! We shall hear his voice no more, nor see his face again in this world, but I know that his name will linger in a thousand hearts, sweet and pure as the breath of morning flowers, and in the day of God, and at the great gathering of the Saints on the hills of Heaven, thousands, who heard him preach the Gospel, will rise up and call him blessed.
>
> No minister of the Gospel in Missouri was ever more generally known, none more respected, none more beloved, none more trusted, and surely none ever died more honored or more lamented.
>
> It was truly said by Brother Finney, "We are all mourners to-day." Not only the wife and children of our brother, but the ministers of the Gospel and all of God's people are weeping to-day.

Dr. Boyle had been forbidden by his physician to preach for more than a year. That was a cloud on his spirit—his prayer, he often said, that he might not survive the day of strength for effective work. What that meant is in the recent words of the venerable Senior Bishop: "I cannot describe to you my feelings when the physician ordered me to cease preaching and to rest henceforth from all labor. It overwhelmed me to think that I should do nothing any more to make the world better in which I lived." Dr. Boyle was as gleeful as a child when it was permitted him to make the preaching tour in Central Missouri, in the course of which he died. He had his wish—a sudden death and in the midst of labors. Aroused by his groan in the middle of the night, and absent for a moment to call help, his wife returned to the room to see him in a last gasp—the chariot of God sweeping down upon him. His instructed foot stepped on and he was off to Glory. These two friends were alike in death. Of the same felicity to Bishop Marvin, Bishop McTyeire spoke: "He was at his prime—never so useful, so widely known, and so much beloved; and just then suddenly removed. Do you exclaim, Mysterious Providence! It is something for the Church to have a clear impression of Christian and ministerial excellence, in which the ideal and the real nearly approach each other—a picture to be hung up in the heart of the people. Old age hath its infirmities, and sometimes the blunders of later life mar the work that was done before. By quick and sudden movement the seal is taken up, and the clear-cut lines and outlines are left without a blur. We like pictures of our friends taken when in health and in their best condition. So will the Church think of Bishop Marvin, and look up to that standard, long after the days of her mourning are ended." Bishop Marvin said for himself that he craved—his wish granted—"*to die in the rush of victorious battle.*"

The Thursday following his death was Thanksgiving day—the sermon to be preached by him. The pulpit was occupied by Bishop McTyeire, pronouncing the funeral discourse over his bier. There was a great mourning—in it, an undertone of feeling expressed in Wesley Browning's eucharistic prayer and in the sentiment uttered by the Senior Bishop: "Thank God that he loaned him to us." Never was there a more elevated sorrow. The Church glorified God in him. Never more widely, never more poignantly, a personal grief, but not selfish. It dismissed the servant to a gainful death. In a note to his physician, Cotton Mather wrote: "My last enemy is come: I should say rather, my best friend,'' The word of a nation at the grave of its Great Captain was in the heart of the Militant Church that day—

> "Peace! Christian Warrior, Peace!
> The calm rest of the Just."

This Biography is ended—not his career, it must be written, if his own thought of Life shall be taken. It goes on. The massive granite in the City of the Dead transmits his name. In his history, enduring monuments ensure posthumous reputation to distant generations. *He* located his immortality beyond, not below the skies—that of earth, "the airy shadow of an imperishable name,'' he said, and wrote: "How grand is the Christian conception in contrast to this! To us the living soul is everything, a living name nothing. To live with God and in the company of Holy Angels is a fact; to live in fame is the most miserable fiction. We stand on the boundary of a world more real than this. Death but introduces us into life.'' In these pages only the introduction to his history has been written. Its following chapters are in his own words of faith and hope—"moving forward upon a magnificent course of destiny, pursuing plans and working upon methods that will require eternity for their consummation, and be great among the grandeurs of the City of God.'' In a diary-entry, the second to the last, written a few days before his death, Lord Macaulay wrote of his end: "Impatient to get to my little narrow crib, like a weary factory child.'' In the last month of life, on a visit to his brother's grave, at his last sacramental board, with the emblems of redemption in his hands, in holy rapture, eyes uplifted and arms stretched forth, this the utterance of Bishop Marvin—

"O, THE MANSIONS! THE MANSIONS! THEY APPEAR IN SIGHT!"

IN MEMORIAM

*THE BURIAL.

AS soon as the death of Bishop Marvin was known, the Church in St. Louis delicately requested of the family the privilege of burying their beloved Chief Pastor and of directing the funeral obsequies—the saddest ever held in the great city. They took place on Thursday, November 29th, 1877, in the Centenary Church, corner of Sixteenth and Pine streets.

It was Thanksgiving Day. By request of the Preachers' Meeting, Bishop Marvin had consented to preach the sermon in that house, and at the hour in which his colleague pronounced the funeral oration over his remains.

The large audience room was heavily draped in mourning. Around the pulpit and along the aisles, the hand of love had placed the emblems of as generous sorrow as had ever filled the heart of the Church. From the chancel and altar, from pulpit and pew, the House of God seemed to voice forth its sympathy to mingle with that of the vast multitude, who, on that day, wept over the fallen Chieftain.

The casket was placed before the chancel early in the morning, and multitudes of people of all classes of society passed before it in procession to look for the last time upon the face of the beloved Bishop. The features were

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* The Rev. Dr. J. W. Lewis, it is known, held intimate personal relations to Bishop Marvin and at the time of his death was the Presiding Elder of the District and became the President of the "Marvin-Memorial Association." Appropriately, from his pen the reader is furnished an account of the burial and erection of Monument and Home.

most natural, and indicated the calmness with which the spirit had taken its departure. The great arm-chair of the pulpit stood in the chancel—vacant; on it the letter "M" traced with immortelles, and on the wall over the pulpit, in floral letters—"Rest."

All the Southern Methodist Churches were represented in the imposing ceremonies by their respective Official Boards, attending in a body and entering the Church preceded by their Pastors. Ministers from the adjoining Conferences had come to join in the sad memorial. A large number of the pastors of the Protestant Churches in the city were in attendance—the large space in the chancel of the Church being filled by the body of the clergy. Laymen carried him to the burial. The services were simple and impressive. As the long procession of special mourners, at their head the widow, leaning on the arm of the Pastor of the family, Rev. Dr. J. G. Wilson, moved into the Church, the Choir rendered Chopin's Funeral March. Rev. J. W. Lewis then announced the hymn, commencing—

> "What though the arm of conquering death
> Does God's own house invade?"

Rev. Dr. T. M. Finney read the first lesson, the ninetieth Psalm; and the second was read by Rev. Dr. W. V. Tudor, the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. The Choir and the Congregation sang the Bishop's favorite song, "The Land of Beulah," preceding the funeral sermon by Bishop H. N. McTyeire, who had come for that special service from his home at Nashville, Tenn. The sermon has been widely published—the theme, "The Chosen Vessel," Acts ix. 15. It was a fitting utterance in doctrine, and a noble tribute to a great name and a great career. Rev. Dr. Kelley, of Nashville, was present as the official representative of the Board of Foreign Missions. He followed the reading of its resolutions of respect and condolence, with remarks in just estimate of a great life and character. The resolutions adopted by the Southern Methodist pastors of the city were then read by Rev. E. M. Bounds, and the Rev. J. E. Godbey announced the hymn—

"Thou art gone to the grave,
But we will not deplore thee."

The solemn service closed with prayer led by the venerable Wesley Browning—a remarkable prayer, which, apparently taking idea from the day of Thanksgiving, had also a heavenly inspiration and power in it, such as to cause many to hold their breath through fear of saying, until they should hear from others, what was in their minds, that it was the grandest utterances in worship they had ever heard fall from human lips.

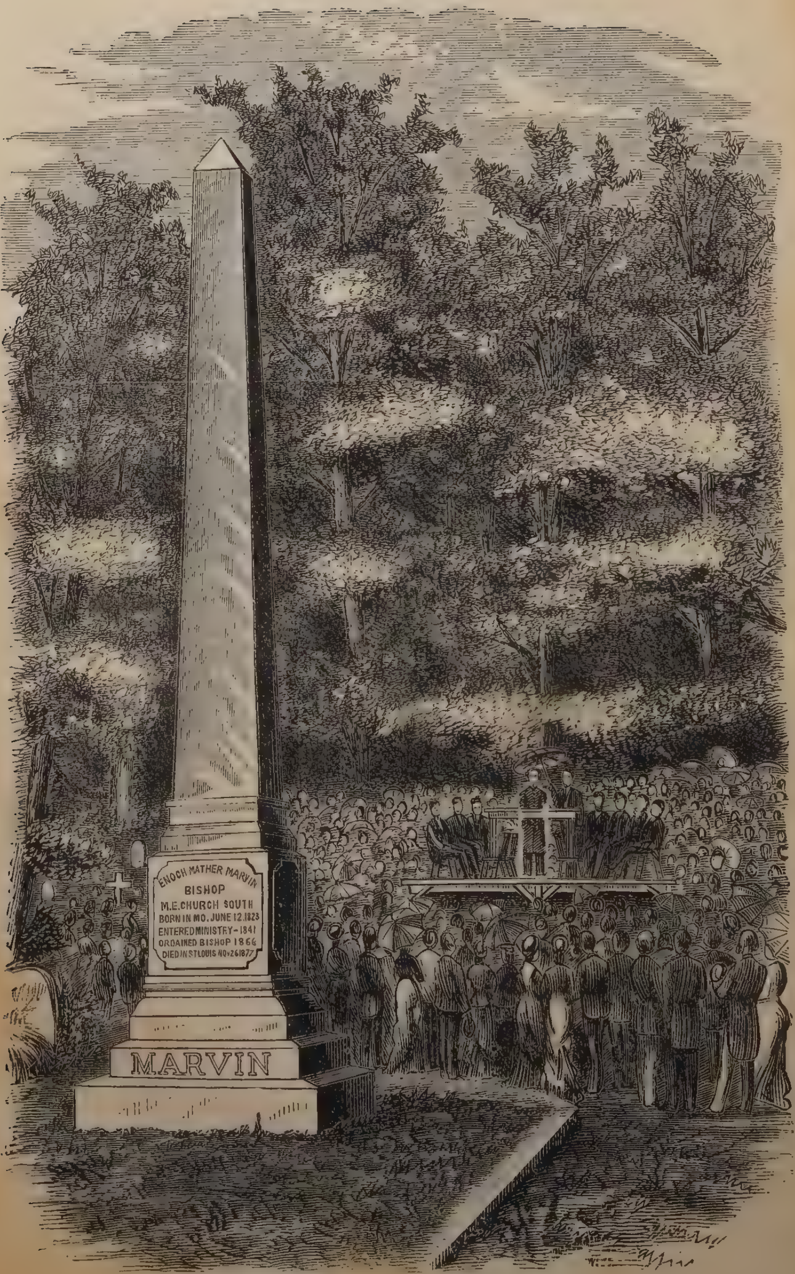
Beethoven's Funeral March on the organ was rendered while the bier was borne down the aisle, to be carried to the grave. At the Cemetery, Bishop McTyeire read the offices for the dead, and the benediction was pronounced by Wesley Browning. On the grave-mound was left in floral design, Cross, Crown, Harp.

"He hath given his beloved sleep." Calmer, nor safer, nor sweeter ever slept a babe upon the bosom of its mother, than now sleeps Enoch M. Marvin in the bosom of his native Missouri soil. There let him rest "till the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

At once, at the meeting for making arrangements for the funeral, the erection of a monument and building a house for his family were proposed. The measure was heartily adopted, and has been carried out under the auspices of the "Marvin Memorial Association," which was soon after organized. Its plan has been widely published. Properly, Missouri Methodism took a leading part; though the entire Connection was given and embraced the privilege to join in this fitting tribute of gratitude and testimonial of love.

The house was formally presented to Mrs. Marvin on the 9th day of June, 1879. The monument is a plain, massive, granite shaft. Upon its face, in raised letters, is the name, MARVIN. The disc bears simply inscription of the dates of his birth, entrance into the Ministry, election to the Episcopacy, death. It stands on a lot which two devoted and cherished friends requested the privilege to donate as the Machpelah of the family. It is located on the main avenue of the Cemetery, on a beautiful elevation, with a lovely frontage South and East. Near it is the grave of his old colleague and devoted friend, Joseph Boyle. Not far off Drummond sleeps. Around him, too, are the resting places of many private and official members of the churches he served, with whom he shall be "caught up to meet the Lord in the air."

On May 21st, 1879, the Monument was dedicated in the presence of a large company of ministers and members of the Church and friends. The dedicatory discourse, delivered by his Colleague, Bishop David S. Doggett, of Virginia, is presented in the following pages.



Dedication of the Marvin Monument,
Erected in Bellefontaine Cemetery, St. Louis, Mo., May 21st, 1879.

THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED IN BELLEFONTAINE CEMETERY, ST. LOUIS, MO., MAY 21ST, 1879, BY BISHOP DAVID S. DOGGETT, OF VIRGINIA.

FELLOW CHRISTIANS: We have assembled in this solemn repository of the dead, to perform a transaction replete with unusual significance. We have assembled to commemorate the character of a distinguished servant and representative of the Church of Christ, on the spot in which his body lies; and to commit to posterity, in a form as lasting as the earth itself, our appreciation of his worth.

In fulfilling this high behest, we embody the most cherished sentiments of humanity; we enshrine the loftiest convictions of Christian faith and fellowship; and we illustrate, in part, the inspired epitaph: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

In all ages, and amongst all nations, the affection and the reverence of the living for their virtuous and honored dead, have displayed themselves in a generous effort to rescue their names from oblivion, and to detain, for a time at least, the symbols and the semblance of their presence. The absence of their persons and the corruptibility of their bodies are sought to be compensated, in a measure, by memorials which shall, however imperfectly, reproduce their image to contemporaries, and transmit their fame to distant generations.

On this spontaneous and commendable effort, ingenuity has exerted its capacity for invention, and art has lavished its richest resources in execution. Even the savage has reared his funereal mound, in sorrow, and left the rude relics of his age to perpetuate the memory of his race. Heathen civilization has poured the wealth of its genius upon its sepulchral monuments. The banks of the Nile are scarcely more illustrious for their gorgeous temples, than for the grandeur of their tombs. Grecian and Roman culture, in the height of its splendour, rendered sculpture and architecture tributary to the virtues of departed statesmen and heroes. And Christian ideas, respecting the sainted dead, have labored to give expression to themselves, in every style of monumental device, from the simple memorial slab, the cenotaph, the sarcophagus, the column, the effigy, and the obelisk, to the costly mausoleum.

Nor is this universal custom to be lightly esteemed, or frigidly criticised. It is not the expression of a mere childish pang, nor of a sudden paroxysm of impotent grief. It is not the wail of animal instinct over a dying mate. It is not the ostentatious display of a fulsome egotism to celebrate the living at the expense of the dead. Whatever be its ceremony or its extravagance, it is, in reality, an exponent of those profound beliefs which emerge unconsciously from the depths of human nature, as God made it, how much soever they may have been smothered by its frightful dilapidation; and is prophetic of its destiny. It is the oracular voice within, which responds to the death-doom of the good and the great, without surrendering its claim to a perpetual connection with them. It is an attempt, though feeble, to supply the broken link of eternal unity, in that chain of common brotherhood, which binds together the great family of man. It is a generic force which refuses to submit to the gloomy destiny of an endless dissolution of its ties. It is an evidence of that mystic title to immortality which death cannot abolish, and of that reflex influence of the dead upon the living, which death cannot be permitted to destroy.

The Christian custom of depositing memorials, of inscribing emblematical designs, and of erecting sacred monuments over the graves of the pious dead, dates far back into the antiquities of the Church. It is a beautiful and affecting illustration of the doctrine of the indestructible communion of saints ; of the belief in the blissful survival of the soul ; of the hope of a glorious resurrection ; and of the felicities of the life to come. In its genuine simplicity, while it pays a righteous tribute to the memory of the good, it is invested with the moral sublimity of a silent but instructive apocalypse.

A Christian monument is the last visible representation of the dead. It is the last permanent signal which they make from their graves to the living. It is the expressive appendix which the hands of admiring survivors add to the real autobiography of exalted excellence. It is symbolical, not only of the sentiments of natural religion common to mankind, but of the hallowed convictions and inspiring motives of Divine Revelation. It publishes, in stone, an abridged edition of Christian biography. It bears a speechless testimony to Christian fidelity, in the shades and solitudes of the tomb. It seals the sepulchre with the signature of redemption, to await its indemnity in the morning of another and brighter day. It reflects the last rays of life's setting sun. It catches the first rays of that day of joy which will never end. Amidst the roll and the ravages of time, it steadily reminds the transient pilgrim of his passage to his eternal home, and encourages him to "follow them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

What a school of instruction is a public cemetery. What a suggestive study is meditation among the tombs. What profound preachers are monuments and epitaphs. What scenes of sorrow, what triumphs of faith, do they record. What a commentary do they contain upon the vanity of human life. What an irresistible argument do they offer to the sophisms of infidelity. What a proof do they afford of the truth of the Christian religion, which alone solves the problem of death, and announces the universal vacation of the grave. How forcibly do they endorse the doctrine of the resurrection, when "the dead in Christ shall rise first;" and when the transported spectator, while the scene is bursting upon him, may well exclaim:

> "See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,
> And nature a'l glowing in Eden's first bloom;
> On the cold cheek of death, smiles and roses are blending,
> And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

We have before us to-day, an imposing specimen of Christian art, which specially claims our attention. It is that polished shaft of enduring granite yonder, which lifts its graceful form in this funereal grove, amidst a wilderness of other monuments which occupy and adorn the magnificent retreat of Bellefontaine Cemetery, established for the deceased citizens of St. Louis. Here rest, in undisturbed repose, the mortal remains of thousands of her teeming population, from every grade and condition of life. Here will be gathered, in solemn succession, her future generations. Here arise, in thickened array, on gentle hills and sloping vales, under the spreading dome, and rural arches, and along the winding aisles of nature's grand cathedral, the chaste and stately ideals of the loved and the lost; as if the fostering soil, conscious of its treasure, were striving, by mysterious agencies, to repeople, with crystalized shapes, the desolations of death.

Here, at our feet, on this rising and verdant knoll, lies the body of Enoch Mather Marvin; a native of Missouri, a citizen of St. Louis, and a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. A treasure more precious is not contained within the limits of this vast enclosure. And here, too, stands, in solid workmanship, and in simple grandeur, the appropriate tribute of a loving, admiring, and mourning church, to his memory. And here we have assembled, on this bright and balmy day, in the leafy and flowery month of May, to signalize this noble contribution; to dedicate this generous offering; and to crown his useful life with honors worthy of his name. This day, the church which he served, and the intimate friends whom he loved, unite in worshiping God, and in consecrating this monument to his fame. The credit of this commemoration is, indeed, due principally to the churches of St. Louis and Missouri. But it is a vicarious transaction, on their part; since they perform this service on behalf of a whole denomination, and will receive their commendation.

Here let us pause, a moment, to contemplate the most important portion of this memorable event. It is not the product of the quarry, nor the creation of the artist; it is not the mouldering body of the revered Bishop, which we celebrate to-day. It is not the fiction of some imaginary apotheosis which animates our souls, which enchains us by its weird witchery, to this sacred spot, and which throws the enchantment of a mythological dream around this classical column. No! It is the more solid structure of his Christian manhood; the loftier column of his representative relations; the grander monument of his character and his deeds. It is, in these respects, that his moral stature rises and expands before us, imparts a life-like ideality to the chiseled granite, and speaks intelligibly from its silent surface. It is these rich associations which cluster around the centre, and culminate upon the apex, of this memorial shaft. We pronounce him worthy of this posthumous honor.

I am not here to fulfil the office of his funeralist, his biographer, or his eulogist. These duties either have been or will be discharged by others. I am here only as the interpreter of his monument. This is all the occasion exacts of me; and in this capacity, it is incumbent upon me to present nothing more than a brief delineation of those qualities which were so conspicuous in his public life, as to justify the demonstration which we make to-day. The incidents of his private life, I remit to that domestic circle, into whose sanctuary it would be presumptuous to enter; and whose hallowed reciprocities it would be a sacrilege to reveal.

Bishop Marvin was a representative man. His broad individuality, sanctified by grace, spread itself over ordinary bounds, and aggrandized him above many of his contemporaries.

He possessed, when erect, a commanding form, indicative of superiority; and a brow expressive of high achievement, upon which nature set her distinguishing signet.

He was endowed with a capacious intellect, which broke through the trammels of early disadvantages, and the commonplaces of current thought; and which, with the vigor of an inborn originality, soared into the higher realms of inquiry, and grappled with the great questions of revelation and philosophy, without compromising the fundamental truths of religion or science.

His highest commendation is, that he was a thorough Christian, in the depths of a joyous experience and in the example of a holy life; as free from fanaticism, on the one hand, as he was from formality, on the other. His zeal was unquenchable, and its last outburst extinguished his life. He was a practical illustration of the transforming influence of the Christian religion, whose moral miracles are a greater evidence of its divinity, than those which controled the laws of nature. His life was a sacrifice, and his death a voluntary martyrdom to the cause which he espoused. Ardent in his attachment to Methodism, by conviction, and an able expounder and defender of its doctrines and polity, he was a bright example of that lofty catholicity which delights to recognize, as fellow Christians, all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, in sincerity.

He was an eloquent preacher; fresh, free, powerful, ecstatic, orthodox, in his presentation of the Gospel message. He reveled with conscious strength, like the eagle, in the flight and range of the heaven of truth.

He was a ready and an able writer. His authorship is a record of his intellectual power, and will continue to repeat edifying instruction to those who shall come after him.

He was an extensive and observant traveler. He traversed the continent, and made the tour of the world, in the cause of Christ, sowing the good seed as he went, and gathering information with respect to the kingdom of Christ on the earth, for the benefit of future laborers in the vineyard.

Finally, he was an apostolic Bishop. He stood in the true line of succession, and bore the authentic seals of a Scriptural apostleship. Called to this high degree, by the voice of the Church, he sustained its dignity and fulfilled its commission, with a fidelity and an ability which shed lustre upon the office. He entrenched himself in the affections and the admiration of Southern Methodists, and extorted praise from other denominations. His death created a breach in the College of our Bishops, and his colleagues mourn his absence from their annual councils.

These, my hearers, are the principal facts which give to this impressive occasion its true import; and which assign its proper value to the Christian enterprise of those who have been the instruments of erecting this monument. They have done a good work. Dr. Joseph W. Lewis, of this city, bore to the Bishops, during their recent session in the City of Nashville, the report of its completion, and also of the approaching consummation of the benevolent plan of the Marvin Memorial Association, to provide a new and comfortable home for the widow and children of the deceased Bishop. His surviving colleagues felt a melancholy pleasure at the signal success of so generous a purpose, adopted resolutions of grateful acknowledgment, and requested me to repeat their thanks at the dedication of this monument.

I deem it a privilege, of no ordinary magnitude, to have participated in these affecting exercises. My personal and official relations to the deceased, render it particularly appropriate, as one of his colleagues, on this visit to Missouri, that in behalf of the others, and of the whole Church, I should take part in these final solemnities.

I have endeavored, however inadequately, to discharge the duty of the hour; and now, in the name of God and of his cause, I commit, this day, to the keeping of the Church, of posterity, and of history, the name, the reputation, the character, the work, and the monument, of Enoch Mather Marvin, late Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to be a perpetual deposit.

May this memorial shaft retain its appointed place in Bellefontaine Cemetery, until "the shout of the archangel and the trump of God" shall announce the end of time. May it lift up its significant form towards the overarching heavens, in summer and winter, in sunshine and storm, in day and night, until the great clock of nature shall peal out its last note on the stagnant air, its wasted machinery run down, and its sluggish pendulum stand still.

Hither may Christian pilgrims, in successive generations, pensively come and look, and learn the useful lessons which it is intended to teach. And when human monuments shall cease to represent Christian ideas and Christian hopes; and when the earth and the sea shall surrender their trust, may the honored dead and his honoring survivors be transferred from their tombs, to the temple of our God, to become pillars therein, and to be removed from their places no more forever! Amen.

MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.

" His memory long will live alone,
In all our hearts, as mournful light;
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night."

NO death could have larger and wider public mention—on the day of his death, in all the newspapers of a continent and soon afterwards, at London and at Shanghai; on the day of his burial, in discourse or prayer, in the congregation of almost every pastoral charge in the Connection of Southern Methodism. The funeral discourse has been published in all the church papers and its reading has made a memorial service at multiplied thousands of Methodist family-altars. Memorial occasions were at once appointed throughout the borders of the Church—widely as length and breadth of his travels, in city and hamlet, on Station and Mission, conducted by Bishops and Circuit-preachers. The Conferences, as they were held in course, embalmed his name on the memorial page of the minutes. Two were in session at the date of his decease. Bishop Keener was holding the Memphis Conference. Bishop McTyeire, a visitor, says of the shock and thrill of the telegram: "Instantly the crowded house was turned into a Bochim—a place of weeping." The following "In Memoriam," appears on the front page of the printed Minutes:

Monday, November 26, 1877, while the Memphis Conference was in the midst of the business of the session, a dispatch was received by Bishop McTyeire, conveying intelligence of the death of Bishop Marvin, at four o'clock A. M., on the morning of that day, at his residence, in St. Louis. The mournful tidings, read by the Bishop, produced the deepest feeling; there were sobs and sighs, as of heart-breaking, all over the Conference-room. By common consent the regular business was suspended. After a pause, Bishop Keener called upon Dr. Boswell, and then upon the Rev. Thomas Joyner, to lead in prayer. The prayers ended, the brethren sang the dear old hymn:

"On Jordan's stormy bank I stand."

Then Bishop Keener arose, and gave expression to his feelings in a brief address as tender and pathetic, as it would have been, if Bishop Marvin had been his own brother. Deeply affecting addresses were made also by the Revs. S. B. Suratt, A. T. Scruggs, W. M. Patterson, W. T. Bolling, T. L. Boswell, W. C. Johnson, Guilford Jones and E. C. Slater, and by Chancellor R. J. Morgan.

"Shall we meet beyond the river,"

was sung with genuine pathos and in sweetest strains; and every heart, alive with the sentiment, throbbed in hope of the heavenly reunion. Many other brethren desired to give utterance to their sense of the great loss which had just befallen the Church, but all preferred to hear Bishop McTyeire, who closed the spontaneous and most impressive service of two hours' length with an address exceedingly appropriate to the occasion, sketching the life of Bishop Marvin, and dwelling upon his recent missionary tour around the world. The Committee on Memoirs, as instructed, reported the following preamble and resolutions, which were adopted as the sense of the Conference, viz:

WHEREAS, We have been to-day informed of the death of our beloved Bishop Marvin, which has removed from our Episcopacy and the Church at large, one whose holiness of life, intellectual vigor and efficiency of service, rendered him invaluable to us in the propagation of the gospel of Christ, and the building up of our common Methodism, both in this country and in foreign lands; therefore

Resolved, 1. That we recognize the hand of the Great Head of the Church in the sudden removal of our beloved Bishop; and while in human judgment it is a great mystery that he should have been called away just at the time his work was calling so loudly for him, yet we do most reverently bow to the sad dispensation in the spirit of that submission whose faith reaches beyond our understanding, and brings us humbly to rely upon our Heavenly Father, whose wisdom and love are commensurate with the necessities of his Church.

2. That we will most fervently pray that the Holy Spirit may in due time set apart some one to fill the vacancy in the College of Bishops, who shall be as abundant in labors; as pure in heart; as gentle in spirit; as able in doctrine; as profound in thought; as persuasive in eloquence, and as faithful in the discharge of all the duties belonging to the office of a Bishop in the Church of God, as was this eminent servant of Christ.

3. That we extend to his bereaved family our sincerest condolence in the midst of their grief, with the assurance of our prayers, that our Heavenly Father may grant unto them his sustaining grace in this life, and a glorious

reunion in the home of his saints, with him who was so dear to them, and so fondly cherished by our entire Church.

4. That the Secretary of the Conference be instructed to forward the above preamble and resolutions to the family of our deceased brother.

At the same time Bishop Dogget was holding the North Carolina Conference. By its request he preached a sermon before the Conference in Memorial of their beloved and ascended Bishop, in which were the following remarks, appearing at the time in print and revised by him for this page:

I do not propose to give a biographical sketch of the life of my distinguished colleague. That duty will be fully performed on another and a more fitting occasion. All that is necessary or appropriate, at present, is a seasonable recognition of his worth, and a wise improvement of the sad event which gives character to these exercises. It is eminently proper that an Annual Conference, receiving the solemn information, during its session, should, in some way, commemorate, however inadequately, the character of a General Superintendent of the Church, and especially of one who has rendered himself illustrious in its service. Such a tribute is due to exalted merit, on the one hand, and to the high relation which he sustained to a large and prosperous denomination of Christians, on the other. Above all, it is due to that grace which bestowed so rich a gift upon the Church. In honoring his memory, we glorify God. In appreciating his virtues, we improve our own.

Bishop Marvin was comparatively unknown to Southern Methodism, until his elevation to the Episcopacy, in the year 1866. He was, however, well known to Methodism in Missouri and in Texas, and stood preeminent in that sphere, as a preacher of original power and dauntless zeal. Of these qualities he had given decided evidence, when pastor of Centenary Church, in St. Louis: and had obtained a just notoriety, especially by his able and manly defence, in the pulpit, of the doctrines of Protestant Christianity against the errors and corruptions of Roman Catholicism, so prevalent in that city. He proved himself to be master of the controversy, and wielded his skill with triumphant success. It was the knowledge of these endowments which induced the Trans-Mississippi delegations in the General Conference, in New Orleans, though he was not a member of it, to urge his claims as their first Bishop. The result has fully justified the wisdom of this selection, and the action of the General Conference.

He was one of those remarkable instances of ministerial development which have not unfrequently signalized and adorned the itinerant system of evangelization peculiar to Methodism. That system, disclaiming the indispensable necessity of a thorough literary and theological training, as a pre-requisite to admission into the ministry; and availing itself of the services of those who give assurance of the depth of their piety, of the soundness of their faith, and of their elements of usefulness, has evoked from privacy, and even obscurity, preachers of the highest ability, evolved talents of the highest order, and set at work the most effective activities that have ever promoted and blest the Church of God. Distinguished, as its history often has been, by ministers of elegant scholarship, and ready, as it always has been, to patronize education, and to accept and assign to duty, the most richly cultivated, it has aggrandized its mission, and clothed itself with renown, under God, by appropriating, in its hallowed emergencies, the most available materials within reach; transforming them, by its plastic processes, into workmen who needed not to be ashamed and adapted to every department of evangelical labor; and who have astonished their contemporaries by the solidity of their acquirements and the splendor of their genius. Nothing daunted, it still persists in its well-tried policy, invoking, at the same time, the aids of sanctified learning, in order to adjust itself to the demands of a progressive age. Raised in humble life, on the then frontier of Western Methodism, and trained by its assiduous care, Enoch M. Marvin burst forth as a star of the first magnitude, and gradually ascended to meridian altitude, without those educational advantages now so accessible to others.

The salient point of his subsequent career was his investiture with the Episcopacy. It placed him in a position which gave scope and stimulus to his abilities and his zeal. His latent energies seemed, as it were, to await the opportunity for which he was assigned. It was the summit-level from which the eagle made his gauge and took his flight, and after trying his pinions for awhile, accomplished the circuit of the world.

His intellectual capacity was projected on a scale of commanding compass. It possessed unusual breadth and penetration. It could grapple with the great questions of theology and philosophy, and was fond of metaphysical speculations, in which he occasionally indulged. He could have distinguished himself in the field of analytic inquiry, had he devoted himself to its abstractions. But he was too conscientious and too practical to follow its fascinations.

As a preacher he took rank in the highest grade amongst us, by the generalization of his doctrinal positions, the fertility and originality of his conceptions, and the copiousness and wealth of his diction. To these, were added the depth and soundness of his religious views, and the unction, the pathos, and the transport of many of his discourses. Like all preachers, he was sometimes unequal, and did himself apparent injustice, if I may say so, and perhaps shortened his life—by his unremitting toil. In this respect there are extremes which it would be wise, if possible, to avoid. Exorbitant exactions for service, on numberless occasions, bear with exhausting pressure of mind and body upon ministers of useful talents; and especially upon Bishops, on account of their real or supposed influence. Willing to work for the Church, they are induced to yield to urgent importunities, without sufficiently weighing the responsibilities which their other relations to the church involve. Bishop Marvin was an indefatigable preacher. He coveted the pleasure, and seemed never to lose an opportunity to proclaim the gospel. I am persuaded that he often transcended the limits of human prudence, in this respect, considering the extent and value of his official position. The zeal of the Lord's house consumed him. I am sure that he never regretted the consumption. We are the mourners; not he.

He displayed all the requisite traits of an effective Bishop. He was prompt and clear in his administration, firm and impartial in his decisions, and self-sacrificing in his labors. He counted not his life dear unto him. He was a bright example of activity and fidelity to the preachers over whom he presided. He was honored, beloved, admired by the whole connection, as one of its chief pastors.

The most conspicuous of all his efforts were his mission to China and his tour around the world. The General Conference, at its session in Louisville, Kentucky, required one of the Bishops to visit that distant region, in order to organize our work there, to ordain native preachers, and so give assurance of an interest in the prosperity of the Mission. The lot fell upon Bishop Marvin, by the election of his colleagues. He fulfilled his errand completely, gave a new impulse to the enterprise, at home and abroad, and had the honor of being the first Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in a foreign land. Next in importance to these events, was his visit to the British Conference, in Bristol, where he was received by the Mother Conference of us all, and where he represented the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, accurately and eloquently in the metropolis of Methodism in the world. His official recognition, on that occasion, was the link that completed the brilliant circle of Methodistic success and Methodistic unity; and in that position his name will ever stand.

He was prolific and instructive as a writer. His pen was scarcely less ready than his tongue. He wrote spontaneously, and not by constraint, and with a freedom and vivacity that charmed his readers. He was the author of several volumes, and was selected by the surviving family of Bishop Andrew to write his biography—a work which, I presume, he did not live to accomplish. The most memorable productions of his pen were his letters from the East, in which he displayed an extraordinary maturity in epistolary literature. He imparted valuable information to the Church, and stirred its very depths on the subject of Foreign Missions. Had he done nothing else, this would have been an achievement worthy of his fame. The effect will long survive him, in enlarging the views and awakening the enthusiasm of the Church on the wide theatre of the world's salvation. Those letters were almost universally read with delight. Their publication, in a volume, was demanded; and he was concluding its last pages when his useful pen dropped forever from a hand smitten with the stroke of death. That volume will remain as a consecrated memorial of his life's last labors in the cause of Christ.

After the vicissitudes and perils of a journey of 25,000 miles, performed in ten months, and with the honors of a fulfilled commission, he returned to his native land, and to his loved home, with enlarged advantages, to assume his Episcopal functions among an admiring people, filled with the joyous expectation of renewing his rounds of duty, and rejoining his colleagues in their designated work. Alas, for human calculations! We know not what a day may bring forth. Four months only were added to his return. No premature decline, no premonitory signals indicated the catastrophe. In the midst of his labors, in the prime of his manhood, standing on the grand climacteric of his life, in the plenitude of his vigor, he was arrested by disease, and one short week terminated his earthly career. Bishop Enoch M. Marvin is dead! He rests from his labors, and his works follow him. The shock of his death still repeats its echoes amongst the churches.

According to human estimate, his death entails an incalculable loss upon Southern Methodism. Let us not so interpret it. The life and death of such a man is a gain to the cause of God. His work was done, and God took him, and left the result to us. His death was a gain to himself. He was ready. The Master called, and he obeyed. He had kept the commandments. He had tested his right to the tree of life. He has entered through the gates into the city—a city which hath foundatfons; whose Maker and Builder is God. May we all follow him, as he followed Christ. Then every earthly loss will be indemnified by eternal compensations.

The General Conference Marvin-Memorial occurred at its session at Atlanta, Ga., in May, 1878, on the sixteenth day of the session, Bishop Wightman in the Chair. It came up in the regular course of the proceedings on the presentation of the Report of the Committee on Episcopacy. The Rev. Dr. J. W. Lewis, of that Committee and by its request, accompanied the report with an extended narrative of his latest labors and last illness and death, closing with an affectionate tribute. He was followed in brief addresses by Rev. Dr. W. M. Rush, Rev. C. I. Vandeventer and Hon. John Hogan, Rev. Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh and others. They were heart-tributes. The incidents they contained have been appropriated for the most part on former pages. It was an interesting coincidence that Rev. Dr. Young J. Allen, of the China Mission, had come to America, on invitation of the North Georgia Conference, and was of its delegation and present at the memorial service. His remarks were deeply affecting, and will be on this page a memorial of the Apostolic grace of Bishop Marvin's Episcopacy in heathen lands.

Mr. Allen, the Missionary to China, said:

I rise to offer a tribute from a far land to the Bishop's blessed memory. The name of Bishop Marvin is sacred to the China Mission, and will no doubt long continue to be associated with that work in the mind and heart of the churches. Coming, our hearts went forth to greet him; with us, we were brought once more into living contact with the Church of God in America; departing, we laid on him the burden of our hopes in regard to the future of the great work in China; returning, we watched with anxiety his progress through the nations; and when the news of his safe arrival at his own home, among his brethren in his own native land, came, we were filled with a sense of relief and grateful joy. But how much we loved him, and how much our hearts had been lightened by his presence, we knew not till the news (on the anniversary of his departure) came—*just one year to a day from the day of his departure*—that OUR *beloved* Bishop was no more. We bowed our heads and wept. I had just finished a letter to him.

To me, personally, the visit of the Bishop was an occasion of great joy. For more than seventeen years I had been among strangers—never having seen one familiar face since leaving America till I looked upon that of our beloved Marvin. Oh, how delightful his companionship! How sweet and precious the words of Christian comfort, courage, hope, he bore to us from the brethren *far away* in the United States! How our hearts bounded to think that the China Mission would receive at last the succor and support it had so long asked in vain. But he is gone—our beloved Bishop is dead. But, thank God, the Lord liveth and reigneth, and the spirit of Marvin survives in the Church, and there is still hope for the China Mission. His sojourn with us was brief, but a savor of life unto life. He endeared himself to all, to British, American and Chinese. His intercourse with the residents of the foreign community, in society and in the pulpit was impressive and instructive. He made friends of all. But especially was he at home among the native Christians. They respected him greatly and loved him sincerely. Their hearts were enlarged to receive him, and emotions so overwhelming were never experienced among them before.

But I have not time for the details of his visit. He was emphatically a man of God—always devout in manner and fervent in spirit.

Every department in our mission work was thoroughly reviewed by him and our needs fully examined. The situation and importance of the work and the grand opportunity of occupying in stronger force the field now open to us impressed him, and he promised to present fully all these matters to the Church Missionary Board and to the Church, and urge upon them the necessity of enlarging and reinforcing our feeble band of co-laborers; but he is not here to-day. We mourn his loss as those who are bereft indeed, and again cast our burden upon the Lord and turn our eyes to the Church and look for that relief, support and enlargement so earnestly and urgently demanded in behalf of our China Mission.

The report was taken up and adopted standing.

The Committee on Episcopacy asked leave to offer the following tribute to the memory of the late Bishop Marvin.

In view of the elaborate and full statements of dates and details of work made in memorial sermons and obituaries, we do not deem it necessary now to do more than to express the great sorrow that fills our hearts on account of the removal of this eminent servant of God from amongst us.

For nearly twelve years he served the Church in the high official station of General Superintendent. In this capacity he illustrated, in an eminent degree, the zeal, the purity of life, the self-forgetfulness, and entireness of consecration that characterized the apostles of our Lord, thus furnishing the highest possible title to be recognized as their successor.

Before he was called to this high distinction, his life was wholly consecrated to the work of the itinerant ministry; and in that capacity he was unswerving in fidelity to the duties laid upon him. For him no sacrifice was too great—no work was too hard that proposed to enhance the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. Endowed with high intellectual and spiritual gifts, he laid all upon the altar of the Church. Nor was the Church slow to recognize his worth. She ordained him to serve in her holy places, and entrusted to his hand a large part of her honor and interests. It may be said with propriety that he never was untrue to the trust thus confided.

A special emphasis is given to our sorrow by the fact that the Church of God is not permitted to reap the full benefit of his wise observations in his extended Eastern tour. Commissioned to go to the millions who sit in the region of the shadow of death in heathen lands, he went as a messenger of light in their midst, and his accurate observation and comprehensive appreciation of the situation placed him in possession of a wealth of facts that would have been of incalculable benefit in the Church's great missionary work. His holy zeal for the Kingdom of Christ kindled to an intense flame by the sight of millions under the pall of pagan darkness, would have infused itself into the Church, and her arm would have been nerved afresh for the conquest of the world to the Son of God.

But the Head of the Church dismissed him from a field in which it was fondly hoped he would achieve such grand results. We bow to the mysterious dispensation, assured that though we know not what He doeth, we shall know.

It is matter of profound gratitude to God that the grace on which our now sainted Bishop leaned so confidingly, was sufficient to preserve him blameless throughout his entire career as a minister of Jesus Christ. Wise in counsel, just in administration, blameless in moral and official life, he served his generation and fell asleep. Long may the example of his apostolic zeal and purity of life stand before his brethren who minister at the altar of the Church.

S. Regester, Chairman.

S. S. Bryant, Secretary.

The services had been quite protracted, and the occasion did not allow remarks by his Episcopal colleagues. Besides, they had all spoken theretofore in the Annual Conference sessions—Bishop Kavanaugh in Arkansas and Bishop Wightman in Kentucky. The following tributes only remain to make up the full measure of reverent and affectionate memory of Bishop Marvin.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS ITINERANT MINISTRY,

BY BISHOP ROBERT PAINE, D.D., L.L.D.

MY acquaintance with Bishop Marvin began at the first Annual Conferences in which I presided as bishop, in 1846. It was the Missouri Conference, held in Hannibal. The "separation line" had been agreed to, leaving the appointments on the border at liberty to select between adhering North or South. The process was going on all along the line. Missouri was a border conference; and Hannibal was a station immediately upon the line. The community, and especially the Methodists, were divided as to their preferences. Dr. John H. Linn, the incumbent of our church in that station, by his wise and conservative influence, had so managed as to hold the elements of disruption in comparative repose, so that a majority of our members were inclined to remain in "the southern organization." But Dr. Linn was to be transferred to another conference, and who should succeed him was a question of intense anxiety and universal inquiry. David W. Pollock was in charge of Palmyra, a station a few miles above, and he, too, was to leave the conference. To fill those stations with the right men was very important. The former place especially claimed our most earnest and painful solicitude. Wm. M. Rush was presently substituted for Pollock; and after frequent consultation with the presiding elder and a hearty nomination by Dr. Linn, Enoch M. Marvin was appointed to Hannibal. He had traveled five years; had been ordained elder with Pollock and Rush at the previous conference; was reported as a devoted, studious and successful circuit preacher. His *preaching power* and *general reliability* for a delicate and difficult work were emphasized. I need scarcely add that the appointment seemed providential, and was repeated next year. The church was quieted and established, and its membership largely increased. Upon my next visit to the Missouri Conference, in September, 1849, I found he had served the Monticello Circuit one year, and so highly were his talents and labors appreciated, that yielding to the wishes of the Church and community he was returned. In the fall of 1852, it fell to my lot again to preside at the Missouri Conference. Finding he had traveled on the St. Charles Circuit the previous year with great credit to himself and usefulness to the Church, he was appointed presiding elder of the St. Charles District, to succeed William Patton. It was his first appointment to that office, and well and worthily did he fill it. In 1859, I found him in the St. Louis Conference, having concluded his first year's charge in Centenary Church, St. Louis, after having served two consecutive years in the First Church. His return to Centenary was alike due to his merits, and the unanimous desire of the charge. His pastorate in this Church was continued until the war, when he was compelled to leave the city and finally his State. Under what circumstances and for what reason it became necessary to do so, his biographer can best explain; but we cannot resist the conclusion, from his well established reputation for prudence, piety and exclusive devotion to the work of God, that a strange and fearful state of society must have occurred there.

Some time before the events took place just referred to, our Church resolved to extend her missionary work in the East by establishing a mission in Japan, in addition to that already operating in China, and my colleagues having devolved the special supervision of this duty upon me, it became necessary to select a suitable man for this new and important field of Christian enterprise. After some time spent in revolving the whole subject in my mind, and considering the personal qualifications of my acquaintances who were available, it was decided to propose the mission to brother Marvin. It was not offered to him because of superior mental culture or pre-eminence in any single quality, for his early scholastic advantages had been inferior, and the appointment demanded that the leader and founder of our Church in that Empire should be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, quick to learn, apt to teach, and competent to guide and govern. But impressed with the belief that in whatever respect he might then be deficient in the less essential qualifications, yet he was fitted by his native vigor of intellect, the quickness, compass and thoroughness of his comprehension, the magnetism of his manner, his habits of study, and his conscientious attention to all the duties heretofore imposed upon him, so that he had risen from an unpretentious beginning to unquestioned pre-eminence among his associates as a thinker, writer and preacher. The crowning quality of the man, however, was his uniform and full consecrating piety. *He was Christ's.* Take him all in all, it was decided to send him to Japan, if he was willing to go. For some reason he declined. Another excellent man was nominated for the post, and was ready to start, when the civil war broke out and he could not go. So it is that we have no man there yet. It will be borne in mind that shortly before his death, our dear Bishop spoke publicly of this matter, and expressed sorrow he did not go to Japan at my request. I cannot say now that I concur in this expression. We doubtless both did what we thought was right and for the best, and I try not to regret results which I cannot prevent. In the over-ruling providence of God I firmly believe and trust; and it is doubtless best he did not go. He did more for the world by staying. In the long future his influence will have a wider range, and Christ be more honored. His name and example will endure, and his memory will long linger like a sweet perfume in the Church.

Having stated that at the beginning of the late war he had felt compelled to leave his charge and his native State for his safety from the insane violence of sectional and political passion, I may further state that, like many other ministers similarly situated, he exercised his ministry in the Southern Army and became one of its chaplains. Having been told by General Price and Gov. Trusten Polk, of the necessity for a regular organization of the chaplaincy west of the Mississippi River, I sent him an appointment as Superintendent of the chaplains of our church in the Western Department of the Confederate Army. The unanimous testimony of all who were associated with him during all the sad scenes of those dark and trying days is that, whether in the long and weary march, in the tentless bivouac, through swamps or over mountains, in summer and winter, by the side of the sick and dying soldier, or preaching the word of life where the flickering lights gleam from the camp fires in the forest or on the wide prairie in the darkness, relieved only by the glimmer of stars which stud the dome of Heaven, he was ever the same pure and peaceful spirit, and striving earnestly to win souls to Christ. The termination of hostilities found him in western Louisiana, on the eastern border of Texas. There his family, from whom he had been compelled to separate so long, joined him and found a temporary home in the house of Rev. W. E. Doty, where he was warmly welcomed and highly appreciated.

When the General Conference in 1866 met in New

Orleans, he was preaching in Marshall, Texas. He had not been able to get back to his own conference, and consequently was not elected a Delegate. But when the conference resolved to elect several bishops, his name with others was spoken of. He was not there and was unknown personally to a large majority of the General Conference. Those who knew him intimately were decidedly in favor of his election; and so strong and so general did the conviction become of his eminent fitness for the office, that he was elected on the first ballot. It is needless to add that his subsequent history has fully and unquestionably vindicated the wisdom of his appointment. His colleagues respected and trusted him; his brethren in all the conferences admired him; the Church loved him; and more than all, God honored him. Thank God that he loaned him to us!

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BISHOP MARVIN AS METHODIST PREACHER.

BY BISHOP GEO. F. PIERCE, D. D.

I SAW the Rev. Enoch M. Marvin for the first time in the month of October, 1857. We met at the session of the Missouri Conference in the town of Louisiana. He was then a comparatively young man. His talents were recognized by his brethren and his outcome in subsequent years was but the fulfilment of a promise on which they relied with confidence. He was modest, retiring—did not thrust himself forward, was not prominent in the business of the session. Conscious of power, he bided his time, or full of reverence for the old men—the veterans of the Conference—and distrustful of himself, he was silent, attentive—a learner, as every young preacher ought to be. He seemed to me to be unusually thoughtful, as though laying up facts, studying principles both as to policy and application—"swift to hear, slow to speak," bent to enlarge the furniture of his mind and complete the equipments necessary to his lifework. His natural endowments were great and wonderfully were they developed, considering the circumstances of his boyhood and of his early ministry. The range of his studies, the amount of his acquisitions in history and philosophy, were positively marvelous—explicable indeed only by his quick, capacious, retentive mind. The extent and variety of his knowledge are to be attributed not so much to his habits of study as to his rare combination of mental powers. These powers in him were distinct and preeminent, and yet so balanced and harmonized as that no one dominated the rest and yet each operated itself—magnified its office in all his mental operations. He was logical, metaphysical, imaginative, profound, pathetic. Every sermon I ever heard from him furnished examples of each trait and of all: the subject discussed determining their relative proportions. I have heard him on many occasions—on sudden calls and special subjects, and always with high gratification. He was not always equal with his *best*, but his poorest efforts were far above the average of other men.

I sat down to write of him as a Methodist Preacher—not of his sermons, of his books, or of his rare combination of intellectual powers, but of the simplicity and entireness of his consecration as a man called of God to preach. Converted while yet a youth, his convictions of duty were coincident with that great event. He realized the call as to its origin, nature and responsibilities, and resolving on obedience, proceeded to adjust his character, his plans, his habits to his high, holy, life vocation. He interpreted our Saviour's words historically, and did not wait for the death or burial of his father nor lose time in the amenities and farewells of acquaintances, but was prompt to obey the heavenly vision, and having put his hand to the plow never looked back. He joined the Conference and became an itinerant, subject to the peculiar workings of the Methodist economy. He understood it, embraced it intelligently, unreservedly, and hence never complained of its changes, privations, hardships. These were all in the bond. They were not surprises, disappointments, producing friction and trouble, as though a wrong had been done him and burdens imposed to which he had never consented. He never sought place or promotion; was free from all envyings and jealousies and took his work by appointment. A place to work was all he asked. Self-denial was not an occasional incident in his life but a constant, everpresent, all-permeating element of his character. Self abnegation was his law. He loved the Church and served her utterly oblivious of his convenience, his affections or his remuneration. "Filthy lucre" he despised, and lavished his income on needy persons and institutions with unsparing hand. He was not reckless, for he abhorred debt and lived and died unembarassed and free. A certain class of wise, worldly, thrifty people, doubtless thought him too *liberal* in his charities, but Marvin believed God and worked and gave to the last.

Enoch Marvin was a model man in the purity of his character, the singleness and steadfastness of his devotion and his unselfish, uncalculating service of his race. The theory of religious, ministerial life which he adopted and verified availed him much in his administration as a Bishop. The brethren felt that he asked nothing which he had not given and imposed no burden which he had not borne. The Churches glorified God in him. His death was to me a shock and a bereavement, such as I never realized before. Oh! how his colleagues miss him. His life was a boon to the Church. His example, private and public, personal and official, was a legacy to his brethren of inestimable value. He "being dead, yet speaketh."

I am glad I ever knew him and that I had grace to love him as I did. His memory is precious to me and I hope by the mercy of God to see him again, know him and be with him forever.

BISHOP MARVIN'S MISSIONARY TOUR.

BY BISHOP J. C. KEENER, D.D.

Freighted with love he outward went,
Touching the continents along,
As angels once far down were sent,
Laden with light and purest song:—

The Flowery Kingdom still and dark,
Where sleeping myriads lay around,
Waiting the Spirit's vital spark,
Or resurrection's trumpet-sound;

The Indian realm where Brahma reigns,
Where living pyres taint the air,
Where Kali's rage the Thug sustains,
And strangled victims track her lair.

There Ganges, superstition's wave,
Rises where starving millions die;
Whose sins its waters cannot lave,
Though thousands to its margin fly.

By Horeb, where Elijah stood;
Along the shore where Miriam sang
O'er Egypt's host, beneath the flood—
To Israel's shout the echoes rang.

Where flashed the bright-cased pyramid,
Back to the Sun his burning gold,
And in this burning altar hid
Sons of the Sun, Phtha's son of old—

This hugest labor left by man,
While searching for the "unknown God,"
Near where the ancient river ran
That turned to blood by Moses' rod.

There on a causeway made of men,
The Prophet rides with hoofs of steel,
There coils th' arch Dragon in his fen—
O, Son of Man! bring down thy heel!

Thence on to Zion's golden height,
The hilly bulwarks built by God,
Where glory burned in human sight—
At every turn an angel stood.

There David's harp and David's soul,
  Stirred by the air that Heaven breathed,
Sent ringing down the ages' roll
  The melody that Heaven bequeathed.

There stateliest son of David's line,
  Whose side was pierced for sinful man,
Whence richest life—the Spirit's wine—
  For all in purple currents ran.

Now all this glory swept and gone,
  For Islam blights that sacred land;
God's great and precious word alone,
  His fiats of salvation stand.

The Golden Horn, the Moslem's hold,
  Where minarets gleam and crescent wanes,
Where turbaned Turk so fierce and bold,
  Mohammed's faith and lust maintains.

Nor far from this the Papal den,
  Where scarlet prelate gnaws his tongue;
And monsters in the shape of men,
  The night of hell would fain prolong.

Amid these hosts so dark and dense,
  Satan upholds his ancient throne;
O'er half the world there's no defence
  But in the Saviour's prayer alone.

As seen from Colorado's height,
  The far-off smoke of hunter's fire,
So on these wastes a Mission's light,
  Its column rising higher, higher.

Faith sees a ladder in that light,
  Its foot on earth, its top in Heaven;
And on the hills—to faith's clear sight—
  Chariots of fire, spirit-driven.

Far in advance Thy pillar stands!
  Floating above the blood-bought dead;
Its glory waits o'er heathen lands—
  How long, O Lord! O Christ, our Head!

* * * * * *

Full round the world—an angel's flight—
  He preached the Cross his Master bore;
Then soaring upward, lost in light,
  With rapture gained the eternal shore.

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They visited Japan, China, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Palestine, Rome, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, France, Germany, England, Ireland and Scotland, and during the voyage, which occupied about ten months, the Bishop wrote descriptions of the countries through which they traveled, portraying in the most fascinating style the manners and customs of the people. Although written by a Methodist Bishop, it is not in the least sectarian; but as though he foresaw that his Master would soon require him to render an account, it can be truly said of him—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Our beloved Bishop had but finished the last pages of the manuscript of this book when disease prostrated his body, which had endured, with *Christian fortitude*, so many struggles. Therefore, this being the last of his life's work, it not only portrays the subject in it, but we see a portrait of our Marvin in almost every word—"He being dead, yet speaketh."

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